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THE LAST MILE

FRANK A.
MCALISTER



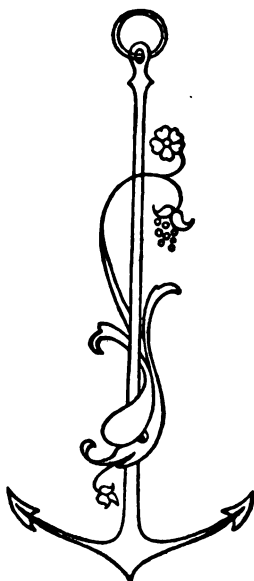


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THE LAST MILE

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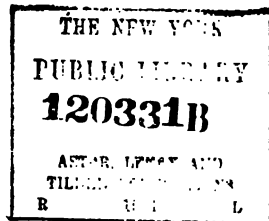
BY
FRANK A. McALISTER



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II

DEDICATED TO
McA. C. AND F. D. H.
WITHOUT WHOSE WHOLE-SOULLED COÖPERATION
THIS BOOK COULD NOT HAVE BEEN

6/11/5

THE LAST MILE



And then: "Sure enough! Good ole American lighthouse! Thank God, Lafayette, we are *here!*"

Unmistakably now the far-off twinkling light showed on the black horizon.

Kingsley straightened up and squeezed Broadhurst's arm with an unexpectedly friendly pressure. "I think I'll go to every war we have after this," he exclaimed.

"Why is that?" asked Broadhurst. "Haven't you had enough of this one?"

"I'll say so! But the thrill of getting home again makes up for it all! Well, now that the war is over, I suppose I might as well catch a little sleep. We've got to get up early."

"Right-o," said Broadhurst, "but I think I'll stick around a little longer. See you later."

It *was* worth while, Broadhurst reflected as Kingsley went away in the darkness. To see a shoreline again, even after an ordinary voyage, was a matter of moment. It meant returning to a world that measured some 24,000 miles in circumference instead of a few hundred feet in length. And here, just ahead, were the flickering happy lights of home—he was coming back from France and from the war, after many months of uncertainty. Back to sunlight and peace, and all the old habits of life and all the old friendships.

But would they be quite the old habits? Would even the old friendships—all of them—hold? Could anything be quite the same again, after all that had been seen and suffered and experienced? It was incredible that the world could slip back into its old rut, that a nation which had been stirred to its depths by patri-

otism and sacrificial consecration to an ideal, could afterward be satisfied with inconsequential interests.

For the nation *had* been stirred with more than a transient hysteria. At least, so it had seemed to him as he watched the war spirit develop out of nothing—or worse than nothing. It grew too slowly and deeply to be merely superficial, and his observation of that growth had been a zealous and an anxious one. He was one of those who had thrown up their jobs and gone to France to drive ambulances months before America seemed inclined to enter the war. Like many others, too, he had come back to the States after April, 1917, so that he might be in training with the American Army from the beginning rather than waste time in indefinite waiting in France. He had come back expecting to find his country hushed and solemn, appreciative of the tremendous task it had undertaken. He found instead a holiday spirit everywhere—the prevalent idea of patriotism was to believe the headlines in the New York *Evening Telegram*.

He had been made much of, those days, for men who had seen the war at close hand were comparatively few and considerably sought after. It tickled his vanity, but it made him somewhat shamefaced, for he had learned that being in uniform and being in France does not automatically make one a hero, nor was the part played by an ambulance driver essentially heroic. But his friends seemed incapable of discrimination and pursued a peculiarly warped reasoning: "Good old Broadhurst, he has been in France; that's where the war is. Men who go to war are heroes. Therefore,

good old Broadhurst, he's a hero." It was pleasant for a while, but it was somewhat disturbing. It indicated a possible lack of perspective.

There were many disturbing phases. His brother, on greeting him, had told him with pride of what his own city had done in the "drives." "We went 50 per cent. ahead of our quota for the Liberty Loan," he boasted, "and about 20 per cent. over on the Red Cross. Pretty good stuff, eh! I guess we're in the war, all right." Broadhurst had had a hard time simulating enthusiasm over that. There was a war on, and people were talking *money!*

Many men, to be sure, he found had rushed off to training camps or had enlisted at the first opportunity. But what amazed him was the greater number of men who hadn't. They were "waiting"; they "couldn't get away from business just yet"; they felt that they "could do more good in their jobs than in the army."

And there was the further alarming fact that so many men who did join up, took commissions in the Quartermaster Corps or Ordnance Department and felt that they were doing their full bit. Evidently America had no present conception of the sentiment that inspired the French to make use of the word *embusqué*.

Some months later the casualty lists began to be published.

Not so many men, now, were "waiting." Those who entered non-combatant branches of the service were more and more inclined to explain why they had done so, where a few months ago explanations would have

been uncalled for. Their complacency was shaken by the uneasy thought that the little ornament worn on the collar might mean more than the uniform itself.

And then, one day, Broadhurst overheard a conversation. "What do you know about that!" one middle-aged woman was exclaiming to another. "Those two Dixon boys enlisted in the Ordnance and are stationed down in Florida, and their mother's actually got a Service Flag out with two stars on it!" Broadhurst felt that the war had indeed arrived.

In the army, and especially back in France, there was a keener and a growing realization that war was not a diverting adventure but an exceedingly disagreeable piece of work that must somehow be seen through. There was considerable grumbling, of course, and there was a bitterness against those who had "soft" jobs. There was a vast disgust for those who hadn't entered the army at all. But there was little grudging; rather, there was a certain pride among the combatant troops that they were the ones who were doing the dirty work, and that they would have nothing to be ashamed of when the war was over. "Just wait till we get back," was the adjuration sometimes uttered. "We'll show those slackers up."

There had been two million Americans in France. Probably a million of them had been under fire; all of them had seen some traces of war and of what it means to sacrifice oneself for an ideal. Even in a country of a hundred million people they would be a factor to be reckoned with, for it was not as if they had to rouse the nation. The nation had been already roused, and it

would be their task merely to keep that fine spirit alive. There were more than enough of them to leaven the loaf.

Here was a whole shipload of them—six thousand young men in just one batch, who had faced the Big Adventure and who were coming back to a world that couldn't help be better.

Broadhurst straightened up from the rail and filled his lungs with a prideful inhalation.

"Getting home again makes up for it all"—Kingsley was right. Whatever might be the tangible results of the war itself, he had had his little share in it. He had gained something out of it all, even though he couldn't tell exactly what, and life seemed full of new promise. At least he was back home again. He was whole, he was still young, and love was waiting.

A day or so more—a week at most—and he would see Anne.

II

Reveille was early next morning—before sunrise—and shortly after breakfast Broadhurst walked out on deck to watch the progress up the bay. A red sun hung low among the morning water mists, and the air had a sharp tang to it that made the cold exhilarating.

Kingsley joined him on deck. "You might have known it," he grumbled sleepily. "What do they do but change the time every day all the way over, setting the clock back from ten minutes to half-an-hour—and at noon, when it doesn't do anybody any good! And now, on our last night, when we had to get up early anyhow, they set the damn clock forward an hour—

at midnight, thus gypping us out of an hour's sleep. It's been a hell of a war."

Broadhurst mumbled in acquiescence, and together they rested their elbows on the rail, staring lazily at the shipping in the Roads and trying to figure out whether they were headed for Norfolk or Newport News. Broadhurst found his thoughts turning reminiscently to an Easter vacation that he had spent eight years before, while an undergraduate at Princeton, with relatives in Norfolk. He wondered if they were home now, and whether he should try to call them up after arriving in camp. How far away his college days seemed now!

How far away so many things seemed. Even the months that he had spent with the Field Artillery regiment before shifting over to the Air Service appeared to belong to some dim past. Yet that had been barely a year ago.

He had come to the regiment fresh from an officers' training camp, uneasily conscious that the silver bar on his shoulder implied a military knowledge and ability that he did not yet possess. He was aware, too, of the barely concealed hostility toward all new officers on the part of those who had been commissioned at the first officers' training camp and who had already been with the regiment some four months. They subtly intimated that a second lieutenant from the first camp was a better man than a first lieutenant or a captain from the second; in some cases their intimation was correct.

He smiled now, in retrospect. He had done little

enough smiling at the time. Green, inexperienced, and with an almost child-like terror of infringing military regulations, his first month at Camp Meade, where the regiment had been stationed, had been an unending succession of dreadful days. Later on he had made a few friends among his messmates; he had become more sure of himself in the execution of his duties and life had become more bearable. At times he even took a real interest in the drilling of the men in his battery, though he could never completely free himself of the suspicion that they were cursing him under their breaths. It was with amazement that he learned from one of these same men, later, that they had liked him and had regretted his leaving.

The colonel of the regiment, himself newly assigned, had been a particular bogey at first. Lean, erect, and curt in speech, he had seemed the embodiment of military perfection. Broadhurst did not know then what was apparent to the whole regiment a few weeks later—that the colonel's outward bearing was but an insufficient cloak for incompetence and lack of leadership. "Colonel Jazz" was the title surreptitiously and universally bestowed upon him. Long afterward Broadhurst learned the nickname by which he was known to his Regular Army associates: "Galloping St. Anthony."

Broadhurst pulled himself back to the present with somewhat of an effort, and gave his attention once more to the progress of the ship.

It was evident that they were heading for a pier a mile or so ahead. "I guess it's Newport News," he observed.

Several tugs appeared and fussed around the ship's sides, warping the hulking monster into her berth. The band had gathered on the boat deck and was playing cheerful tunes. Once it struck up, "How dry I am," and everyone laughed like children amused at some trivial prank. It reminded them that they had come back to a country which was soon to experience national prohibition; no one seemed to take the idea seriously.

Though it was still early by civilian standards—about seven o'clock—a fair-sized crowd had collected on the end of the pier far below. A number of Red Cross workers were among them, but mostly they seemed to be the friends and relatives of those who had been able to wireless the details of their home-coming. Broadhurst found himself gazing fixedly at an unusually pretty girl in a fur coat. She was looking up, scanning the faces that lined the rails and now and then turning to her companion—her father, apparently—with some observation.

A sudden stab of regret went through Broadhurst. Why hadn't he had the sense to wireless Anne, or his family, to meet him? Here he was coming home and missing out on the biggest thrill of all. He might just as well be on a ferry boat, docking on the Jersey side after a day at business in New York, as coming home after two years' absence at war. What rotten judgment! But then, he reflected, that would have cut him out of the fun of calling on Anne in New York a day or so later, unannounced, and taking her out to breakfast. Perhaps it was just as well as it was.

He turned to Kingsley, by his side. "Let's go!"

he said, and they scrambled down to their state-room.

Followed the slow process of disembarkation, the trip to the "rest" camp, and long hours of waiting for the issuance of travel orders. Just as hope had been abandoned for the day, a sudden stir among the men in the big reading room of the Hostess House gave evidence that something was about to happen. It appeared that the orders had been made out after all.

Broadhurst hurried to the Adjutant's office, got the necessary copies, saw that he was ordered to Camp Meade for discharge, and looked about for Kingsley. He found him loading his baggage on an army truck for transportation to town. "Where do you go from here?" he asked.

"To the Department, in Washington," was the reply.

"Wait till I get my baggage on board," said Broadhurst, "and I'll go with you. We may be able to get a taxi and catch the night boat at Old Point."

Moments of scurrying, a ride into town on the truck with the baggage, and a quick transfer of trunks, bedding rolls, and suitcases to a taxicab, left them with half an hour in which to cover the few miles to the Point. Their luck held, for the boat was just sidling up to the wharf.

In the morning they separated, Kingsley to go to freshen up at a hotel before reporting, and Broadhurst to catch the Short Line trolley to Academy Junction. Near the massive gray pile of the State War and Navy Building they bade an affectionate farewell, vowing

eternal friendship, exchanging civilian addresses, and promising to look each other up at the earliest possible moment. They never saw each other again.

III

Spring had come, unexpectedly, over night, and there was a softness in the air that had been altogether lacking the day before. The woollen underwear that had been so comfortable in France and on shipboard now seemed out of place. Until that winter, Broadhurst had never worn woollens, but the B.V.D.'s that he had adopted in college had somehow seemed insufficient for flying at the Front. In the matter of underwear, at any rate, life apparently was going on as it did before the war.

The signing of papers at Camp Meade and the detailed but perfunctory physical examination over, with nothing to wait for but the issuing of the final discharge orders, there was plenty of time left for strolling about the camp and revisiting the places that had once encompassed his daily life. Broadhurst turned to the path behind the Headquarters Block and walked across to his old regimental area.

Strangely silent and deserted now, the buildings were. There were the battery barracks, facing the road, with their doors boarded up and their windows closed. How many hours he had spent in that Orderly Room, fixing up payrolls, straightening out insurance and allotment tangles, doing the miscellaneous and futile paper work of an embryo organization! Across the road were the first battalion officers' quarters, closed and silent too.

It seemed not worth the effort to walk closer and peer into the window of his former room. He kept on toward the stables.

Memories here were not so thick and were more agreeable. Disconnected incidents came back to Broadhurst's mind. There was the waterpipe for the "C" Battery stables; all winter they had unsuccessfully struggled to keep it from freezing. For months a cascade of ice, a foot thick, had covered the slope where the dirt road ran between the buildings.

There was the little house where the stable sergeant slept, and where Broadhurst had often gone to warm himself in the course of a night inspection of the guard. There was the paddock, where the horses had once milled around in the daytime. No horses were there now, nor would they rattle their halter chains to-night in the darkness of the stables.

The inspection tour was not proving to be as exhilarating as he had so often anticipated. Many times he had planned in his imagination some such return as this, when he could stroll about the regimental area and gloat over the fact that he need no longer concern himself with whatever might happen there. Yet there remained nothing on which he could turn his exultant derision. The buildings themselves were familiar enough externally, but Broadhurst felt that he might just as well be looking at them in a photograph. They seemed so still and lifeless. They were empty shells, not even tenanted by the ghosts of unpleasant memories. Had the ghosts gone too when the human occupants had left? Possibly. At any rate, there was no

joy in prowling around these dusty, deserted barracks any longer.

Broadhurst turned away disconsolately and walked back to camp headquarters to wait.

In a few hours he was on the trolley headed for Baltimore, re-reading with intense satisfaction the last army document that would ever concern him, with its opening words: "By direction of the President and under the provision of Section 9, Act of Congress, May 8, 1917, and Circular No. 75, W. D., 1918, the following named officers are honorably discharged from the service of the United States, for the convenience of the Government, effective this date, their services being no longer required."

Rather jolly, that phrasing! "For the convenience of the Government," and "services being no longer required." They couldn't even let you out of the army gracefully, Broadhurst mused. Not that he had expected to be kissed on the cheek by the commanding general, but the curtness of the text was vaguely irritating. Curt and "military." Broadhurst had come to hate with an enduring hatred the sound of that word and all that it implied. He was sick of doing things "in a military manner."

At any rate, if the war had taught him nothing else, it had at least shown him what a priceless possession was independence. Even in civil life men were accustomed to do what they were told, in the way in which they were told to do it, and to keep their thoughts about it to themselves. It was not good for their souls. But because the rules and regulations were more

insidious than specific, they were not so unbearably irksome. In the army it was different. There was no doubt about what should and should not be done, and Broadhurst had found in the course of his long months of service that what rankled most was not the enforced physical separation from the people and places he cared most for, not the lack of freedom of movement, but the consistent negation of the right to express an opinion. The thing that hurt more than anything else was the inability to protest against injustice. He had resolved that, once out of the army, he would never go back to the old before-the-war habit, of letting other people form opinions for him. From now on he was going to think for himself. And, he believed, from one to four million other young men had the same idea.

It was with this comforting thought that he made his way to the Union Station in Baltimore.

CHAPTER II

*"Well, this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey, too."*

BROADHURST walked up the stairway from the darkness of the track level where his sleeper lay in the Pennsylvania Station and found that even in that vast airy concourse the gloom was quite as heavy. The sunlight of the day before—a rather sultry day for one so early in April—had changed to a cold drizzling rain. Even without rain, there is usually something depressing about any big city at any time before eight o'clock in the morning. One feels as though it had not yet shaved, or had neglected to brush its teeth.

For Broadhurst, however, the air of depression was entirely climatic and not spiritual. Never had he felt so quietly happy. It was good to be back.

This really was "back." Newport News, though America, was not *home*; it was only a way station on the long, long trip, and it would be hard to enthuse over Newport News under any circumstances. It wasn't that sort of city.

But here, at last, was New York, where now he could stay as long as he wished. The two years of wandering and of wondering, of being ordered about to places where he had no desire to go, and of being unable to

get to places where he craved to be, of interminable intervals of waiting for something that usually didn't happen, were now done with. Yesterday he had been in the army in a drab Maryland camp; to-day he was a free man in New York. He felt like singing. This was, on his part, a tremendous concession to happiness. No one with a voice like his could logically want to sing unless profoundly moved.

He checked his suitcase at the parcel-stand, swung his musette over his shoulder, and stepped out into the street, strapping the collar of his trench coat high under his chin.

As he walked toward Sixth Avenue and the "El" he slouched forward slightly. He was of average height, but he carried himself poorly.

It was not a distinct and noticeable peculiarity; it was merely one of those variations from the normal to be found in every normal man. He had, in fact, no striking physical characteristic. He was neither slender nor stocky; not markedly blond, nor decidedly brunette. Actually, upon close observation, it was discoverable that he was a rather curious combination of the two—his hair was light and inclined to be curly, but his eyes were a deep brown and his eyebrows almost black. Even his features were irregularly regular and difficult of description—a high forehead, a nose just a trifle pugged, a mouth a bit too large and a chin that was slightly receding. He was not a type that women would rave over or that children would be frightened at; he was merely passably good-looking.

He hurried along past the windows of the big depart-

ment stores and ran up the steps to the Elevated platform. Moisture had gathered on his face, unprotected by his overseas cap, and a drop hung to the tip of his nose.

At Fourteenth Street he descended from the Elevated and walked south, turning up a well-remembered cross street. The house where Anne roomed must be midway up the block, he thought, as he looked for the number with increasing self-consciousness. He had never been able to call on any girl, no matter how well he knew her, without feeling sheepish the moment her house came into sight.

It was almost eight o'clock. Anne might not be up yet, but he had waited so many months that even minutes counted now. If she were not dressed, he could talk to her through the door.

Broadhurst's thoughts were racing wildly. In the brief interval since he had left the Terminal it seemed as though he had been able to review in detail all his associations with Anne. Her name, for instance.

Since knowing her he had found it beautiful. He remembered how, in those dreary days in Oklahoma a year before, when he had been practising radio in his early aerial apprenticeship, he had often caught himself sending her name on the key. "Tut-taah, taah-tut, taah-tut, tut," was the way it had sounded; it had a gentle, rhythmic lilt to it. On one occasion he had experimented with her initials—"A. B."—which were not so satisfactory rhythmically and which led to an unexpected interruption. A fellow student, listening in, had suddenly said, "A.B., A.B., A.B.—what in hell

is that? A Jew mess call?" It discouraged Broadhurst from further experimenting.

He thought next of his own name—his nickname, for all his friends had called him "Dink" for years. There were many casual acquaintances who hadn't known his given name for months and some who had never known it at all. On the whole, Broadhurst rather liked having a nickname that stuck, and liked, too, the monosyllable "Dink." Yet there were times when it sounded silly; it was hardly a romantic way, for example, to sign a love letter.

His thoughts turned to Anne's letters to him—in-frequent, shy little notes that he cherished for what they left unsaid. He would not have to be content with mere letters now. Here he was, even at this moment, directly in front of her house.

He walked up the flight of steps with their rococo iron railings, and rang the bell firmly. It was one of those pull attachments which continue to exist in quantity only in New York, and which always leave one in doubt of their functional condition.

The door opened and he stepped in.

The narrow hallway was dingy, with the indeterminate dinginess of a respectable but inexpensive rooming house. A single gas jet flickered feebly on the wall, though its doubtful usefulness had ended several hours before with the coming of daylight. On the left was a door, and ahead the narrow staircase ran straight up to the floors above.

He became conscious that he had been standing reflectively silent in the doorway, and that someone must

have opened that door and been waiting for him to say something. He saw before him a woman of uncertain age.

She was dressed in a messy dressing gown that had originally been crimson, and that had faded badly. Her face was lean, with a pinched, tired expression. Her hair was straggly and carelessly arranged. She looked so much like a typical landlady that it was obvious she couldn't be. Broadhurst never did know who she was.

"Is Miss Brainerd in?" he asked.

A puzzled look came over the woman's face. "Miss Brainerd?" she questioned, and repeated the name once more. "Why," she said, as if stating a fact of supposedly universal knowledge, "Miss Brainerd is dead."

"Miss Brainerd is dead." Broadhurst heard the words clearly and had no doubt as to their meaning.

They did not, however, seem to apply to himself. It was with the same feeling of detachment that he had come, in the course of time, to hear of the deaths of his friends in France. "So-and-So's been killed." The news would come in a letter or develop in conversation with a chance-met acquaintance. Or sometimes a ship would leave the aviation field and not come back. That hit nearer home. But even a vacant seat at the mess would lose its suggestiveness. In war it does not pay to try to realize some things, and it required a certain effort to realize that one would never see these men again. They were gone, one missed them, and that was all there was to it. Any sorrow

in the fact of their going was softened by the manner of it. They were, after all, only individuals and individuals did not count for much. There was but little room in the army for individualism, or even for emotion; one had to learn to put the damper on one's feelings and to harden one's sensibilities. And now, though Broadhurst had come back to civil life, the attitude persisted. Civilian habits of thought cannot be resumed like civilian clothes.

Calmly and unemotionally he uttered a conventional phrase of regret at hearing the news. "I've just come back from France," he explained, "and didn't know. When did she die?"

As he carefully knocked the drops of water from his cap, striking it against the newel post of the stairway, the woman recounted the story. In a few sentences she told how Miss Brainerd had caught influenza, had been taken to the hospital, had developed pneumonia and had died, all within a week, and all a month before. "Thank you," said Broadhurst, and turning, walked slowly down the steps and back to Sixth Avenue. As he went he was conscious of the woman's eyes following him, and was vaguely irritated at it.

He saw the pastry shop down at the corner of Eleventh Street, walked in and mechanically ordered breakfast. His consciousness was partially numbed, and with that little which was still active he tried to keep from thinking altogether.

As he walked along Sixth Avenue again, he was dimly aware of three words that his brain was repeating over and over in a hopeless cycle, "Anne is dead,

Anne is dead." He struggled ineffectually to maintain the state of dull mental torpor which had mercifully descended upon him sometime in the interval between hearing the news and reaching Sixth Avenue. He felt as if he were coming around after an operation under anæsthesia, and he realized that the awakening would be full of throbbing pain for which there would be no anodyne.

He found himself on the uptown platform of the Elevated at Fourteenth Street, staring blindly at the buildings across the tracks. Gone entirely, now, was the temporary release from actuality that had carried him through the last half hour. His mind was a tumult of disordered thoughts, with the one phrase constantly recurring: "Anne is dead." His reason seemed to be striving to prove to his emotion that this was so.

A sudden wave of anger surged through him. It wasn't fair! That Death, whom he had seen so often at the front, should pass him by and choose instead the girl he loved, three thousand miles away, was an unclean jest. Then bitterness and a great engulfing sorrow filled him, but his eyes were dry. He marked that fact, curious, and wondered why he didn't weep.

The train, as it rattled up to the platform, roused him to a full realization of his surroundings. He was mildly pleased that it was still drizzling, for it made the weather appear more in keeping with his present mood, so different from that of an hour ago. An hour ago Anne was waiting for him, and he was on his way to see her after so many empty months. And now, he

knew that he would never see her again, that all the months hereafter would be empty.

"Anne is dead." Gone—in an instant, in a phrase—was all the fancied glory of his homecoming, and in its place were left only the memories of unsatisfied longing and the knowledge of what might have been.

Well, he had played the game so far, and he would continue to play it. But . . .

The arrival at Forty-second Street cut short his reflections. He got out and walked the short distance to the office of the National Advertising Agency, the company he had been with in 1916, and which had repeatedly offered him any position he wanted when he came back. To discuss business might help a little, and he had to do something that morning. He couldn't go wandering around, just thinking.

He stepped into the building's entrance, with its familiar surroundings, and rode to the floor where he remembered the offices to be. The door resisted his efforts to open it. He was puzzled for a moment, and then glanced at his wrist watch. It wasn't nine o'clock yet, and of course no self-respecting advertising agency would open its doors before that hour.

The superintendent of the building was easily located and obligingly unlocked the office door with his pass key. In those days there were a few people who would still do favours for a man in uniform.

Broadhurst walked into the private office which he rightly took to be Mr. Mason's, and sat down listlessly to wait for the first arrivals. On the desk, opened up, he saw the telegram that he had sent yesterday

from Baltimore: "Have a fatted calf in the office Saturday."

Even if Mason's own welcome turned out to be the same bluff and insincere cordiality that Broadhurst had so often seen him use with influential clients in the old days, the rest of the men in the office whom he had known would be honestly and humanly glad to see him. He would have to feign equal enthusiasm in return. And later he would go out to the Jersey suburb and see his brother again, who hadn't known of his engagement to Anne. He would therefore have to seem more than enthusiastic—he'd have to appear happy. That would be harder to do, but he knew that he could do it. In the last hour he had learned that nothing was impossible, and that what interested one in fiction occasionally happened in life. Nothing could be more incredible than that morning.

CHAPTER III

*"Where do we go from here, boys,
Where do we go from here?"*

I

IT WAS a sultry, rainy, and thoroughly disagreeable spring. The bad weather continued so long that people ceased to talk about it, which makes it certain that it was very bad indeed. Humans, and New Yorkers particularly, are built that way; they will complain bitterly about trifles, as long as they remain trifles. But when a thing becomes intolerable, they accept it as a matter of course. The weather is no exception to this rule.

On one of those days, when a smoky pall added to the general gloominess of the outlook, when taxicab drivers seemed more misanthropic than usual, when sodden drops fell depressingly from the Elevated tracks on Sixth Avenue, and even Fifth Avenue was utterly without charm, Broadhurst sat at his old desk and alternated between staring despondently out of the window and writing "peppy" notices announcing the attractions of his coming class reunion. He had been chairman of his reunion committee before the war, and had been unanimously reappointed upon his return. His present job was the preparation of a circular letter to his classmates.

He scowled as he wrote. His phrases would no doubt seem felicitous in print—his circulars usually did make good reading, which was one of the reasons why he was reunion chairman—but he took no joy in them. They seemed inane, casual, and cheap, and he cursed the tradition which assumed that Princeton reunion notices had to be funny to be effective. He would have much preferred writing about those half dozen classmates who had been killed, and appealing to sentiment instead of humour. As it was, he commented facetiously on the fact that this was the last year that beer would be served in the reunion tents.

He wondered if any others would feel, when the notice was received, as he felt when writing it, and doubted if they would. His experience as an advertising agent had convinced him that most people prefer graceful insincerity to uncouth realities, and that they are more influenced by phrasing than by facts. That knowledge had, indeed, enabled him to write fluently of things in which he did not believe, to extol merchandise in which he had not the slightest interest, and of which he knew little more than the name. He could compose convincing advertisements of a union suit that he himself wouldn't wear on a bet; he knew that he wrote convincingly because people actually bought the damned things—more and more of them every season.

Insincerity and superficiality seemed to pay. Just as it would probably pay in the case of the reunion notice he was now writing. His words seemed sheer bunk, but they would get the boys back. For college

men, after all, are no different from the average human beings, save that they had postponed for four extremely pleasant years the doing of anything that mattered in the slightest.

Yet to Broadhurst his college associations were very dear, and his devotion to Princeton deeper than sentimentality. He *had* learned things there, things that were very much worth while, and he had absorbed the influence of a wealth of traditions—some of them meaningless, but all of them coloured with a rather fine idealism. However little he might have obtained in the way of education, however artificial some of the views he had learned to hold may have been, he had at least gained an active appreciation that there are things worth working for aside from self-advancement. "Princeton" stood in his mind as a living ideal for which sacrifices were to be made and in comparison with which personal desires did not count.

Yet on that rainy spring morning he wondered how much of it all he had retained. War alters one's sense of values, and many things to which he had once attached the highest importance now seemed a bit puerile. After having assisted in beating the Germans, even beating Yale at football no longer loomed as so vastly portentous an event in the destiny of the world.

What did matter? Certainly he cared more for Princeton than he cared for his business, but even for Princeton he had lost much of his spontaneous enthusiasm. The sight of an orange-and-black flag no longer threw him into paroxysms of joy, like a fox terrier about to be taken on a walk.

The telephone jingled, and as Broadhurst picked up the receiver a sound came distinctly over the wire. This was such an achievement in 1919 that he forgot his grudge against the weather, his displeasure at the words he had been writing, and his speculations on the meaning of life. "Hello," the voice said, "is this Mr. Trotzky, the Peoples' Commissar? This is Mr. Martens, the Soviet Ambassador, speaking, and I should like to arrange with you for planting a bomb at 12:30 to-day. Meet me at the Red Room of the Novy Mir Social hall. Good-bye."

This, of course, meant that Broadhurst was to take lunch at a quarter to one with his former classmate, George Arnold, at the Yale-Princeton Club. Arnold's telephone conversations usually took some such form as this, perfectly understandable to his intimates, and absolutely meaningless to any one else. And one could always count upon Arnold's being at least fifteen minutes late.

II

There is the pleasingly muffled roar from the street that one hears on the upper stories of New York skyscrapers. There is the sustained crash of the subway express. And there is the Grill Room of the Yale-Princeton Club at noon. It is a noise, not unpleasant, unlike anything else in the world. Although it makes conversation difficult, at the same time it makes possible that rarest of combinations—privacy in the open.

Here it was that Broadhurst and Arnold repaired that noon, each glad of the other's company again. They

had been in different branches of the service and had not met for nearly two years. "I see," said Arnold, as he signed a check, "that the House Committee has heard about the war; the price of Eggs Benedict is going up again. What, by the way, do you think of the Peace Conference?"

"To speak seriously," replied Broadhurst, "I think it's rotten. I used to think that Wilson was a great man, and even until lately I had occasional hopes that he meant what he said, but he certainly seems to be going back on every damn thing we thought we were fighting for."

"Oh, come, now!" countered Arnold. Arnold was a "Wilson man"; many people, even Princetonians, still were. "You don't mean that. I admit that things might be better theoretically, but what can you expect? You can't reform the world all at once, and you can't change human nature. What have you got against Wilson?"

"What have I got against Wilson? I've got secret covenants secretly arrived at, for one thing. I've got that funny work that he seems to be letting Japan get away with. I've got a lot of things in Italy and France and Russia that look as if they were going to smell bad when we get them delivered. I've got——" Broadhurst hesitated, at a loss for words, and still more at a loss for facts. He was glad that in the unique privacy of the Grill Room he had not been overheard. He had no aptitude for impromptu debate, and inability to finish convincingly something he had started always left him embarrassed and angry.

"But look here," Arnold took up the argument, "Wilson is dealing with a pretty shrewd bunch of statesmen, and of course he can't put over all his ideals. There's got to be a lot of give and take, and of course he has to compromise here and there."

"Compromise, hell! You can't compromise on fundamentals. And, *of course*, he's dealing with a bunch of cagy old birds. That's just the trouble. It's the same old gang that make all wars possible, and they are up to all their old tricks. Wilson, instead of giving us that new deal he was bragging about, is trying to play with the same old stacked deck. This war has made a Bolshevik out of me, all right."

"Oh, well! Things might be better, I admit, but you can't——" Broadhurst had a sickening fear that Arnold was going to refer again to the immutability of human nature, which might have been disastrous to their friendship of so many years' standing. At the same time he found himself wondering why it was they should now be unable to discuss a question without beginning to get irritated with each other; perhaps it was because, before the war, they had never discussed anything that really mattered. Fortunately, a third person arrived at their table at this critical moment and interfered with the completion of Arnold's sentence, whatever it might have been.

"Hello, Major!" he greeted Arnold cheerily, and then recognized Broadhurst. "Well, well, well! If it isn't Dink Broadhurst! Gosh, I'm glad to see you again! When did you get back?" They shook hands enthusiastically.

"About a month ago," Broadhurst replied, "but I've been back on the job only a couple of weeks. How are things? Still in the same old business?"

They exchanged conventional information. "Oh, by the way, Major——" The newcomer turned suddenly to Arnold and began speaking of a recent happening.

The repetition of the title "Major" came to Broadhurst's attention disagreeably. What was the big idea? Then he remembered having seen a recent memorandum that had been sent by the Ordnance Department to ex-officers recommending a continuance in civil life of the former military title in address. Was it possible that any one was taking the recommendation seriously? It seemed that some were, and it followed from this that not everybody was filled with a disgust equal to Broadhurst's own for all things military. He began to study his two table companions as they talked, but soon dropped it, as he himself was drawn into the conversation.

The talk had little to do with the war, or with after-war problems. In fact, it left such topics severely alone. It may have been easier and more pleasant to discuss jocularly trivial things, to recall incidents at college or to anticipate the coming reunion, but this was obviously not the real reason for the omission. There was nothing conscious or studied about it: they didn't talk about the war or the progress of the peace, simply because it had ceased to be interesting. The Cincinnati had returned to their ploughs and forgotten why they had ever left them. Broadhurst felt himself slipping into this pleasant conversational stream with

a subconscious apprehension that it might always be like that, that there would be very few among his friends with whom he could talk seriously, or who could understand him when he did.

As they rose from the table they had worked back to the subject of reunion again. "It'll be a great party," was the concluding verdict.

"You betcha!" said Arnold. And then to Broadhurst: "How about coming over home to-morrow night?"

CHAPTER IV

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

I

BROADHURST had thought that in his business he would find relief from the dull pain and feeling of futility that had come to him ever since he had learned of Anne's death. Work, he had always heard, cures all things. But work didn't help him, for it didn't seem important enough to forget anything else for. It was just something that one did because there was nothing else to do.

He had also thought that in renewing his old associations at home, in taking part again in the agreeable social activities of the suburbs, he would find entertainment and satisfaction. But dances, bridge parties, and motor trips were merely pleasant interludes. They were fun, but they didn't matter, and the loss of Anne did.

More and more, too, he discovered that the new spirit he had hoped to find among his old friends was missing and the once sharp distinctions between those who had "done their bit" and those who had sat on the sidelines had become blunted. They even ceased to be distinctions. There was no scorn for the

"slacker," for the word was already obsolete, and in civilian clothes men look even more alike than they do in khaki. Besides, what good did it do to shame the slacker now? It could only make for unpleasantness, and unpleasantness was no longer necessary. "The war is over; let's forget it," seemed to be the word, and they avoided reference to all things in the least upsetting. They never, for instance, referred to Anne.

This was understandable, for few of them had definitely known of his engagement, and the rest of them, merely suspecting it, did not quite know what to say.

The first evening that he had spent at George Arnold's was the only occasion on which the subject was even closely approached.

After dinner Broadhurst, George Arnold, and his wife, Myra, had sat together on the big, comfortable davenport in the living room of the East Orange apartment house and Broadhurst had sought again to bring the conversation around to the subject of the peace and its probable outcome. Earlier in the evening he had attempted it and failed. He had no larger measure of success this time.

"Speaking of the war," said Arnold, "have you seen my war babies? Come in and take a look at the kids—they've grown since you saw them last." Broadhurst rapidly calculated that the ages of Arnold's children, whom he had quite forgotten, must now be a little over two and a little less than four, respectively.

The inspection having been duly made, with appropriate comments by Broadhurst, they sat again in the

living room, Arnold with his arm affectionately thrown around his wife's shoulders.

"I tell you, Dink, you ought to get married," he counselled jovially and incautiously.

"I dare say," Broadhurst replied slowly and looked away, but as he turned his eyes he caught the Arnolds exchanging a quick and meaningful glance. An embarrassed silence followed.

The common thought remained unspoken, and the rest of the evening passed without untoward incident but with considerable merriment on the part of all three. George Arnold could be exceedingly droll after his fashion, and it was a fashion which both his wife and Broadhurst had learned to appreciate.

It was nearly midnight when Broadhurst rose to leave. His hosts marked the hour and expostulated with him. "Oh, stick around," Arnold urged. "We can park you here on the divan, and you can see the kids in the morning when they are awake. You don't have to go home to-night."

As a matter of fact, he didn't, and he knew that Arnold knew he didn't, and the children's plea, while not altogether intriguing, was unanswerable. He assented.

In the morning Arnold, his face already covered with lather, came in to wake him. "South Norwalk!" he shouted, seizing Broadhurst by the foot. "We'll be in Grand Central in two hours, and it's time to get up."

Half an hour later, Broadhurst, dressed, washed, and not altogether rested, strolled into the dining room and found the family already seated at the table.

Few people in East Orange had a dining-room table like Myra's. She had been taking a course in interior decoration when she became engaged to Arnold, and this table was one of the few tangible results. Broadhurst rather liked the piece—a long, narrow refectory table from some ancient Italian monastery. It seemed to him to be a particularly desirable sort of table to have at breakfast time. The grown-ups could then cluster at one end of it and the children with their cereals at the other; it spared one from being acutely reminded that all children are inherently messy feeders.

Later he and George Arnold took the 8:04, and in due season Broadhurst arrived at his desk. Whether it was that the train was unusually crowded that morning, or whether it was the recurrence of the nasty weather, or because his morning ablutions had been unsatisfactory in the absence of his own razor and clean linen, the fact remained that Broadhurst came to a sudden decision as he sat turning over the personal mail that lay on his desk. He would quit commuting at the end of the month, and instead of living with his brother's family in Montclair, would get a room somewhere downtown in New York. Commuting was bad enough under any circumstances. With the National Advertising Agency as its morning goal it was intolerable.

II

The National Advertising Agency had been founded, as its circulars announced, by John Mason at a time when modern display advertising was in its infancy. Mason was proud of this fact. He liked to think of him-

self as a pioneer. Although it was sometime in the late and effete '80's that he had left the newspaper office where he had been employed as an indifferent reporter, to buy up and peddle space in one of the oldest weeklies in the country, nevertheless, to hear him talk, one had visions of prairie schooners and untracked wildernesses tenanted by prowling red-skins and all the terrors of the life of rugged frontiersmen.

Like all advertising men, Mason was full of "wise saws and modern instances." He preferred to talk in parables. It had become almost impossible for him to make a direct statement. He had devoted so much of his life to the dramatization of sardine cans, packaged breakfast foods and automobile tires that he used a strange and extravagant form of speech for the most ordinary expression of thought. If asked suddenly for his opinion on any topic, he would look portentously out of the window for a time, return his gaze upon the speaker and utter a pronouncement that, more often than not, left the questioner in an amazed silence.

As advertising is mainly a matter of shrewd guesswork, this method of seeming to answer without actually doing so at all created the impression that Mason was a "wise old owl." He added to this impression by a stock narration of remarkable results achieved by leading advertisers in the past. "Do you know," he would say, "that in 1899 the Sweet Toasties Packing Company started in business with a capital of \$500? They appropriated five cents on every package of Sweet Toasties for advertising, and to-day they pay an income tax on over \$4,000,000." This usually had the effect

upon the prospective client much the same as that made by an insurance agent upon his victim. The recital of round figures above the million mark by any man with a deep voice and an impressive manner, invariably affects the human mechanism in the way the speaker intends. By a strange transformation the idea of size conveyed by these figures somehow connects itself with the speaker. One concludes naturally that any man who can toss off such jaunty references to such huge sums is, as a matter of course, one known as a man of affairs. Mason naturally did not regale his prospects with stories of advertising failures, nor were they likely to come upon them in the advertising "literature" which Mason habitually sent to any one who evinced but the faintest interest in his business.

When Broadhurst first returned, Mason had greeted him effusively and taken him with pride into the front office where his service star was pointed out on the big red-bordered flag that hung opposite the entrance. Thereupon he escorted him back to his old desk in the corner, left him with his blessing, and two days later, meeting him in the hall, regarded Broadhurst with the blank stare of an utter stranger. Broadhurst wondered if his telegram about having a fattened calf in the office had been the most tactful way to announce his return.

Try as he would, Broadhurst could summon up no interest whatsoever in the work assigned to him. He would never become a star in the advertising heavens, and, realizing this, he was content with the mere routine that his work required. But the routine itself, dry

and dull as it seemed, could be fraught with interest and sorrow.

One day Broadhurst was summoned into Mason's private office for a "conference." Mason was never "busy," or "out," or "engaged," but very often he was "in conference." The term is now in universal use whenever two or more advertising men are gathered together, and it was Mason who had first sensed its possibilities.

As Broadhurst opened the door and entered, he saw that with Mason was a keen-looking, middle-aged man with a Semitic cast of features.

"Ah!" said Mason sonorously. "This is Mr. Broadhurst, Mr. Federman. Mr. Broadhurst has made a special study of underwear and that is why, as soon as he returned from the Service, we entrusted to him the production details of your account. We believe that his knowledge and merchandising experience should be extremely valuable in making the advertising campaign of the Federman Union Suit a thorough success."

Broadhurst bowed solemnly and shook hands with Federman. He gave evidence of, and in fact felt, no surprise at hearing the catalogue of his qualifications as a union-suit expert. Mason's professional patter was a familiar thing.

The three seated themselves, and Mason took from his desk drawer a box of cigars. "Try one of these, Mr. Federman," he urged. "I don't offer this brand to *many* of my clients."

After a moment's pause, in which the cigars were lit, Mason continued. "I have been giving my personal

attention to the Federman Union Suit campaign, and I believe that the time has come when you can profitably add the *Current Post* to your schedule. I have, as you will remember, been consistently recommending the use of this medium, and I feel that now, more than ever, the time is opportune. Let us start, say, with half pages every fourth week, though, really, an account with the prestige of the Federman Union Suit should use full pages regularly. But let us start, at least, in a more modest way, retaining on the list all the media that you have been using in years past in order not to lose the cumulative effect of the advertising, and, as far as the *Post* is concerned, building more for the future. With your present list, the added influence on the dealer of a campaign in the *Post* should roll up for you an increasingly large good will and volume of sales, which in turn should lower your production costs and——”

Federman, knocking the ash from his cigar, interrupted Mason before he could round out the sentence in its full rhetorical glory.

“Advertising don’t lower costs,” he objected. “It’s you birds”—at this word Mason smiled tolerantly, as if to show his appreciation of humour, even when directed at himself—“who raise the cost of living. I’ve got to advertise now, and it’s costing me around \$100,000 a year. Every other underwear manufacturer is doing it, and no one of us can drop out of the game. If we all quit together we’d do just as much business at a lower cost. Don’t tell *me* that advertising makes things cheaper.”

"My *dear* Mr. Federman," Mason said with a trace of pity in his voice, "I'm afraid I haven't been a very good advertising counsellor for you if I haven't made the matter clearer than that in these three years that we have been doing business together. Look at it from this angle, for instance. There is spent for advertising each year, say, \$200,000,000. That means increased sales of from four to five billions"—he rolled the word unctuously over his tongue like a particularly choice morsel—"of dollars in increased sales. That in turn means more employment, more people with more money to spend, and greater national prosperity. Advertising keeps the wheels of American industry turning."

"But it don't turn them any cheaper," Federman reiterated. "If you can prove to me that advertising makes goods cost less, I'll fire my auditor and get one who can add better. Every season, when I come to fix the selling price on my goods, I tell him what I expect to spend for advertising. And then he figures up what the goods cost me, and he adds 17½ cents a dozen, or whatever it figures out at, for advertising. It goes in as an item of cost just the same as the cost of the cotton, or of labour, or of interest and taxes. You bet your sweet life advertising costs money. Anyhow, I send you pretty sizeable checks every year."

"Yes, yes!" said Mason undismayed. "But here's still another way of looking at it. Petrol Soap, for example, sells for five cents a cake, and has sold at that price for years. And Petrol Soap has been one of the most consistent, soundest national advertisers that the

country has known. The price of labour, of raw materials, of everything, has gone up, as you yourself know, to a tremendous and unprecedented extent, but we still see Petrol Soap sold at the old price of five cents a cake."

"I don't know anything about soap," said Federman. "All I know is underwear."

"Well," Mason said jovially, "I'll get you to see the light some day. Meanwhile, let us make the occasion of your call the opportunity for settling the advertising policy for next year."

For an hour or more they argued over the list of media, the copy "keynote," the amount, nature, and variety of "dealer helps," the type of illustration to be used, and various other details. As Federman rose to go, he shot a question at Broadhurst.

"Are you the gentleman who writes the copy?"

Broadhurst admitted it.

"That's the way I like it," he said. "Keep it up. Put a lot of jazz into it and don't say too much about the high-grade, long-staple, Sea-Island cotton. We might have to use something cheaper sometime."

In spite of the success of the conference, and of Mr. Federman's expressed approval of the way things were going, consternation was writ large on Mason's face one afternoon a few weeks later.

"Mr. Broadhurst," he said as his subordinate came into the private office in response to a hurried summons, "a very serious thing has happened. The illustration for the Federman Union Suit advertisement in this magazine shows only six buttons instead of seven.

We must find out at once whether the same illustration has been used for the other publications and take immediate steps to substitute new plates wherever possible. This is vital. I can't understand how the mistake occurred. I can't understand it."

Broadhurst looked at Mason in amazement. The latter seemed on the verge of tears. By an apparently tremendous effort of will he regained control of himself and continued:

"You know, Mr. Broadhurst, that one of our principal talking points has been the fact that on the Federman Union Suit there are seven buttons instead of the customary six—evidence that there is no skimping in the details of construction. Why, one of our recent campaigns was based entirely on this point—we dramatized the buttons under the caption 'We are Seven.' It was, by the way, an exceptionally successful copy keynote. And now to let an illustration be used that shows only *six* buttons——" The horror of the situation was left to Broadhurst's imagination by a despairing wave of the hand.

The disaster seemed very real to Mason. In his mind's eye he envisaged the Ultimate Consumer scanning the Federman illustration with scrupulous attention, and discovering with a start of surprise that one button was missing. This, no doubt, would give rise to the feeling that the bottom had fallen out of the Ultimate Consumer's world.

"I wonder what Mr. Federman will say," he mourned.

There was the real clue to Mason's depression. Mr.

Federman might notice the error; he might believe, as did Mason, that it would also be noticed by the magazine readers, and he might become incensed upon imagining the possible effect on sales. He might even take his account away and give it to another advertising agency! Because of this remote contingency, the loss of one button in an underwear illustration was of more concern to Mason than the loss of a thousand men to a general on the Western Front a few months back.

Thus does the fate of Big Business depend upon trifles. Mason rose from his chair and took his hat from the mahogany coat rack in the corner. "I rely on you to straighten the matter out from this end at once," he said. "I am taking the 3:20 train to New Brunswick to catch Mr. Federman in his office before he leaves for the day."

Broadhurst stepped out of Mason's office with a new concept of the Things that Mattered.

But the "very serious thing" was smoothed over and eventually forgotten. Broadhurst returned to the even tenor of his customary ways, and sat undisturbed at his desk, where he would cover a yellow pad with pencilled adulations of somebody's preserved walnuts, somebody's near-silk hosiery, somebody's Ford starter, wondering all the time how near the lunch hour was and whether he would ever again know the joy that had been his in those wonderful days of their engagement when he and Anne had climbed together around the rocks at Gloucester.

He had the deep love for the sea that is the birth-right of the sea-nurtured American. He could summon

up scenes of old Gloucester now. There were fishing boats in the rain with men in oilskins bending to the ropes and the lights of the harbour winking dimly in the distance. Or outside his window, the sea, with "the might of summer" upon her, threw green and blue battalions against the sullen fronts of the tawny rocks, and the gulls wheeled and mewed and filled the sky with beating wings. Spray and surf-thunder and a long heaving skyline seen from under the boom of their little catboat, with Anne flushed and laughing at the tiller while he showed her how to spill the wind and come about without losing way. It was there for an instant, that picture, and then the terraced brick and stone buildings pushed it aside, and someone came in looking for more copy about union suits.

III

Now and then he was sent out as a "contact" man to sell his efforts to the firm's clients, or to drum up new business with samples of Mason's past triumphs.

At first his shyness kept him pacing wretchedly in the halls of office buildings, when by all the rules of salesmanship he should have been marching briskly up to the information desk insisting on seeing the president himself, and that immediately. If it turned out, as it sometimes did, that the man whom he expected to see was not in his office that day, Broadhurst would experience a sense of relief as profound as it was illogical. At other times, when his card had been accepted and he was groping desperately for some sort of opening sally, he frequently had to fight off an overwhelming desire

to rush to the elevator shaft and go down in ignominious retreat.

After many canvasses of indifferent prospects who listened with an air of obvious skepticism and boredom to his story of the National Advertising Agency's passion for "Service," he decided on a change of tactics. A successful underwear salesman had once dropped a remark in his presence that recurred to Broadhurst in these unhappy days. "So far as I know, no one has ever shot a salesman."

It was encouraging, if true. And surely it required more courage to pass that interval between the shout of "contact" and the moment that the airplane skimmed off the ground in front of the hangars in France, than to make his civilian "contacts" in the comparative calm of New York offices. During the call that followed these reflections, he threw his carefully prepared and stereotyped solicitation to the winds, talked confidently but without brag of what the National Agency was prepared to do, and showed a real interest in the prospect's business.

"I don't believe that the advertising we could do would bring the police reserves out to protect your dealers' stocks, but I do think it would keep sales going steadily and surely. People can't help being impressed, when they read a straightforward statement day in and day out, and if you cut out this 'best in the world' hokum and stick to facts—which are interesting enough in themselves—you are justified in spending 2 to 5 per cent. of your gross sales on advertising."

In such a manner Broadhurst opened up on the pros-

pect, and the effect was amazing. The sales manager on whom he was calling, let down the impenetrable barrier with which he had surrounded himself on Broadhurst's approach, and spoke frankly, and at length, of his aims and problems. When Broadhurst departed he had secured permission to submit plans for a possible advertising campaign. "Mind you," he was cautioned, "I'm not promising anything, but if you can work up something that looks interesting, we may be able to talk business."

It developed that they were able and eventually the business came to Mason, who straightway had his "promising young solicitor" out to lunch. It was a timely bit of luck, for the head of the National Advertising Agency had been on the point of telling Broadhurst that the latter was wasting his talents in the agency field.

Broadhurst took this same studiously sympathetic, cards-on-the-table attitude toward the old clients on whose accounts he was working, and found that they too responded to the treatment. Soon he was delegated as office representative to salesmen's conventions and district managers' "get-togethers."

After long days of wrangling over the next season's prices, interminable discussions of allotments and "quotas," rehearsals of selling points, and miles of walking on factory inspection trips, Broadhurst would find himself at the speakers' table at the "wind-up banquet" of a convention beside the president and the sales manager, looking out across a gathering of uncomfortably dressed-up salesmen with hair neatly plas-

tered over perspiring foreheads and with gaping mouths that afforded a liberal display of gold teeth. They invariably ate in embarrassed silence in the presence of their superiors, who strove to make them feel at ease, beaming jovially over the assemblage with a beam that lost its lustre as the moments dragged along. Now and then one of the salesmen, more daring than the rest, would remark on some idiosyncrasy of his neighbour's. Someone would laugh loudly. Instantly the rest would look enviously in the direction of the hilarious table from above their tucked-in napkins, and wonder if it were quite all right.

"Windham is a regular cut-up," the whispered comment ran up and down the room. The president, turning his fixed grimace on Broadhurst, would remark: "A good bunch of boys. I hope you've got something for them."

Broadhurst usually did have something. He would begin by chaffing the cut-up of the occasion, speaking slyly of the absence of liquor and the approaching national drought, and tell the story of the two Irishmen. Everyone laughed, looking about to see if everyone else was doing the same. Then Broadhurst would push aside his napkin and coffee, compose his face into sober lines, lean confidentially over the table and say in slow, earnest tones:

"But seriously, men, we have had a wonderful convention. As I listened to your president's speech this afternoon, the thought came to me that we all of us are doing more than selling soap. We are building something that is not builded upon sand, but upon the

sure foundations of solid, storm-defying rock. We are building here an American institution. It takes courage and manhood and persistence and above all the Will-to-Win, to build in this wise. Now what is this Will-to-Win that is so distinctively an American characteristic? It is the spirit that sent our boys in France over the top, cheering and singing as they went."

Broadhurst knew that that was not the way the boys did go over the top, because it is so difficult to sing inside a gas mask, but it was the sort of thing that that sort of audience liked to hear. He was off now, good for a full half hour of uplift and man-to-man talk. At the end of it they would rise and wave their napkins at him, and the president would take him by the hand.

"You did it, youngster. You put the pep into them that they needed. I'm going to write Mason and tell him what a good job you did."

Always Broadhurst went away from these affairs shamefaced and a bit sick about it all. It was so easy to stand there and spout platitudes and copybook maxims, sugar-coated by the magical word "psychology." And worst of all, they swallowed it quite as easily. Well, that was what he had been sent there for; part of the day's work. But suppose some time he should forget and rise and tell them what he really thought of them. Suppose, after the story about the two Irishmen, he should lean over the table in the same confidential way, but instead of his usual professional patter should speak words like these:

"Men, this has been an extraordinary convention. All salesmen's conventions are extraordinary, for they

assemble in an assumed spirit of good-fellowship and disband with the impression of having accomplished something, both of which ideas are, on the face of them, absurd. What have any of you men in common with one another, save the immaterial coincidence of being paid by the same company and the undoubted desire to get the job of the man ahead of you? And what have we accomplished, save the feat of having been able to exist for several days in this atmosphere of mock enthusiasm and platitudinous verbiage? It is true that we have 'learned all about the new line.' But careful inspection of the next season's goods seems to indicate that the novelty is contained in just one item—a ten-cent cake of perfumed soap in an eight-cent wrapper, to sell at a retail price of seventy-five cents for the purpose of 'stepping up the line.' And this, in his speech this afternoon, which you so roundly applauded and which I myself thought so uncommonly dull, your president referred to as 'Progress.' No doubt he thought of it as such; *hinc illæ lacrimæ*. Elsewhere in that same speech he spoke like a pious Christian of 'Ideals,' which I am sure he has, but which I am sure can be more briefly and correctly expressed in the motto: Keep wages down and prices up. As I look at him I am filled with wonder at the civilization which so generously rewards his 'services,' but then my eye turns from that distressing sight only to fall upon you buzzards sitting in front of me, and I realize that you are a part of it. And it is not wonderful.

"Individually, most of you are decent, respectable citizens, bringing up families, striving to get ahead in

the world, and doing your duty as you see it, which, however, is where the catch comes in—in those last four words, ‘as you see it.’ Collectively, you are a splendidly representative body of well-paid morons with only one faculty even partially developed—the gift of selling somebody something he probably doesn’t want.”

Or suppose he should avoid personalities and tell them that the reason why he found American business life drab and cheap and deadly to all creative spirit was because of the false emphasis on salesmanship. That would be an equally pretty kettle of fish. He laughed aloud in the smoking car on the way home as he thought of Mason reading such a speech. No; until he could get something better, he would play the game, go about spreading the gospel of sweetness and light. It was what the public seemed to want, and perhaps it did no harm after all.

Occasionally he would have to go to advertising men’s luncheons and dinners. These functions he grew to loathe with a peculiar and bitter loathing. He had hoped that in the family circle, as it were, advertising men might for once forget their shop-talk, their everlasting optimism, and give some indication of what they really thought and felt. He discovered that they had been reciting their Credo so long that they had actually come to believe in it:

“I believe in Advertising.

“I believe in telling the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth in Advertising.

“I believe that as Advertising has done its Good Bit in winning the War, so it will be the Mighty Power in the rebuilding of this Glorious Republic.”

They had it up on the walls of their offices in ornately designed borders; but, thought Broadhurst, at least they might have checked it with their hats when they came to a dinner. It was, instead, a hallowed part of the ritual. There was always a flavour of religion about these affairs. Before they sat down they sometimes chanted a hymn. One particular organization had outdone itself with the following:

"Oh God, look down from out Thy skies,
On us who advertise."

When they sang it, their faces had a church-like gravity.

Speakers at these affairs far surpassed Broadhurst in their vociferous approval of the good, the true, and the beautiful. They had, in fact, given him the dominant idea on which to base his own speeches at salesmen's conventions.

One of them, a minister's son, had turned the dismal Sunday afternoons of his boyhood, when the Bible had been his only book, into golden moments for his future advancement. He was full of a biblical allusiveness that won him the reputation of the Scholar in Advertising. He would tell the story of Joseph and his brethren as an example of the necessity for planning campaigns well in advance. The boy Samuel, answering, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth," worked beautifully into his speech on service. His most applauded effort was his talk on "The Salesman of Nazareth." Jesus, it appeared, had come to earth to "sell a great idea." He sought the multitudes, as we must do to-day. He

never let His light hide under a bushel, but held it up for all men to see, "even as the torch, the symbol of this organization, is held aloft by the strong right hand of advertising." These speeches made up very neatly into articles, to appear later in popular magazines, illustrated with symbolic figures in flowing robes, holding up torches.

Once or twice he met men, out in the washrooms or in the elevators after the dinners, who spoke from their hearts. "It's the bunk, all right," said a refreshingly frank agency vice-president. "Every one of these men is going away from here, after passing a lot of Sunday-school resolutions about ethics in advertising, figuring how he can swipe the other fellow's clients."

"Why do they go through all these pious motions?" asked Broadhurst.

"Oh, they say it elevates the profession. You see we ain't so far away from the patent-medicine, I-cure-men stage. It's getting better, there are good men in it, but it's a young business still. And it's awfully anxious to look old and virtuous."

And where, wondered Broadhurst, were the keen-eyed, square-jawed captains of industry who filled the pages of the business papers with their sage pronouncements? He had not met any yet. His clients resembled neither the spirits of progress that the business magazines extolled, nor the bloody-visaged octopi that stretched their tentacles in the radical press. There was something wistful and almost pathetic about them. They boasted like children about their smallest accomplishments, and there was less pride for the thing-

in-itself than for the applause that greeted it. Like children, too, the slightest set-back drove them to despair from which they rebounded instantly to unwarranted elation. They were the saddest of all things, elderly children shorn of the beguilements of youth.

Few of them ventured boldly, and strangest of all, fewer still seemed to take any particular pleasure in what they did. They reminded Broadhurst of good-natured, big-muscled boys he had seen in college forced by the pressure of opinion to go out and play football, despite the fact that they had no inherent liking for the game. Such men rarely became stars, but in the course of time they came to feel that they actually enjoyed it.

But all of these business men were making money. "A man would have to be a plain damn fool not to make his pile these days," said one manufacturer to Broadhurst. The buying orgy was on, and they accepted, with somewhat bewildered air, the gifts that an hysterical public poured in their laps. Grumbling all the while at the outrageous wages demanded by labour, they kept their prices mounting steadily, a lap or two ahead of wages. Still there was no audible protest from the public. Everyone apparently decided to "get it while the getting's good." "We're all profiteers," they said, and so excused the other fellow for the prices he charged.

Broadhurst, infected by the spirit of the times, walked in on Mason one day and asked for a raise. To his surprise he got it.

"I can't say much for your copy," Mason temporized. "You don't seem to get the knack of it somehow. But you've done good work on the outside. I've been hearing a lot about your speeches, and of course, that sort of things counts. Very glad to be able to give you this extra money, Mr. Broadhurst."

So that was it, thought Broadhurst. He couldn't make workmanlike advertisements, but he could go out and sell the "bunk."

What was happening to him, anyhow? When he had come back from France he was determined to do something from nine to five every day that would command his real interest, that would call for something in him which no enterprise on which he had been engaged had as yet summoned. Still, it was good to have that added amount in his pay check on Friday evenings, and this "contact" work took him out more, meant more liberty. They didn't expect him to keep regular hours on work of this sort. He had more time to himself. But what was he doing with that time?

CHAPTER V

*"Casey Jones—mounted to the cabin,
Casey Jones—orders in his band;
Casey Jones—mounted to the cabin,
Took a farewell journey to the Promised Land."*

I

AND then he met Manning. Broadhurst and the vice-president of the Greyhound Motor Truck Company were having lunch, with Broadhurst's copy for consideration between courses.

Broadhurst had not been long in coming to an understanding of the part played by the luncheon hour in the advertising world. Around it the routine matters of the day swung as lesser planets. To be sure many advertising agencies put on their doors some variation of the traditional inkpot and quill pen. To Broadhurst's mind a far better symbol for the craft would have been a chocolate éclair rampant on a demitasse. Over the luncheon tables in the restaurants and hotels from Park Avenue to Sixth many a shrewd campaign for the snaring of the Ultimate Consumer was brought to its triumphant conclusion. Surly waiters daily carried off tablecloths scrawled with mystic numbers that had the making of new fortunes for one who could decipher them. Lulled by the distant wail of violins, in the comfortable haze of cigar smoke, how many a

full-fed "prospect" nodded assent to an expenditure of thousands for advertising—an expenditure that broached in less congenial surroundings might well have been the cause of prolonged debate and hesitation.

The vice-president was putting his approving signature on Broadhurst's last piece of copy as a tall, broad-shouldered man strolled by. He had a Grecian face, the features a bit blurred by middle-age fat, jet-black wavy hair shot through with gray, and keen brown eyes. This was Manning, engineer in the Greyhound plant and obviously a man to be reckoned with.

Manning could talk, and did. He joined the two others at the table, and in half an hour he had succeeded in filling Broadhurst with so keen an interest in motor trucks that he found himself on the edge of his chair, begging for more. Broadhurst had not dreamt that anything in connection with his humdrum job could possibly stir him in any way. But Manning had the history of transportation at the end of his eloquent tongue, and he peopled the chattering restaurant with wind-bit Phœnician traders, with Cæsar's chain and transit men, with obscure canal diggers and road makers and those who had dreamed their revolutionary dreams of improved locomotion from Roger Bacon and his hints at internal combustion engines, through Dürer with his worm-drive coach, down to the nervous twentieth-century youngsters awaiting their fate at the Patent Office.

At Manning's invitation Broadhurst went with him to his office in a downtown building looking out across

the river to the stacks that towered above Bayonne. There Manning continued, stopping now and then to look up a reference in the myriad of books that were piled ceiling-high around the room. Photographs of every sort of imaginable device for moving men and goods more speedily he spread across the table, littered already with charts and blueprints.

Finally he stopped, threw away his cigar with an impatient gesture, and turned his back on Broadhurst to look from the window with an embittered stare.

"But that's just what *might* be done," he said. "It could be done now—only—only, to be frank, this crowd will never do it. Lack of guts. 'How much will it make us? We've got to make profits while the sun shines'—you know the talk. None of them understands. They see a truck, and to them it's a 'quick turnover,' not a miracle in its infancy. And at that, the Greyhound crowd is head and shoulders above the rest. You can hardly blame them for grabbing for the jack when it's lying under their noses. Except that it would be fun to find one of them who could see just a tiny bit beyond the nose. However, that's not the 'staunch loyalty of every member of our institution' that you so touchingly describe in your advertisements. Forget it, and have dinner with me and Mrs. Manning to-night."

II

Mrs. Manning was a surprise to Broadhurst. He had expected that such a man would have taken for

mate some glorious quick-witted creature, foil for that Grecian look and clean-cut mind of his. Of course, Manning had chosen, as do most men of his type, a short, stout, bespectacled bully, with no remaining beauty, jealousy written all over her, and the most exasperating air of a virgin assailed by an unclean universe.

She received Broadhurst with a creased smile that never left her lips during the ghastly meal that followed. Whenever Manning was about to reach the climax of the story he was telling, his wife would lean forward, with teeth and spectacles aglitter.

"Pardon me, my dear, but I do want Mr. Broadhurst to sample some of this currant jelly. I put it up myself. It's so hard to find servants who can do anything nowadays. But I mustn't interrupt. What were you saying, Chubbins?"

The love name that Mrs. Manning had chosen for her husband seemed to Broadhurst like calling Leonardo da Vinci "Stuffy." Whenever she uttered it, Manning's brow gathered stormily above his straight nose. He was, strangely enough, as ill at ease as Broadhurst, shifting constantly in his chair, flashing glances at his wife in which contempt and hatred, and at the same time a certain fear, were but poorly concealed.

Mrs. Manning hovered in the offing of every attempt at conversation on topics of interest to the two men. At the slightest pause she steamed triumphantly in, firing broadsides of small talk that swept everything before them. The ingratitude and incompetence of

servants, the depravity of shopkeepers, and the deep damnation of all who worked with their hands formed her Trinity of Abjuration. Servants, it appeared, were in a city-wide conspiracy to shatter the nerves of the employing classes. At the same time, grocers, butchers, and plumbers were lying awake to plot new deviltries in price fixing. It remained, however, for Labour to receive the cross-fingered, light-o'-the-moon, triple-clad curse.

Broadhurst, she had been advised, was a business acquaintance of her husband's, and as a business man this was of course the sort of conversation that he would enjoy. She had acquired the theme from the wives of business men in her social circle, and they in turn had acquired it from their husbands. Chubbins, himself, never had much to say on the subject, but then Chubbins was not really a business man—he was more of a dreamer, impractical.

All our present-day ills, she expounded, can be traced directly to those union people who are paid four or five times as much in a week as dear Dr. McGee of the Sixth Presbyterian Church gets in a month. Heaven knows *what* they are paid for. She had been watching with her own eyes two labourers fixing a hole in the street right outside of the house, and of all the shirking loafers! . . . And at the Red Cross sewing rooms, Mrs. Derby whose husband is in the shipbuilding business told her that his men came to work every morning in their limousines. “Mrs. Derby says that her husband went to the house of a common mechanic, and what do you suppose he found? *Two* grand pianos!” (This

in an outraged shriek.) "The man had a wife and a daughter, and he told Mr. Derby he wanted them *both* to learn to play." Mrs. Manning stopped to laugh hoarsely, but before Broadhurst could comment she was off again. "And they're all buying silk shirts. The store-keepers around the plant told Mr. Derby that they had orders for silk shirts months ahead. And diamonds! My dear, they say that women with shawls over their heads are buying diamonds at Tiffany's."

Had Broadhurst seen, she went on, that piece in the papers about the Negro down South who was making \$10 a day for testing rails with a hammer? Oh, it was too funny! They asked him what his job was, and he said, "I jest pound rails." And they said, "What for?" and he said, "I dunno what for. All I know is they give me this hammer and tells me to pound rails, and that's what I'm a-doing. Jest poundin' rails."

"Sounds like most of our executives," muttered Manning.

"It's all these foreigners coming in with their crazy notions upsetting our American workers," the lady continued unheeding. "They ought to be taught what Americanism means. We've got to teach these foreigners to love and respect our institutions." She looked about her and caught sight of the pretty blonde Norwegian maid entering with the coffee. "Now, Helma," she called sharply, "take those cups right back and get out the gilt set. I've told you a thousand times if I've told you once not to serve coffee in that wretched

blue set." She sighed as the blushing Helma departed, and stretched out her hands in a little gesture of hopelessness.

III

After dinner the two men went up to the roof with their cigars. Manning's apartment was at the end of a West-side street that stopped suddenly above the railroad tracks and the river beyond. There was no solace of park space between.

From the parapet on which they leaned, they looked straight down into the confusions of a freight yard at night. Important little engines went about, butting viciously into solid lines of empties. These in turn, groaning their protest, slid off on excursions that ended in collision with others, so that the whole yard set up a clamour of grinding wheels, hissing steam, and whistling and coughing that joined with the hoot of boats on the river and the never-ending drone of the city's streets beyond.

Lights on semaphore arms on the bridges, lights in the windows of the huge terminal buildings, lights that jerked up and down as the yardsmen swung their lanterns, lights that spelled out in fiery letters on the Jersey shore the names of brands of flour and amusement parks, and over them all the lights from the near-by apartment piles—these dimmed the stars that danced at the thought of spring before the hesitant progress of the young moon.

Both men kept silence for a while. Manning drew a deep breath of exultation.

"Isn't it magnificent?" he said. "A railroad yard is one of the most exciting things in the world. It's a man's place. There's a fellow up in the tower who knows what it's all about. Every one of those engines down there does what he tells them to. It looks like an awful mess from here. But for the yardmaster it's as simple as a chess game to Capablanca. We've got something there that's new in the world. An old Greek would think he was getting a close-up of Hades if he stood here to-night. You and I belong to a new race of people. We're the railroad race—all of us. Everything we do is directly hitched up with those rails. Why don't some of these precious young composers of ours write a real American symphony? There's a poem for you. Put the rails to music. Take the hoot of the locomotive whistle for your motif."

Broadhurst threw away his cigar and leaned over to watch its spark-lit fall before he spoke.

"Maybe it is something new. But is it any better? That's what bothers me."

"Hell's fury!" groaned Manning, "are you one of these interminable radicals?"

"I think you'd have a job labelling me. The few radicals that I have met so far are about as far from anything real as the conservatives. But what I meant was this: suppose we are a railroad race, as you say, and suppose an old Greek—Plato, for instance—came to life. What would he do? First he'd want to know how freedom was prospering, and whether the 'men of gold' were managing things. Have you read 'The Republic' lately?"

"Not since college," answered Manning.

"I read it on the boat on the way back. It seemed to have a lot of dope for us just now. Plato was figuring out a way to run things so that those who are on top will be there because they've won the right to rule. Not by force or cunning, but by brains. And as I read 'The Republic,' Plato wouldn't have been impressed a bit about the newness of the railroads and the fact that the locomotive brought something different into the world. He did that himself. There are very few ideas that we count as new that you can't find in Plato—Freud and his psychoanalysis included. Now what Plato would want to know about the rails would be: who is running them and what are they being run for? For the good of the State, or for the good of a few individuals?"

Manning grunted impatiently. "They are run for both. What's for the good of the individual is for the good of the State."

"Get out," Broadhurst retorted. "No one seriously believes that any more. The railroad executives themselves are down in Washington working to get the roads back to private hands. And their main argument is about protecting the interests of the stockholders—a tiny section of the population, six hundred thousand in all. And the interests of the six hundred thousand again are in the hands of a group of bankers down there in the Street. What happens when the interests of these bankers and the interests of the hundred million collide?"

"Why think of that? It's to the interest of the

bankers and the country at large to run the railroads in the most efficient manner. Government ownership can't do that. A bunch of jay politicians."

Manning's scorn of politicians was reminiscent of the talk of harried army men groping through red-tape jungles, to which Broadhurst had so often given ear in camp and overseas.

"If that's true," said Broadhurst, "and the Government can't run the railroads, then it's time we got to work to find out what's the matter with the Government. Are we really giving democracy a fair trial? Didn't Plato have something that would work and yet be democratic in his idea of competitive tests open to all, that would weed out the unfit and put the qualified men in office?"

Broadhurst found himself outlining his ideas of an ordered, thought-out democracy. Bits of Wells and Veblen and Gantt and the industrial engineers he had been looking into of late came to his aid. He painted a picture of industries run for service rather than for profit, giving free play to the creative spirit of the individual worker, the Utopia of 1919 that had caught the imaginations of so many young men in those days when it seemed as though anything might happen and there was still a chance that it might be good.

Manning let him finish, and then he said: "You've been away too long. There were times, at the beginning of the war, when I thought something like that might come out of it. Then I went to Washington to work for the Board. And now I know that it can't be done. Even in what everybody called the time of

national crisis, things were still run by and for the politicians. The good men were sidetracked everywhere to give some Congressman's nephew a soft berth. If a fellow came along with a proposition to save the Government money, material, and time, was he welcomed with open arms? He was not, I'll tell you. Unless he had pull in addition to his altruism, he was broken on the great wheel of governmental stupidity. And now—what are men like you thinking about? Reconstruction. You read it everywhere, it's in every paper, liberal and conservative alike. Last week I mentioned it to an official in Washington. He's a good man, too, working his head off down there for the glory of his incompetent superiors. He looked at me in a sour way and said, 'Reconstruction? Hell! There ain't going to be no reconstruction.' He's right. I was wrong, and pretty soon you'll find you're wrong too."

"Maybe," said Broadhurst, "but we can't reconstruct the world on this roof. And it's getting cold. Let's go down."

As they turned toward the door at the head of the elevator shaft they came upon two figures in the lee of the parapet. They were kissing passionately with low, murmuring throat-noises. They were the elevator operator and a coloured girl.

"Howdy, Sam," laughed Broadhurst. "Last time I saw you, you were still running the office elevator and waiting for your draft number to come along."

Sam's teeth flashed a delighted welcome.

"Is that Lieutenant Broadhurst? How are you, sir? Glad to see you, sir. Glad to see you in those clothes,

too. Guess you're glad to be in 'em. I sure was glad mahse'f."

"Well, they're not so bad, Sam. I suppose you're all set for the next war. Belong to the Legion, and everything."

"No, sir. No, sir." Sam chuckled. "No Legion for me. I'm forgetting all about that war stuff quick as ever I can."

"You're having plenty of encouragement," said Manning nodding toward the figure by the parapet.

"That's what I'm looking for, boss. This here ex-service man is out for one good time. He isn't worrying any about no more wars."

"Sam's dope may be right," Manning said later, when Broadhurst was bidding him good-night. "If we'd all stop worrying about the world in general and started out for 'one good time,' we'd be lots happier."

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CHAPTER VI

*"It's the syne the wide world over,
It's the poor as gets the blyme,
It's the rich has all the pleasures—
Eyen't it just a bleeding sbyme?"*

I

BROADHURST was living in a furnished room on East Eleventh Street, just beyond the physical, if not the psychological, borders of the Village. He went down from Manning's house on a bus, thinking over the talk of the evening. There was something very likable about Manning, something shining out through the bitterness of his speech. His was the engineer's mind, wont to close up tight at the approach of generalities, but quick to respond to what it felt was workmanlike and clean-cut. And that mind had been thrown into a slipshod, blurred world where everyone seemed, like the British Empire, to be constantly muddling through. A society that could find no better use for Manning than turning him into a lackey for automobile profiteers was obviously askew.

Broadhurst, brooding on his bus-top, was surprised by the realization that he was finding more and more things wrong. Was this, he wondered, the developing of what they called "the critical sense," or was he merely getting sour?

Below Fourteenth Street the bus lurched to a sudden stop as a company of men in uniform swung into the avenue marching eastward. Broadhurst leaned over with an appraising eye. "Some of the boys out for a lark," said a voice behind him. "Bet they are going to bust up something." "Shouldn't wonder. Yeay! Oh you! Give 'em hell, boys!"

Broadhurst got off and walked alongside the procession. Up ahead was an old sergeant with a red discharge chevron on the arm of his uniform. He was counting, "One, tuh, tree, fo'; one, tuh, tree, fo'." The men were talking in the ranks. They carried no rifles.

A little white-faced private in a Canadian uniform ran excitedly up and down the lines, muttering instructions. People on the pavements stopped to look on curiously. But save for the men on the bus, no one commented. There was something sinister about the whole business. Broadhurst didn't like the looks of that Canadian, for one thing, nor the way the men glanced nervously around, for another. He had never seen American soldiers act in just that manner. There was no laughing, no whistling, none of the usual horse-play of marching men under command of non-commissioned officers.

Beyond Fourth Avenue the sergeant turned south and as they entered a side street lined with dreary tenements, Broadhurst saw ahead of them a crowd pushing up to a police patrol wagon. "Come on, boys, let's get them," shouted the sergeant, and the ranks broke into a run. At their coming the crowd

parted and Broadhurst, well up at the head of the column, found himself before the high stoop of an old-fashioned house. On either side of the steps stood men with clubs and chair legs in their hands, all looking expectantly toward the door. "Plain-clothes men," Broadhurst conjectured. Then there came a shout from within the house. The crowd caught it up. "Here comes another. Knock the hell out of him."

With hands clutching his face, a swarthy Jew shot out on to the top step. The plain-clothes man nearest him raised his stick and brought it down on the dark curls. The Jew reeled and shrieked like a woman. He stumbled into his assailant who seized his arm and jerked him forward and downward. The man on the step below struck viciously at the shrinking figure and in a moment under a shower of flashing clubs the Jew lay moaning on the pavement. A uniformed policeman leaned down to pick him up, shouting, "You dirty Red!"

"What the hell is this?" Broadhurst asked wonderingly, as the policeman lifted the cowering little man into the patrol wagon. "A bunch of Russian anarchists," said another at Broadhurst's shoulder. "They're getting theirs. Look! they've got a janel!"

Broadhurst looked up. A bobbed-haired girl was on the top step now. Someone was pushing her forward but she was showing fight. She caught the stick from the hands of the first man and, swinging it like a flail, advanced down the steps. One of the gauntlet-keepers stumbled as she came at him and a laugh went

up from the crowd. "Here comes Emma Goldman," they cried.

Broadhurst glanced at the men in uniform who were now milling about in the crowd, idly curious to see what division insignia they wore on the left arms of their coats, but among them were few that he recognized as the emblems of overseas units. He wondered why, and if it could be that these were mostly men who had spent monotonous months in American training camps, fed on fatuous phrases and sustained in their drudgery, which no excitement ever relieved, only by the hope that some day they would come to active combat with the Germans. But the Armistice had come too soon, and they were left with nothing on which to vent their restrained spleen. Now, no doubt, they felt they should go out and beat up someone, no matter who, for the freedom of the world. As Broadhurst looked at them, gesticulating and shouting in the mob, he was conscious of the amused contempt which nearly all overseas veterans involuntarily had for "silver stripers."

Just then he was pushed roughly aside by the Canadian. He turned, angrily resentful at the contact, and looked full into the soldier's face for an instant. What he saw there sickened him. The Canadian's mouth was open, his eyes bloodshot and distended. Red flakes stood out on his pallid cheeks, and he was taking deep convulsive breaths. Something Broadhurst had read came back to him. "A Sadist"—that was what they called such people. The Canadian was in the grip of a sexual frenzy. To cut and tear white flesh, to give pain—that was what he craved.

Broadhurst's feelings of wonderment, contempt, and irritation suddenly fused into an unreasoning rage at what he was seeing. He reached out and seized the astonished Canadian by the collar, whirled him around, and struck him flush on the chin. The man slumped to the street. There was a shocked silence, and then other faces, red and angry, came before Broadhurst. Faces that he struck at blindly. Faces that went away. Others that took their places. Someone was hitting him across the shoulders. Someone was kicking him on the shins. It hurt like the devil, but Broadhurst was beyond pain now. Arms pumping, head well down, he fought his way back and out of the crowd. It was too thick for the police to use their clubs down there in front of the wagon, but a heavy-set policeman was coming at him now with his night-stick swinging. Broadhurst turned and ran. He was a good runner, he knew that his pursuer dared not use his gun, and he made the corner, sped up the avenue and ducked into the shelter of a dark side street.

He saw the policeman stop, peer down the street, and then turn on his heel and walk away whirling his club by the thong. So *that* was over. He'd been mobbed, and was still alive. In the morning there would be nothing more than black-and-blue spots to show for it. But Broadhurst could not sleep that night for the screams of the little Jew that filled his room, and the sight of a defiant bobbed-haired girl that hung before his eyes.

What was it Mrs. Manning had said that very even-

ing at dinner? Oh, yes. "We've got to teach these foreigners to love and respect our institutions."

II

Broadhurst took his breakfasts in a small Sixth Avenue restaurant scorned by the professional Villagers as "Bourgeois," but capable, nevertheless, of providing appetizing coffee and the opportunity to read one's paper unmolested. This morning he sat down gingerly, nursing a stiff back and aching legs. He spread out his paper and on the front page read the story of the raid in which he had been an unexpected participant.

"Members of the Bomb Squad," the story ran, "reinforced by ex-service men, swooped down on the Russian Chemists' Society last night and rounded up twenty-two men and women suspected of being parties to a nation-wide conspiracy to overthrow the government. . . . There was some disorder, but the police officers did their work thoroughly. . . . Documents said by Robert McMahon, counsel for the Legislative Investigating Committee, to be undoubtedly incriminating were seized on the premises and are being translated by the Committee's interpreters. An attempt to resist arrest was made by several of the Reds. It was quickly quelled. . . . Michael Czirmowsky, Abraham Horowitz, and Bettina Holtz, who were slightly injured during the excitement, were removed to St. Vincent's Hospital suffering from contusions and abrasions. . . . The prisoners are held without bail and in the opinion of Mr. McMahon will be speedily deported."

Broadhurst threw down the paper with a grimace of disgust. A young man at the next table looked at him through big blue eyes. Broadhurst regarded him dourly for a moment and then pointing at the paper he blurted out, "That makes me sick."

"Well," observed the stranger, "you made some of them sick. Particularly that Canadian."

"Were you there?" The unexpected reply astonished Broadhurst.

"Sure pop. I go to all raids. Sooner or later the prisoners turn up in my office, and I defend them."

"Defend them!" snorted Broadhurst. "Why bother? They've been tried already and found guilty by the bright young newspapermen and Mr. McMahon."

"Oh, they'll let all but one or two of them go. As a matter of fact they don't want to hold them. They take them down to the Department of Justice offices on Park Row, beat them up some more, and then throw them out. It's perfectly safe. Hardly any of these Russians can afford counsel fees and you know the Russian vote has never been very large in this country. Besides, it makes good publicity for the Committee."

Broadhurst stared at the speaker. "You mean you take these cases for nothing?"

"Sure pop," he replied cheerfully. "Very few lawyers want to get mixed up in this sort of thing. It hurts their practice with respectable clients. Somebody has to do it. So they've made me the goat."

"What about your own practice?"

"Oh, I'm beyond the pale now. The only respectable case I've got is a suit for alienation of affections."

A banker is suing his French chauffeur. He belongs to the National Defenders' League, and I suspect he'd like to change counsel but I've had the case too long." He chuckled happily at the idea.

Broadhurst looked with real interest at this extraordinary lawyer. Apparently he was of good family. There was certainly nothing out of the ordinary about his clothes. No long hair, no flowing tie, but instead a clean collar, nails manicured, and even a derby hat, that supreme tribute to respectability, hung on the hook above him.

"Come around to my office at lunch time. My name is Streeter." The lawyer fished a card out of his wallet as they rose to pay their checks. "That was a fine fight you put up. I was cheering for you all the time and wondering who you were."

Broadhurst found Streeter's office a few hours later, at the end of a long dirty hall in a squat office building in the Forties that had obviously abandoned all pretensions to respectability. A "sample shoe" store occupied the ground floor. On the second story a milliner's shop, deserted save for the stout, be-curled proprietress, occupied the space in front of Professor Kybiski's (chiropractor) suite. Streeter and a German lithographer shared the top floor.

Broadhurst pushed open Streeter's door, to find himself in a room packed to the walls with men and women. They were all of them foreign-born. Several had dirty bandages wrapped around their heads. A woman was stolidly nursing her baby in one corner. The men were smoking Russian cigarettes and talking in low tones.

Occasionally one of them became excited and raised his voice. Then a tired-looking stenographer, who was trying to typewrite at a desk over which hung four anxious-eyed young Slavs, hissed angrily, "Ssh! Ssh!" and the monotonous murmuring went on.

When Broadhurst came in, everyone turned to stare. Instinctively, it seemed, they drew away from him, peering out under shaggy eyebrows, suspicious, fearful. Broadhurst worked his way through the crowd and opened the door of Streeter's inner office. That too was jammed to suffocation. Smoke and tenement smells mingled above the imperturbable head of the blue-eyed lawyer who was listening patiently to a long story told by a youngster with a bandaged hand.

"I tell him I was Czech," the youth was saying, "and he say, 'All right, you come too. How can I tell you dirty Russians apart?' So they take me and beat me too."

"Born in this country?" asked Streeter.

"No. I come to Stamford, Connecticut, when two-three year old. Work there fifteen years in a machine shop. God damn, what kind of a country is this, I ask you?"

"Don't ask me," said Streeter. "I'm not running it. Ask the Department of Justice." He caught sight of Broadhurst in the doorway. "Be with you in a minute," he called out. "Come over by the window and listen to some of these stories. This man is all right, boys," he added to the gaping occupants of the room.

So Broadhurst listened while the victims of the raid

told how the police had come in on them while Bettina Holtz was lecturing on inorganic chemistry, how they had been held over night without bail, and then suddenly released in the morning without explanation.

Their stories were much the same. Some weeks before a number of them had come together to form a class for adult workers. They had received word from Russia that mechanics and scientists were badly needed by the Revolution. They planned to fit themselves and to go back to Moscow to aid in the work. Ivan was the best mechanic among them, a factory foreman. He taught his fellow mechanics. Bettina Holtz was the voluntary leader of the chemistry class.

And then the police came, up the stairs, through the back windows, swearing and kicking right and left. They had overturned desks, torn maps and pictures from the walls, thrown down typewriters, broken test tubes and retorts. Finally they herded them all to the stairs and pushed them out one by one to run the gauntlet of the plain-clothes men on the stoop. Bettina, Michael, and Abraham were prisoners in the hospital. Ivan and Sergius and Peter were still held without bail.

"All right. You boys wait here. I'll be back in half an hour," said Streeter, when the stories were finished.

Hands reached out as the two started for the door. "But, Comrade Streeter, listen for the love of God!"

"Back in half an hour," Streeter repeated going steadily ahead. Broadhurst followed with difficulty. Out in the hall a little man was pacing up and down,

wringing his hands and weeping like a baby. He shuddered aside as they passed.

"He's a Communist," said Streeter. "Very timid."

Broadhurst laughed. "'The Timid Communist'—that would make a good title for a novel."

"Oh, most of them are just babies. They talk a lot but they don't mean it. That fellow with the bandaged hand is secretary of the Party—one of the parties, I mean. I forget which one. He wrote a manifesto to the working classes that would make your hair stand on end. And he spends his Sunday afternoons up at the Zoo entertaining two little girls whom he has adopted. Their father was killed in an accident at the factory where he works."

"The trouble is," said Broadhurst, "that a bunch of these hotheads get hold of that stuff and then go out to blow things up."

"Perhaps they do, but I don't see it happening anywhere. To be sure, the Attorney General harps on that idea so industriously that a good psychoanalyst might suspect a suppressed desire on his part to have something blown up. But my experience with these fellows has been just the opposite. One of the inspectors at Ellis Island reads these manifestos to the suspect in the deportation proceedings. Then he asks whether the alien believes in the dictatorship of the proletariat and all the rest. They had to wake up two of my clients who fell asleep during the reading, and most of them just answer 'yes' as a rule, either thinking to be agreeable or preferring to take their chances in revolutionary Russia to being beaten up in democratic America."

"Of course," mused Broadhurst, "they don't look like desperate characters when you see them face to face, but to the average newspaper reader they are horned devils with matted beards and the entire press-made psychology is at work against them. You can scarcely blame the authorities for what they do, with such pressure behind them."

"Oh, I'm through blaming anybody," said Streeter. "Lincoln Steffens long ago taught me the futility of picking on personalities for the faults of an economic system. As a matter of fact I'm not enthusiastic over this Communist idea. It might work for a small educated minority whose acquisitive instincts were subordinated to their creative—men and women of the artistic type, for example. But I didn't see a whole nation taking to it, even a half-Oriental people like the Russians, who are accustomed to having things done for them, Eastern fashion. And certainly I can't imagine American farmers, for example, or American-born workmen, either, giving loud cheers for the Soviets. Below Fourteenth Street and in a few industrial centres over the country there is plenty of talk about Communism. But if I were in charge of the Department of Justice I'd let the Communists shout themselves hoarse. They have hold of something that will never go big in this country."

"Then why spend your time and money defending them?"

"I took an oath to defend the defenceless, like every lawyer. That's one reason, and another is that I have always been taught to take my Americanism seriously.

My grandfather fought in the Civil War; he was an abolitionist, a free-trader, and later a greenbacker. My father was always a political rebel, and I suppose there's something in the blood that makes me what they call an 'under-dog fancier.' My wife's family lives on Beacon Street in Boston. When one marries like that, one must either be a violent iconoclast or a pattern of conventionality. I am, as you see, not conventional. I believe we need agitation, constant and audible and above ground. A nation that gets set in its ways is on the skids—every time."

Broadhurst laughed. "Your Americanism is certainly not orthodox. I can say that for it."

"But it *is*. That's the point. The old American spirit, as I read my history, was a fierce individualism coupled with respect for another man's ideas. What was it Wendell Phillips said about a nation turning into a pack of slaves when it could not tolerate free speech and protect the meanest and most despised of its citizens? Why, the rights of free speech, free press, and free assemblage are the ones on which America's very existence was based—up to the war. You can bet your boots I'm orthodox. Only somehow or other I entertain the idea that there is a better way to express your Americanism than by noisily waving a little flag and then running out to kick some poor Jew garment-worker in the pants."

III

Streeter came into the offices of the Liberal Committee a few days later, coughing with affected gruffness

and scuffing his feet noisily. The stenographers looked up at his entrance, but on recognizing him smiled cheerily and went on with their work. The lawyer flung open the door marked "Chairman," thrust his head in, and announced in solemn tones:

"I represent the Department of Justice, Mr. Horton. I understand that this is a radical organization——"

"Come in, you great oaf," responded the gentleman who was thus addressed, "and help me with this statement."

Daniel Horton, chairman of the Liberal Committee, had put his lieutenant-commander's uniform into camphor immediately after the war and taken his six feet three inches of bone and muscle and long limbs to the top floor of an uptown office building.

At eight-thirty every morning he sat himself down at a desk and commenced dictating letters.

At twelve he stood before a near-by soda fountain, munching a sandwich.

At 12:30 he was back again with more dictation, with consultations galore, with interviews with very old women and very young men, with statements for the press, with outlines of a speech he was to make that night in some half-empty hall in the outskirts of Brooklyn or up in Westchester County or out on Long Island.

Dan Horton had an idea. He had been brooding over it long before America went to war, as far back, in fact, as the days when the Bull Moose first began telling the country that something was decidedly

rotten in the management of both the old political parties. Horton had stood at Armageddon and fallen on that gory field. But unlike so many of his stricken comrades Horton had refused to believe the war was lost because of that one tragic engagement. It wasn't in Horton to admit defeat so easily.

The ways of old-line politicians were not unknown to him; he had served his apprenticeship as Republican district leader in the "Old Nineteenth." It was incredible to him that his fellow Progressives could give up without further struggle. "Why, the old gang gets licked all the time," he told a weeping, hysterical carload of Progressive delegates on their way back from Chicago. "Do they throw up their hands and say: 'It's all over; we're cooked'? Of course not. They roll over and grin and get up and start training for the next bout."

But there was no follow-through in the bulk of these emotional men and women, and they turned deaf ears to Horton's pleas. A handful from the Middle West, one or two from New York and New Jersey, and several sturdy souls from the New England states wrote in to Horton when it was all over and told him that he was right. But there were no more of them.

"Some day there must be a new party in this country. The same selfish clique controls both the Democratic and Republican parties. There can be no effective opposition, no real expression of the will of the majority of us, until a genuinely liberal, forward-

looking party is started. When you want us, let us know."

This was the gist of the letters, all of which Horton carefully filed away, awaiting the opportunity which he believed would arise. Then came Wilson with his "New Freedom." Horton watched, patient and hopeful, but all the time a bit skeptical. The war took him away to check supplies on a Hoboken dock, but at the same time it brought to him the conviction that the opportunity had at last arrived for him to take those letters out of file.

It was the platform of the British Labour Party that set Horton pacing his room in wide-eyed contemplation of his idea taking concrete form. Here was a document that gave the world the blueprints for a New State. If the war could so arouse materialistic England to the necessity for lifting men out of the darkness of greed into the free winds and sunlight of true democracy, what might it not do for idealistic America? Horton believed that the hour had struck and from the day he was free of the demands of the Service, he set about, characteristically enough, to see to it that all within hearing rose to the tocsin. He wrote to the former Progressives, reminding them of their promises; he wrote to organizations of farmers in the Northwest; to lawyers and physicians who had at one time or another spoken out in meeting, asserting independence; he wrote to little business men and big labour leaders; to all the names on his long and carefully prepared list of those who might respond to the call for a new party. To do this he sold out his profitable interest in the law

firm where he had been a partner, to the undisguised amazement of his associates, who thereafter looked upon him as mentally aberrated. "Poor old Dan," they went about saying, "the war got to him. He has a bug that he's going to save humanity, or some such game. Thinks he can start a new political party. Poor old Dan—he was a good level-headed chap, too."

After Horton had once opened his office and had the legend "National Headquarters, Liberal Committee" painted on its door, he found that he had started more than even he had expected. Letters came so fast that soon three stenographers were kept busy answering them. The idea was what everyone had apparently been waiting for. Of course, the name was a poor one. Nearly every writer had a better one to suggest, and no two writers' suggestions were the same. But the new party idea itself was a humdinger. Thank God, somebody was going to do something to bust up this rotten political gang.

Horton grinned a tired grin as he looked at the pile of communications on his desk, and then went forth to gather in the Faithful in New York.

New York can always be counted on to yield up her quota of politically minded citizens for anything from an outing of the Lawrence J. Mulligan Marching Club to a Fifth Avenue drawing-room meeting of the Municipal Self-Improvement League. It wasn't as easy as this for Horton. He didn't want the professional reformers at the outset. They would come in fast enough later on. Horton was looking for busy men and busy women who could take on the dreary jobs of envelope

addressing, lapel pulling, and letter writing; necessary preliminaries to national organization work. He had to use all the experience gained in many years of organizing and reorganizing corporations in his law office. A foreigner would have been amazed at the unhesitatingly businesslike way with which Horton went about this task. Any American would have nodded emphatic approval of Horton's methods. They were all familiar enough in a country where the technique of organization has been brought to such a high degree of perfection that, more often than not, the joy of organizing for organization's self is all-sufficient.

Sometimes Horton found himself succumbing to this ever-present temptation. Frequently he appointed committees and sub-committees, got them to elect chairmen and secretaries, and then had to rack his brains to think of work for them to do. But these were mainly lapses of a tired brain and for the most part the men and women who came at Horton's call found their work cut out for them. He was gradually selecting lieutenants now, among them Streeter, and delegating to them some of the details. A press committee had drawn up the first statement of the aims of the new organization, and the galley sheets, damp from the printshop, were on Horton's desk when Streeter entered.

The latter held up his hand at Horton's appeal for help in revising the oft-revised statement.

"Before I join in your nefarious business of inciting the down-trodden populace to revolt, I have a man to suggest for the executive committee."

"Who is it?" asked Horton, reaching for a pad.

"Ralph Broadhurst. He writes advertisements and makes speeches for the National Advertising Agency. Now just a minute! I'll admit that that's nothing in his favour, but I would like to see him with us. He's just out of the army, and he thinks the way you and I do. He is fed up, as far as I can see, with this phony liberalism and for the first time in his life he is beginning to get his eyes open. He isn't a great talker. God knows we've got enough of them already. But I've seen him show his speed on one occasion, and I know he ought to be with us."

Streeter told of the raid and Broadhurst's part in it. Horton nodded.

"Sign him up."

"You'll like him, Dan. The kid has evidently had a rough time; something has happened to him. I don't know what it is, but it is something that has shaken him out of his collegiate complacency, and now it's a question which way he will turn. He will either be a confirmed cynic or get into something like this, which will take him out of himself and give him a chance to grow. I'll see him to-night and ask him to join."

They turned to the statement and presently reduced it to an interlined confusion.

IV

"But why does Horton kill himself for a thing like this?" asked Broadhurst that night when Streeter had told him about the origins of the Committee.

"Oh, he's just another one of us damn fools," said Streeter, twinkling. "Got lots of money—made it

himself, too, and it drives him crazy to see the way the crowd downtown gets away with things. It isn't envy, for they've offered lots of times to let him in on it. It's just a natural hatred for hypocrisy, a natural love for justice. You see, Horton knows what's going on. He doesn't just suspicion there's something about the way this country's run that isn't printed in the morning paper, as so many Americans are getting to feel nowadays. He knows the men who run the papers. He knows why they give one sort of news and hold back the other sort. He knows why the banks give credit to this crowd and not to the other, why you hear so much about the evils of government ownership, for example, and so little about its virtues. All his life he's been watching the gradual accumulation of wealth and of power that is more than wealth, into the hands of a small coterie. And now he's run right off the reservation. As soon as they find out that he's in earnest, they'll be after him hotfoot. They hate a man like Horton worse than they do any of these East Side Socialists. They regard him as a traitor to his class, while they think it more or less natural for a down-trodden foreigner to holler. You watch what happens—if this thing gets going there are men in Washington and Wall Street who will spend a good-sized wad to put a crimp into it. We're in for a long hard fight, but from what I saw the other night I don't believe that that will scare you off."

Broadhurst laughed in embarrassment.

"I don't agree with more than half you say," he said, "but at that, this is the first thing I've run into since

I left the army that sounds anything like the real works. Where do I sign the membership card?"

V

John Sanderson, vice-chairman of the Liberal Committee, wore the tallest collars ever seen outside of an Everett Shinn illustration. Their tallness and their whiteness were almost appalling, and if the face above them had not been one of more than common interest there would have been grave danger of its being overlooked altogether. This danger was increased by the fact that Sanderson's neck was the natural focal point for the normal vision, for he was of more than average height.

Yet there were few who succumbed to the temptation of staring fixedly at Sanderson's collars in a state of horrid fascination, for his face was unusual even in repose, and sparkingly animated in conversation. He could converse brilliantly upon occasion, and his manner of speaking was energetic at all times. He believed in what he said, often to an impassioned extent, and was frequently oblivious of his surroundings—a trait that sometimes led him to adopt for luncheon talk a tone and a manner better suited to a lecture platform.

He had an impressively long index finger which he used effectively and threateningly in gesticulation. Less frequently he employed a gesture which made use of both index fingers; he would hold them, tremblingly poised and pointing upward, and then bring them downward and outward in a splendid sweep like that of

a conductor when he signals for a magnificent crash of drums and cymbals.

He had a habit, too, of screwing up his mouth and slightly puffing his cheeks after making a particularly telling point, and the grimace made his eyes appear to be bulging out of his head. At such moments he reminded one of an indignant kewpie.

Broadhurst met him at lunch one day a few weeks after joining the Liberal Committee. "Come around to the Lansdowne," Streeter had said. "I want you to meet some of the Committee."

In those days the Lansdowne was an interesting place to lunch. It was interesting because its patrons were so curiously assorted. Scattered among the innocuous majority of stolid people who came there merely to eat, or who liked the place because it was near the Ritz and not nearly so expensive, were unpopular sponsors of movements for things they thought should be, and fanatical protagonists of Things as They Are. In its checkerboard tiled lobby, members of the British Secret Service would tread on the toes of the Soviet "ambassador," and murmuring "*so sorry*" would go their way in blissful ignorance. The only unusual types that did not usually appear were moving-picture people and advertising men. These two groups had appropriated the Apache Grill to the exclusion of everyone else.

The Lansdowne, therefore, was an ideal place for holding what might be called an "intellectual" lunch. This was an art which Broadhurst had only recently discovered, though he had long appreciated the im-

portant function of lunch in the advertising business and was in consequence known by name to the headwaiters of the Apache. Otherwise, lunch time had been partly a time to lunch and partly a time to discuss mutually interesting inconsequentialities with a friend. But in the last few weeks, thanks largely to Streeter, Broadhurst had formed the habit of lunching with people who talked about art, or sociology, or Russia, or anything else that was not talked about by most people. He learned many things that he never knew before, and among them many things that were not so, but it made lunch more than a meal or an adjunct to business—it made lunch a recreation and not a useful institution. It was therefore contrary to the best American traditions.

At the Landsdowne that noon they found Sanderson already seated at a table with two or three others, and after the preliminary introductions Broadhurst sat down, unfolding his napkin and casting an appraising glance at his new acquaintances.

“Ralph here has just signed the Call,” Streeter offered, as if to explain his presence. The terminology puzzled Broadhurst for a moment, until he recalled a pamphlet labelled “A Call to Service,” and surmised that the membership card he had signed was thus technically designated. Murmured expressions of pleasure greeted the announcement.

Sanderson turned to him with interest; his attitude on being introduced had been somewhat formal and forbidding. “I was just telling these gentlemen,” he said, “about the Algeciras Conference.”

The Algeciras Conference was one of the things that Broadhurst had not yet heard about, and it sounded tremendously interesting. This was fortunate, for Sanderson immediately went on to tell about it. So far as Broadhurst could follow the story, it had to do with a new chapter in secret diplomacy, in which America had played some shady part, and Sanderson was warming up to his subject in his best oratorical manner. He had reached the double-index-finger stage of gesticulation.

"Oh, for Pete's sake, Sandy," Streeter interrupted suddenly, "let's can that Algeciras stuff. What we want to talk over this noon is that organizer for Up-State."

To Broadhurst the interruption seemed almost blasphemous. Here were pearls of inside information on an international crisis. It was indubitably swinish to register indifference. Yet the others at the table appeared to side with Streeter. To them the history of the Algeciras Conference did not seem overwhelmingly exciting; one got the impression that they had had it from Sanderson's lips before. Even Sanderson himself did not become angry, and after a moment's excited expostulation, concluded the essential details of his narrative.

There followed then a discussion as to how they should proceed to get new members for the Liberal Committee, how much they should pay the organizer, and what counties he should cover. It was a dull and uninteresting wrangle, and it indicated to Broadhurst that new political parties do not just grow, or even

spring up overnight, like Bryan's mythical army of volunteers. People have to be told that there is such a new party, and then they have to be told what it is all about, and it all costs money.

It is the more tedious, and the more expensive, because there is a natural American antipathy to a new political party, and whoever seeks to start one is instinctively looked upon as a crank—else why should he want a new party? It is much easier to start a new religion. This is doubtless because all religions look for contributions from their followers, and old-line political parties do not. It is only when people are in the habit of paying for things that they deem them worth thinking about and hence worth trying to improve.

Broadhurst came away from the luncheon that noon feeling that the simple act of signing the membership card was not going to be so simple as he had imagined at the time. He had let himself in for something, and he was far from regretting it. These people were not the freaks that he had been half afraid they might prove to be; they meant business. And they needed help. Why shouldn't he give it to them? Perhaps here was the thing he had been looking for, all these many weeks since getting out of the army. Perhaps here was the cause which would enlist his whole-hearted interest and which could give to each day something above the routine of the meaningless occupation at which he got his livelihood.

He spoke to Streeter as they walked across town together.

"I like that gang. If there's any way you think I can help out, let me know."

Streeter, it developed, thought of many ways, and in the weeks that followed Broadhurst found that more and more of his spare time was being devoted to the Liberal Committee. It gave him a comfortable feeling of satisfaction, even though during those weeks he had to sit through many a futile discussion of ways and means, and was at times filled with a baffled rage at the apparent inability to get things done. For the moving spirits of the Liberal Committee turned out to be neither inspired nor superhuman—they were just people of average ability who were disgusted with the old game as the politicians played it. Because they were normal, and sincere, and human, they made mistakes, and they drifted into interminable arguments over relatively unimportant points of procedure. Also they quarrelled violently among themselves. Yet in spite of the personal jealousies that sometimes flared up, and in spite of the bungling and political inexperience and lack of perspective, somehow or other things did get done. The Liberal Committee was a growing concern, and the promise of success was strong.

CHAPTER VII

*"Oh, the gallant fisher's life!
It is the best of any;
It's full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by many."*

I

LATE in May, Broadhurst took three days off and went fishing. The date is an indication that he was not an ardent fisherman, else he would have gone early in April. As a matter of fact, he wanted to think more than he wanted to fish.

He went alone and found a certain elation in the fact that he was going at all. He had obtained the short holiday by the simple process of merely announcing that he was taking it; before the war he would have asked, apologetically, if he might be allowed to go away. He felt that now he had attained to a measure of independence in the conduct of his daily life.

The fishing was not good. Although he had been blessed with what was, for that spring, an almost unprecedented sequence of three clear days, there had been too much rain immediately before. The streams were high and muddied, and the fish were not rising. Perhaps a more skilled angler would have found the proper lure to appeal to them, but Broadhurst disliked changing the flies on his leader and he entertained the

unsound assumption that if a fly appealed to him it certainly ought to appeal to a trout.

Late in the afternoon of his last day he desisted from his efforts and started homeward across the fields, his high laced boots gurgling wheezily as muddy trickles of water oozed out of every opening. When he came to the road that led to the little country hotel where he was staying in the village, he rested himself by sitting atop the rail fence that bordered one side of it. As he idly lit a cigarette he saw across the way a diminutive cemetery enclosed by a low and rusted iron railing.

The tombstones pointed crazily in their many variations from the upright; some seemed on the verge of toppling over altogether. Their disorder had been caused by the winter's frosts keeping the soil in a state of perpetual ferment—a frozen convulsion that one never saw, but whose effects were apparent year after year. It not only displaced the tombstones, but it caused boulders to appear where none had been the season before. Tangled grass and weeds, growing carelessly about the little plot, added to its unkempt appearance. It was a peculiarly bleak place for one to commune with his dead.

The inscriptions on the tombstones were also out of the ordinary. There seemed to be a passion, among the people who had set them in place, for the scrupulously accurate:

“Awalda, beloved daughter of James and Martha Bennett, died March 1, 1903, aged 18 years, 4 months, 13 days”; “John, only child of George and

Susan Anthony, died November 28, 1906, aged 24 years, 7 months, 3 days."

Only one of all the score or more omitted such detailed statistics: "Ralph Richardson Dimock, born 1826, died 1917." His stone, too, a substantial looking bit of polished granite, was the only one that the frost had not yet tilted. Somehow it made the rest of the cemetery seem more desolate, and the other tombstones more pitiful. It gave one the impression that most of the people of this countryside were too poor to do great honour to their dead, and that the dead themselves, while living, had been so insignificant as to leave behind them nothing but the impermanent record of a certain number of uneventful days.

To Broadhurst, as he marked the disorder of the little plot and read with a trace of amusement the tombstone's inscriptions, the whole thing seemed to strike a discordant note in the general surroundings.

The spot was one of unusual beauty. The stream from which he had just come purled its way along the bottom of a narrow and richly wooded valley, whose upper reaches were lost in a maze of high, rounded hills, while its lower end widened out so that one had a view of other hills and wooded heights that faded on the horizon into the blue of the sky.

Yet in such surroundings the mute reminder of death and bleakness was not so much out of place as it had seemed at first. For behind all this beauty and peacefulness one knew that the relentless struggle of nature went constantly on, and that this valley in the spring-

time was not the same valley that it would be in the winter.

The soil itself was rocky, harsh, and unyielding. That would mean nothing to the summer tourist, but to the farmer it was a matter of some moment. It meant for him days filled with back-breaking toil, and for reward nothing more than a bare and unrelieved existence. Time was, perhaps, when this country was good for sheep raising, but it could no longer compete with the far greater facilities in the West for wool growing, and it was good for little else. It was small wonder, Broadhurst thought, that the people hereabouts all looked so lean and worn out, that their eyes were mostly dull and their movements listless. Their only compensation for a hard and uneventful life was the beauty of their surroundings, to which they were so accustomed that, for them, the beauty did not exist. To expect them to admire the scenery would be like expecting a New Yorker to go out of his way to see the Woolworth Tower at sunset.

What was it, he wondered, that impelled these farmers to keep up the struggle? Or why did the bulk of mankind, indeed, attach so much importance to what was after all nothing more than avoiding starvation? So few men worked for anything that might have permanence, and even the efforts of those who did were of so little consequence.

Here in this valley there had been white settlers for probably three hundred years, yet from Broadhurst's point of vantage there was not a trace of man's handiwork visible save for the cemetery opposite, the rail

fence upon which he sat, and the dirt road that wound its way among the hills. Yet even had there come within his range of vision the towering pile of some great city, Broadhurst would have been inclined to question its relative value. The dirt road was of more importance, for it expressed an idea—the idea of communication. A city usually expressed nothing more than an accident of location. There are some who claim that a city expresses the idea of civilization, but it is more likely, he thought, that man built cities so that he might be uncivilized in greater comfort.

Broadhurst reflected with a sort of satisfaction how this opinion which he held of the relative value of things had received a curious substantiation in the course of his experiences in the air.

For when one flies one has the opportunity of experiencing many sensations unknown to the earth-bound mortal. One must learn, among other things, a new method of orientation, for on the earth the landmark is the silhouette—a cluster of smokestacks, the spires of a cathedral, a tall tree, or the profile of a hill. But in the air the silhouette does not exist. There one has no towers, no hills, no sudden vistas down long valleys; only shades of gray and green and brown, and the quicksilver lines of winding rivers glistening in the sunlight. One sees, with no anachronisms to mar the effect, exactly what one's ancestors would have seen, had they been able to reach such a vantage point. For as one reaches higher and higher altitudes, towns disappear into grayish blots and only the primitive works of man remain in view. Tilled fields retain their dis-

inctiveness long after hamlets have faded out, and a plain dirt road is easier to see than a railroad track. Man and all man's works become insignificant, and nothing seems to matter save the dubious existence of an idea.

Broadhurst, sitting there on the fence by the roadside, was troubled in mind. The New World did not seem to be living up to expectations; he was disillusioned, somewhat, even in himself. He had thought, a few weeks ago, that all his life would be coloured by the remembrance of Anne, and already he was forgetting. His early stabbing grief had largely gone, and there were days, now, when he did not think of her at all, and was ashamed of himself afterward when he realized it. He wondered if there were any such thing as faithfulness to memories or to ideals.

There was Manning, who had held that idealism is probably much more prevalent than powerful, and that men give up or neglect their ideals because they weary of the struggle involved in their attainment. But if it was not worth while to fight for ideals during life, what was the good of living?

Surely there was but little good in "doing one's bit," in making a living and observing the proprieties, and in helping out in the general scheme of things if one didn't know whether that scheme were good or bad. If that was all there was to life, one might just as well be an ant in an ant-hill—better, perhaps, for ants seemed to live a most Utopian, communistic existence, without jealousies or petty strivings for self-advancement at the expense of other and less fortunate ants.

Yet how dull the ant's life must be! There was nothing to show that any one ant differed from any other. Certainly one never saw before an ant-hill a statue erected in memory of some outstanding ant of the past. Yet ants had been endowed by Nature with all the tools necessary to build a passable statue of one of their heroic ancestors. Apparently, therefore, they had nothing except temporal wants. There was no idealism in the ant. Humans at least erected statues.

No, there must be more than the mere perpetuation of instincts without inspirations, of memories without hopes, which was both futile and depressing. If that was all there was to life, one might just as well be laid away now, as later, under one of these tombstones that recorded nothing except the span of life—for there was nothing else worth recording. For that matter, why bother with the tombstone? One's bones would be just as comfortable without it, and its absence would spare the living from inconclusive reflections.

There must be some purpose to it all, but under the circumstances it did not seem likely that he, Broadhurst, would be able to solve the riddle of the universe between now and supper time. He flicked the butt of his cigarette away from him, hopped down from the fence rail, and plodded his way to the village.

At the hotel he changed his clothes and went to the musty barroom, for prohibition was still several weeks ahead. Here he drank a cocktail of the bartender's and four more of his own mixing, and came to the nat-

ural conclusion that the world was a pretty good place after all. Why worry where it was heading?

II

In the Norris family there had once been an eccentric member and there was still a tradition of which he was the legendary hero. At the age of sixteen he had come to New York, a simple country boy, and at twenty-one he was a millionaire. By the time he was thirty-five he had made and lost four fortunes, and when, a dozen years later, he had lost his fifth, he had come to the conclusion that there was a danger of its becoming a habit and had retired to commune with nature and be supported by the relatives whom he had, in the days of his affluences, placed in comfortable circumstances. Heather House, the Catskill retreat to which he had repaired, still remained in the possession of the Norris family.

The younger generation of that particular branch of the Norris family to which Heather House now belonged consisted of just one member, a girl in her early twenties and grandniece of the eccentric old gentleman—"Uncle Anthony, a friend of John Burroughs, you know" (for that too was part of the tradition).

Joan Norris was exceedingly pretty. Hers was that vibrant sort of beauty which makes old men talkative and young men speechless; it was the kind which makes the unanalytical wonder why any girl should bob her hair, for Joan's was long and lustrous. It was not, to be sure, a perfect or a classic beauty, although it would have been enough to have won her a place on the daisy

chain at Vassar had she attended that institution instead of Smith College. She was, in short, of the type vulgarly described as being easy to look at.

In this muggy month of May she had come, with her parents, to spend ten days or so at Heather House. The time had not dragged, in spite of the absence of companions of her own age, for she liked Heather House and the part of the world in which it was situated, and was not at all averse to a holiday period that was not listed on the college calendar.

On the evening when Broadhurst left the bar, she felt disinclined to read and so, strolling away from the house, took the path that led to a favourite spot of hers, a little glen down the valley where one could hear the brook rushing along. As she found her way into the glen and cast about for a comfortable place to sit down, her foot caught in a fallen branch, and she stumbled violently, falling to her knees before she could recover her balance.

"Damn!" she said audibly, and, still kneeling, took stock of the situation.

As her gaze wandered casually around the semicircular black border of trees and underbrush and rocks silhouetted against the paler sky, her heart seemed to miss a beat, and then seek to make up time on the next two or three. Peering over the upper ledge was the easily discernible outline of a man's head and shoulders. What was more alarming was the fact that the outline belonged to a man whom Joan had never met.

"What ho!" he said in a matter-of-fact voice. "Are you getting the air or is the air getting you?"

She gave a slight start and laughed, nervously. She didn't know just what else to do. He sounded as if he meant to be funny.

He stared down at her, gravely, for a moment, "I see," he said, "that you don't quite follow me. What I mean to ask is, are you merely taking a constitutional, or are you being moved to sentimental thoughts by the general balminess of this evening air?"

"I don't know, exactly," she answered hesitatingly, but with somewhat more confidence. "It is a nice evening, isn't it?"

"Air," he continued, as if unaware that she had spoken, "has an extremely powerful and sometimes dangerous influence. Most people don't realize how important it is and to what an extent it can develop moods or direct thoughts. Especially the night air. Our not-too-remote ancestors were wiser than is commonly believed in their dread of it. To be sure, they claimed it was unhealthy, but what they really meant was that it was romantic—and that's even more dangerous. I knew a man who discovered the Einstein theory for himself at 20,000 feet. Flying, you know. When you get up that high you've got plenty of air, and as I have already said, air is a great stimulator of thought. 'Men,' he said when he lapped, 'Einstein was right. Three dimensions aren't enough and you can move backward or forward in time just as you can move north or south, east or west, or up and down in space. I've just seen Joan of Arc.' So we gave him a drink of cognac and sent him to bed."

"My name is Joan, too," she remarked, as if to show

that she understood a part at least of what he was talking about.

"Why shouldn't it be?" he ejaculated suddenly—so sharply, in fact, that Joan barely restrained an impulse to jump. "I'm coming over," and his head withdrew from its position on Joan's horizon. A stone or two, dislodged by his moving, rattled down the slope and an intermittent rustling marked his passage through the underbrush.

Joan sat slightly dazed, wondering if she hadn't dreamed it all, but was brought back to actuality, by hearing the stranger's voice behind her, continuing an apparently uninterrupted stream of conversation.

"Joan is a feminine form of John, which we find in many languages and many forms throughout many years. In Dutch, German, and Swedish we have it as Johann, Hans, and sometimes Johannes; in Russian it is Ivan, in Italian Giovanni, in Polish Jan, in Hungarian Janos, in Spanish Juan, and in French Jean—formerly Jehan. The Maid of Orleans herself was often called Jehanne. I forget, however, what the name means. My own name is Dink."

"First name, last name, or title?" Joan inquired.

"Anything except a title," he said. "I swore off titles when I retired from the army."

"Oh! were you a soldier?" Joan felt that the occasion demanded her saying something. "But of course you were," she added after an appraising glance at his youthful healthiness.

"Of course *not*," he contradicted. "I was in the army, if that's what you mean. But I was distinctly

not a soldier. If I may use the words of the immortal Victor Hugo, '*J'aurais été soldat, si je n'étais poète.*' Which freely translated in the sense that Victor didn't mean, implies that even a good poet makes at best a bum buck private. But I've quit being a poet," he continued meditatively. "There seems to be no commercial demand for one, and I never was much good anyhow. My present occupation is collecting other people's poems. Thank God, I've always been able to appreciate others' no matter how poor my own. I have here a very lovely one that I copied only this morning, for it is always well to look ahead. Would you care to hear it?"

"Yes, indeed," Joan encouraged him.

"Well, then, here it is:

"Take two medium sized potatoes.

Peel them.

Slice fine into a gallon jug.

Add one quart of black molasses and one quart of water.

Cork it and leave for ten days.

Strain, put back in kettle, and boil till it foams freely.

Cool slightly, and add handful of raisins.

Let it stand for ten days.

Strain again, drink it.

And weep.

Isn't that beautiful? Only I couldn't wait that long. And hence my present horrid condition. In fact, I have been drinking. I mention that, not pridefully, but for the purpose of beating you to the accusation."

Joan laughed happily. He was harmless, after all. "Are you ever serious?" she asked.

"I'm always serious," Broadhurst replied. "That's

why I talk so much. And so foolishly . . . I think I'll hold your hand."

He reached over and did so before Joan quite comprehended what he had said. Her first impulse was to draw her hand away. Her second was much more sensible. She snuggled her fingers comfortably in his palm and leaned toward him so that their shoulders touched.

"Night air *is* tricky," she observed innocently, and gave a slight cough that might have been a suppressed laugh.

"That's just what I told you," he affirmed. "That's just what I told you, Joan—Joan—what's the rest of it, anyhow?"

"Norris."

"Strawnary! Strawnary!" he murmured idly. "But not half so extraordinary as this!" Suddenly he threw his arms around her and kissed her full on the mouth.

Before she could cry out he had scrambled to his feet and sped away in the darkness.

Joan sat utterly bewildered, with the back of one hand pressed to her lips.

"Damn!" she said, for the second time that evening.

CHAPTER VIII

*"Gebt der Goy in Wirtsbaus herein,
Lasst sich geben ein Glaesserl Wein,
Oi, yoi, yoi,
Schicker ist der Goy!"*

I

MANNING came into the office one Friday afternoon a few weeks later, flushed and jovial. Broadhurst looked up with surprise. "Hi!" he greeted. "What brings you here?" Manning's position with the Greyhound Motor Truck Company was one that had nothing to do with advertising, and while he and Broadhurst had hit it off rather well at their first meeting, and the one or two that had followed in a casual way, there had been no implication that either expected the other to become a bosom companion. Broadhurst wondered if he wanted to borrow money, and had dropped in because the office was conveniently located uptown.

"Let's go on a party," Manning explained unexpectedly. "I've got it all fixed up. I think it will do you good, and God knows it will me." The bitterness that crept into his voice indicated that perhaps things had gone badly at his business, and his home life did not offer an attractive palliative.

Well, why not? Broadhurst took a surveying glance

at the papers on his desk. There was nothing that needed immediate attention. They were all matters that he had kept putting aside to do at some later date. It had become a habit to do that with work which bored him more than usual. And to-day Broadhurst was himself rather more than bored with everything; he was depressed. A sarcastic letter from one of the firm's clients had started the day inauspiciously.

Why did business have to be full of such petty annoyances? Why did so many business men have to assume that the observation of ordinary decencies was a mark of inefficiency? And what was the good of everything, anyhow? One spoke of successful merchants and manufacturers as "business builders." Bah! The business with the shrewder salesmen was the one that was builded the greater, often at the expense of a rival who was making better goods. And all that advertising, Broadhurst's own business, did, was to help in the selling.

What a rotten come-down life in general seemed, after what he had counted on all through the war, even up to the day that he had returned to New York. Item one: Anne dead. Item two: The aims of the war not merely forgotten, but apparently never having existed save in his own imagination. Item three: Business going on as usual.

He turned to Manning with a grin. "Let's go!" he agreed, and they went down to the curb where Manning's automobile stood. They headed north, and stopped at a small apartment house on a quiet Bronx

side-street. Broadhurst waited in the car until Manning came out with two very pretty girls.

They wore the extremely short skirts that in those days still caused male necks to crane. Broadhurst had a glimpse of slim graceful legs in gray stockings, laughing lips with just a bit too much stick on them, and then the girl introduced by Manning as "Miss Gertrude Bla-Ha" was sitting next to him and they were driving northward again.

Miss Gertrude's conversation would have won the instant approval of the most captious chaperon. She talked of books and matters literary.

"I'm a great little reader," she confided. "Some girls I know hardly ever read anything but the newspapers. I never read the papers. Just books. I finished Mrs. Aymer's 'This is the Best of All Possible Worlds' last night. Have you read it? It's wonderful. And I hear they're going to make a picture out of it. Between you and I, you may think it queer of me, but I'm terrible fond of poetry. I've read Omar Khayyam over and over again. Don't you *love* it? 'And thou beside me in the Wilderness.' . . ."

Broadhurst had encountered amateur prostitutes with a literary bent before this. He recalled that their invariable favourites were Omar Khayyam, Rudyard Kipling's "A Fool There Was," and the works of the latter-day followers of Samuel Smiles. Broadhurst they apparently sensed as a "thoughtful sort of a bird" and put on their scholarly patter for his benefit much as they dabbed perfume over their sedately cut waists.

It was at dinner in the sheltered little road-house

just below Yonkers that Gertrude dropped the book chatter with obvious relief and became her enticing little self again. After the third cocktail she told two stories of young married couples that brought guffaws from Manning and laughing exclamations of shocked modesty from Louise, Manning's partner. They had wine with the heavy food that Manning ordered and drank their liqueurs on a secluded veranda in the rear of the place, looking on to a light-crowned ridge beyond. Mist hung low across the valley and a damp chill was all about them. Gertrude's arm was over Broadhurst's shoulder, and her knee pressing his. They exchanged long kisses and were silent. Now and then someone came to the door but seeing them there went back into the dining room. Manning and Louise formed one dark figure beside them. At times the engineer made muffled comment on those inside the lighted room.

"There's Colvin with the big blonde—he's supposed to be in Albany this week. I read a speech of his in the paper this morning. Those street-paving contracts must have made a pile of jack for O'Rorke. He's here most every night. There's Inglehart, the moving picture man; who's he got with him this time?"

Moonlight slanted now across the mists in the little valley. There rose shrill voices of night. The odours of the girl's hair were strong in Broadhurst's nostrils, and with these the scent of the heady perfume of her and the earth-smells of growing things in those fields. It seemed as though everything about them were breathing quickly, even as they breathed. The orchestra crashed into jazz music. It challenged and

insisted. There was in it the sting and tingle of brute life, free from all man-made repressions. His grip on the girl tightened. She breathed deep sighs of delight at the frankness of his embraces.

In the car on the way home Broadhurst drowsed against Gertrude's protecting shoulder. He was drained of all emotion. There was no remorse, no feeling of surfeit nor of disgust about this mood of his. Only a great calm of body and spirit, a drifting about in a world that seemed to need no meaning, no whys or wherefores, no dreary questionings.

He kissed Gertrude a perfunctory good-night in the shadow of the Bronx apartment, and wondered why girls always closed their eyes when kissing. Then he rejoined Manning.

"Sam's way," he said, and laughed sleepily.

II

Just before noon the next day Broadhurst was quick to accept Manning's telephoned invitation to join him at Jason's for a cocktail. He was in sore need of a stimulant. He had spent a wretched, jumpy morning, fussing with unanswered letters, half consciously waiting for that call.

The two exchanged the customary jovial condolences of men who have had a "tough night" and pushed their way through the row, four deep, in front of the perspiring bartenders. The ominous shadow of Prohibition lay heavy over Jason's, and its patrons acted like men scrambling for shelter before the coming of a storm. They shouldered one another good-naturedly. Every-

one talked to everyone else, and the one theme was Prohibition and "those damned Middle West hens who put it over on us." Broadhurst gulped his cocktail and ordered another. He began to feel better. The blood was coming out of his head where it had been hammering all the morning, and his nerves stopped their wild jumping.

Manning and he retreated out of the babel by the bar and sat at a near-by table. More cocktails, and their luncheon became a festal affair. Jason's, with its thin-lipped, hard-faced gamblers and town rounders, took on a glorious gold-and-white aureole. One of the lieutenants in Broadhurst's old battery at camp stopped at the table and there was much back-slapping and hand-pumping. Broadhurst had never liked the man, but this was different. The newcomer bought drinks, related the gossip of the regiment since Broadhurst had left it, and told anecdotes of his French adventures. Soon he and Broadhurst were quarrelling. They glowered at each other for a moment, and then when blows seemed inescapable, the newcomer laughed, pushed back his chair, and stamped away. Broadhurst grinned at Manning, dropped his head on his hands and went to sleep on the table among the dirty dishes and the litter of cigarette ashes.

Manning kept on drinking, unmindful of the state of his younger companion. It took a lot to put Manning under. All his friends agreed to that.

The rest of the afternoon Broadhurst swung back and forth between consciousness and stupor, ordering drinks and cigarettes in the lucid intervals and sliding

off into uncomfortable slumber before they arrived. He had grown nasty in his talk, the whites of his eyes were speckled with crimson, and he drooled down his chin. His forehead was beaded with perspiration, and when he passed his hand over it, it felt damp and clammy.

Finally Manning dragged him out to the street, where he became violently ill. Manning thrust him into a taxicab, gave the driver the address and the fare, and went back into Jason's. Half an hour later, while the chauffeur was attempting to collect a second fare from Broadhurst, swaying on the pavement in front of his home, Manning was whispering into the ear of a black-haired girl as the two jazzed their way across Jason's dance floor.

III

Broadhurst awakened before dawn from dreams of cooling things, of the feel of sea-water on tired limbs, of gray-green depths into which he was plunging to quench a great fire that was consuming him. A dull light outlined his flapping window shade. He threw the bed-clothes aside and put his feet on the floor. Instantly a beating began in his head, the room rocked dangerously, his parched throat ached, and the sickening fumes of whisky, spilled on his clothes, choked him.

Now his nerves started a tattoo through his dead-weary body. His heart thumped alarmingly. It was not possible for him to collect his thoughts. Try as he would, he could not escape the words of a song sung with gay cynicism the afternoon before. Manning had

picked it up in some cabaret. The air was from the "Dead March":

"On to the Morgue, that's the
Only place for us,
On to the Morgue, that's the
Only place for us.
The ticket on the head one
Says that he's a dead one
On to the Morgue——"

Broadhurst forced down three glasses of lukewarm water, snapped on the bathroom light, and stood regarding himself in the mirror. Blood-shot eyes, face splotched and puffed, deep lines about the mouth.

"A hell of a mess."

He went back to the bedroom and pushed back the shade. Down the street was a clothing factory where the Gentile Sabbath was not observed. Bow-legged little girls with ridiculous clothes went giggling into its grimy entrance. Later came the sullen men, walking in stupid silence and still half asleep. An irritable Irish watchman lolled in the doorway, staring hostilely at them.

The sun was up now. Broadhurst's head ached feverishly. He threw himself down on the pillows, but the Dead March parody drove him up again to smoke cigarettes, drink more water, and pace the room wretchedly.

Finally he tried to shave, with a hand that trembled, cut himself, spent a nervous half hour stanching the wound, and went to breakfast. To the tune of the Dead March he walked down the street with uncertain step. It seemed as though all the people he passed

were looking significantly at him, as though they knew all about his shame and were pitying him. He attempted a defiant stare at a surprised janitor, and failed ignominiously.

He moved his legs by careful effort. They felt detached, swollen and clumsy. He was afraid of slipping on rough surfaces.

The buxom waitress who took his order shook her head playfully.

"Must 'a' been some party," she surmised jocosely. Broadhurst grunted and hid behind his paper. He wanted to talk to no one. He wanted to get away by himself somewhere. Everybody in New York probably saw him at Jason's. Clients of the firm no doubt were even now telling Mason of his conduct. Had he dreamed that he had insulted the owner of the Greyhound Motor Truck Company, or was it actually the pompous face of that pet client which had taken on so shocked an appearance at the sight of Broadhurst lurching about the bar? Everything was confused. He could remember but few of the incidents of the day before—the row with the former fellow officer of his regiment, kissing a girl at the next table, arguing with the taxi driver. The only thing that he was certain of was that he had made an ass of himself. And always that infernal song "On to the Morgue——."

He dragged himself miserably through the perfect spring morning, down to the Square with its benches filled with sun-worshippers. Children skipped through diagrammatical games chalked on the walk before him.

Italian mothers clasped their hands over huge bosoms

and basked in sleepy comfort. Smudgy-faced boot-blacks, stepped out of paintings by John George Brown, pulled at Broadhurst's sleeve. The figure of Garibaldi looked down on it all with inscrutable eyes of stone. Already buses were doing a thriving business.

Gradually Broadhurst's whipped nerves quieted. The dreadful Morgue song no longer drummed through his protesting head. He felt a great drowsiness and slept with his head sunk forward on his chest, oblivious to the press of life about him.

So Streeter, coming through the Square on his way to luncheon, found him, and carried him off to the Streeter home despite his alarmed protests.

The Streeters lived on a side street above the Square in a house built in the '70's when high stoops of brown-stone marched in dun phalanxes across all the city. It was as stolid and sedate as the Victorian ladies who once had trod its steps, but there was nothing Victorian about its present inmates. The quiet beauty of Streeter's wife wrought a soothing spell upon Broadhurst, and he rejoiced in the fact that Mrs. Streeter never once insisted on centring the conversation around Junior, the three-year-old son, his brilliancy, the smart things he had said. Rather she let Broadhurst lie back and smoke and stroke the haughty Isabel, blackest of cats, who regarded his advances with an air of bored condescension.

After dinner Streeter's sister and her suitor, an Amherst youth with hair parted meticulously in the centre, arrived with great noises. They all walked up the avenue and turned off at Fourteenth Street.

They went eastward past Kosher restaurants, Italian

moving-picture houses with placards showing wholesale jail deliveries, slaughter of innocents, and other gory subjects tending to lure the kind-hearted Roman, shooting galleries, "photo studios," and all the other small-town impedimenta of that incredible boundary street, until finally they arrived at Labour Hall.

IV

In Labour Hall was a man talking history.

Mirabile dictum! he was not mumbling dates, the names of happily forgotten emperors and their lamentable consorts, nor the tale of dull and obscure battles of long ago. Rather did he speak of how things have come about and how these things are related to one another and to the present world. To his aid he was summoning the latest discoveries of modern science. He was allying his subject with "prehistoric" archæology, social psychology, and comparative studies of religions, geology, physics, and chemistry—making it all alive, in short, for twentieth-century men and women. Not that it was "popular stuff" in the Sunday supplement astromomy-in-fifteen-lessons sense.

Men bent forward with foreheads wrinkled as the even tones went on. Women propped thoughtful chins on the backs of the seats ahead. One had to work to get it, Broadhurst realized, but it was well worth the mental sweat. Soon he felt a quick thrill of delight at grappling with this brain, the same sort of thrill that he had experienced when Manning first talked of motor trucks. It was the sensation of sheer asensuous, impersonal joy, the joy of thinking of something which

could in no conceivable way reward him in dollars and cents. It took him out of that shabby East Side hall with its poor ventilation and ugly faces into a place where he went on wings.

It was not until the address was over, and questions began to be thrown at the speaker from every corner of the auditorium, that Broadhurst found time to look around him. He had never seen an audience just like this one. It was composed chiefly of men—Jewish needle-workers, a few Italians, here and there a young Irishman. The women were either young girls with cropped hair and bright roving eyes or very old, with shawls flung back from gray heads.

And the questions they asked! In laboured English with an ugly Yiddish accent one youngster found blunt fault with the lecturer's analysis of the present-day position of liberalism in England. It was dead, "as dead as a *gefüllte fisch*," said he, "and what for did the speaker want to go grave digging?" Snapping fingers under the balcony brought forth a discussion of the significance of Bergson's "*élan vital*," and in another corner an outraged amateur archæologist strained at the leash with a theory of the meaning of some newly unearthed kitchen-midden in Denmark. Everyone had a question, and many of them showed a depth and scope of learning that put to shame Broadhurst with his university degree and his Phi Beta Kappa key. He thought of some of the history classes he had dozed through in Princeton, and of how much more these people were getting in their weekly class under this inspiring lecture in Labour Hall.

"I want to meet him," he said to Streeter.

"That's easy," Streeter replied. "We're having him over this evening."

Leslie Evans was delightfully easy to meet. Broadhurst's passing fear that he would turn out to be another poseur like some of the Labour crowd he had met recently, was dispelled as soon as they all started westward on Fourteenth Street. Evans, to Broadhurst's great surprise, knew college athletics as well as he knew history. They talked of great football players, and had solemn conference over the future of Princeton rowing.

"By God," said Evans, after they had replayed the Yale-Princeton football game of 1911, "it's the best part of college. I can't get excited about commercialized athletics and the follies of organized cheering and all that. But I want to know where in America you can find a more splendid sight than a big college football game? Fifty thousand people in a holiday mood, and down below them twenty-two boys fighting for something that doesn't matter. It gets you every time. There's something mystical and fine about it—perhaps just because it doesn't matter, because the only reward of the fighters is the fight itself."

During supper Evans spoke of his plans for Labour Hall.

"If I can get the money," he said, "I'll make something real out of that place. Of course it won't please the wild men in my audience. They're beginning to leave me now. They say I'm getting conservative. I wish the Legislative Committee could hear that. Robert McMahon has been sending his agents to my

lectures, hoping they'll catch me urging revolution. Then they could close the place up. But I don't do it, not because I'm scared of McMahon, or of going to jail, but because I don't think there is any excuse for a revolution, in this country. The men who are shouting for it in New York never get above Fourteenth Street. What people are thinking in Yonkers, for example, is as far from their understanding as what people are thinking in Yokohama, and when you get out in the real heart of the country, Kansas, say——" He threw up his hands.

Broadhurst laughed. "It's a relief," he said, "to find someone who can talk to ordinary folks without all this bull about proletariat, bourgeoisie, and the revolution. As a matter of fact, I doubt if a revolution would ever start in this country, or get as high as Fourteenth Street if it did once succeed in getting under way. What do we want a revolution for, anyhow? If Americans can't get what they want without the wastefulness of a revolution, they don't deserve to get it."

"My own feeling about it," Evans resumed, "is that the way out of this mess is workers' control of industry. But on the other hand, I'd hate to see them get it before they are ready for it. That would only mean street fights and shooting and hell and damnation generally, with the exploiters more firmly in power than ever at the end of it all. That's why I want to help put this education plan over. Now you see——"

The two heads came together as Evans illustrated his idea of a synthesized human knowledge. He so

fascinated Broadhurst that the latter promised to consider taking a class in Labour Hall himself. The Streeters looked on with amused sympathy.

"That's all very well," Streeter sang out finally. "But we can't just *listen* to words all night. It's time we acted some."

Out of the room went Streeter and his wife and Evans and the Amherst youth, to reappear presently as the first syllable in a four-syllable word. "Anybody guessing the word before we get through," announced Streeter, "will immediately be turned over to the Legislative Committee as a dangerous character, for to guess the word denotes a glimmer of intelligence."

Broadhurst and Susan Streeter were a noisily appreciative audience. Mrs. Streeter first gave a spirited rendering of an unquenchable Pollyanna being run over by a motor (the parlour sofa) driven by the ruthless Evans. "I'm glad, glad, glad I've broke my leg," she asserted, as she was dragged away half reclining on her husband's ambulance (the tea wagon), with the dinner bell clanging furiously.

A realistically gory scene in an operating room followed, in the course of which the Amherst man's eye was neatly extracted by Evans to a running accompaniment of medical jargon and the low moans of Mrs. Streeter as the faithful wife.

Then came a glimpse of cannibal life in the South Seas with a stirring climax portraying a gladiatorial combat. Mrs. Streeter as Poppea looked languishingly up to the summit of a step-ladder on which Nero Evans sat in a purple bathrobe, discursive of family

affairs and low habits. Streeter and the Amherst man fought it out beneath them with the coal shovel and the fire tongs.

They sang then with the front of the piano removed, the loud pedal on, and everybody in full-lunged chorus.

"That's the first time I've played charades in sixteen years," Broadhurst remarked to himself as he went home, "and the only time I can remember ever having sung without being ginned up. And it's these alleged radicals who lured me into such eminently respectable parlour tricks. It's a queer old world." He yawned luxuriously, with a feeling of happiness he had not known for months.

"First Streeter gets me into politics, and now Evans gets me into education," he mused.

CHAPTER IX

*"I don't give a glorious damn
Who or what in hell I am,
So long's I'm not a Princeton man,
I don't give a glorious damn."*

I

FOR many benefits Princeton has the wisdom of the Fathers to thank. One of them is that the college was established in the midst of so lovely a countryside, and another is that ancient custom decrees the season of annual Commencements to be in June, when the loveliness of that countryside is in its full flower. Later on in the summer it may be quite as lovely to the eye, but one forgets its beauty because of the heat. Then, when locusts hum stridently in the elm tops, and shimmering heat waves rise from the rolling pastureland that slopes away to the low range of hills in the east, blurred in the blue haze of midsummer, one realizes that New Jersey is no summer resort and instinctively looks elsewhere for scenery.

Not so in June. And the Princeton campus is a part of the picture. Even its grass is fragrant, suggestively reminiscent of the lilacs and wisteria that have bloomed and gone, for the grass is one of Princeton's special prides. It is for this that every spring a particularly offensive bonedust is spread on the campus,

that wire fences are put up at corners which too obviously tempt a convenient shortcut, that little signs make their vernal appearance with the plaintively laconic appeal: "Please." True, the undergraduates comment caustically on spring's perfume, they often crawl between the wires when so minded, and callously disregard the mute request to keep off the grass—for what is the good of not being a freshman if one cannot walk on the grass? But even the undergraduates, unappreciative of so many things, join with the alumni in appreciation of the work of the curator of grounds and buildings. Every year it is said with ingenuous sincerity that "the campus never looked better." They have a reason to wish it so.

There, in June, mothers come to see their sons graduated and are impressed with the charm of shaded walks and cool gray Gothic buildings seen in leafy vistas through the trees. They feel that in such pastoral surroundings their boys have been sheltered from worldly temptations. And their boys do their best to sustain the illusion. Walking sedately down Nassau Street, they point out the places of interest, with never a point at "The Nass," as they pass its doorway with averted gaze of pious innocence. Last night, perhaps, in the cool back room downstairs they had spent several hilarious hours keeping Connie busy bearing trays at their behest, in what was, for all that, a rather harmless diversion. Such extra-curriculum activities, however, are best left unmentioned to doting parents and attention called instead to the white marble temples that house Clio and Whig, the literary-

debating societies; to Murray-Dodge Hall, the undergraduate Y. M. C. A.; and to the sprawling pile of the Library.

To Princeton, in June, come also the fathers of the graduating class—business men who walk about a bit bored and bewildered, and who feign an interest for the sake of their wives and their grown-up sons. They, too, are impressed with the beauty of a June day in Princeton, but their thoughts on the subject are somewhat inchoate. "Pretty soft," is apt to be their comment if called upon to express themselves in speech. But they too, albeit a bit grudgingly, absorb some of the spirit of the place, and feel an inexplicable pride that their sons are Princeton men. A few of them, suddenly and strangely intoxicated by the collegiate atmosphere, cast aside all work-day repressions with a joyous abandon and themselves seek to be "collegiate." It fills the undergraduate onlooker with a tolerant amusement, and the son with a deep embarrassment. But it is all good for Princeton; few parents who have been to a Princeton commencement think of sending their younger sons to any other college.

And to Princeton, in June, come all the "old grads." For them it is the season of seasons—the Friday-Saturday-Sunday of reunion time. Every incoming train that puffs its way up the grade from the junction brings its quota, some from thousands of miles away, many from no greater distance than New York or Philadelphia, and all with the joyous light of renewed youth in their eyes. What if business has gone badly these last few months? What if they have grown middle-

aged or old and have accomplished nothing of permanent value in the world? Here, for a while, they can forget all that, for at a Princeton reunion is demonstrated afresh the incontrovertibility of the Euclidian axiom: Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other. They are all equally Princeton men; hence they are all equal to each other. Obscurity and penury meets prominence and wealth, and each finds joy in the other's presence.

In that year of alleged peace, 1919, the "old grads" were coming back in numbers and with an enthusiasm that had never before been attained. The war was over, and for the first time in three years they were coming back to the sheltering arms of a cherished and cherishing alma mater, welcoming home her sons from the far places of the earth.

And so, on a Saturday morning in the middle of June, 1919, three young men rolled down Nassau Street arm in arm, in spite of the traffic jam, singing with an enthusiasm that made up for a lack of vocal ability, the familiar refrain: "Oh, we'll whoop her up for Nineteen Blank, We'll whoop her up again, We'll whoop her up for Nineteen Blank." And *ad lib*.

They could have been overlooked only with difficulty for they were strikingly garbed in a weird costume whose predominant note was a brilliant orange. It was an astounding garb for street wear, and men do not commonly walk along the middle of a main thoroughfare in the day time singing unrestrainedly, but no one gave them more than a passing glance. The town was full of many others just as strange.

How long they might have continued their vociferous march and what their ultimate objective might have been, will never be known, for near Upper Pyne the middle one of the three broke away from the intertwined arms of his companions and jumped on the running board of an automobile that was threading its way through the confusion. The two who were thus abruptly deserted stared after him in astonishment for a moment and then sedately walked to the sidewalk where they were lost in the crowd. Evidently they felt that although three could organize a thoroughly satisfactory parade, two were a little inadequate.

Meanwhile the one on the running board was in animated conversation with the girl who was riding on the front seat. "Bless my soul, if any!" he had exclaimed. "If it isn't Joan! What brings you here, and where are you staying?"

She looked at him in bewilderment, which gave way to a startled recognition.

"Hello, Dink," she said with a somewhat heightened colour. "I hardly recognized you."

"Can't say as I blame you for that," he replied. "It was quite dark when you saw me last, and I am not always at my best in the unrelenting sunlight. Besides, this is a rather ratty costume, and I dare say that even my own brother wouldn't recognize me in it. Incidentally, I hope he won't. He's a Presbyterian and the head of a family. Look"—pointing at a streak on his coat—"that's where I had a battle with an egg last night. The egg won. But where did you say you were staying?"

"How quaint of you to ask! I didn't say, but as a matter of fact we're still in Orange—we've just moved to the Park, you know. But did you mean, where am I staying in Princeton?"

"Exactly." Broadhurst grinned broadly. He hadn't meant that at all. What he really wanted was her home address, and that he had secured with her apparent connivance. "Miss Joan Norris, Llewellyn Park, West Orange, New Jersey"—it was an easy address to remember and still easier to get to. What if it had turned out that her home was Cohoes, N. Y., or Winnetka, Ill.? The possibility would have been distressing.

"I'm parked for the week-end at the Peacock Inn," she went on, "but I'm attached to the Cap and Gown Club for rations. Oh, by the way, do you know my second cousin, Jack Gamble? I call him my second cousin because I like the other one better, but the whole family came down to see Jack graduate, so I thought I'd better come too."

Broadhurst became aware for the first time of the driver of the machine. He recognized him as an undergraduate whom he knew slightly. "Hullo, there," he said affably. "Glad to see you again. Is Steve coming down?" Steve was an older brother who had been in college with Broadhurst.

"He came down last night," said Gamble.

"How come I never knew before that you and Steve had this here cousin? Well, so long," he announced, preparing to drop off the running board as the car turned down Washington Road. "I may see you

later at the Club. You've brightened up my whole day." This last was addressed specifically to Joan.

"Isn't that nice?" she called back laughingly, as the car picked up speed after turning the corner. "He didn't look as if he needed much brightening up, though, did he?" she confided to Gamble.

"He has a pretty good start, I'd say," the latter remarked with that tolerant amusement with which undergraduates regard the foibles of the old. Any one who has been out of college five years or more is very old.

For the next few moments Gamble was too occupied with piloting the car to contribute much to the conversation, and Joan on her part was content to sit in reflective silence. They managed to manœuvre into a vacant space by the curb in front of Cap and Gown, and Joan leaped lithely on to the grass that bordered the walk. She patted her hair at the side of her head with one hand, and stood staring dreamily down the long street.

"You can't blame the old dears on an occasion like this, though, can you?" she asked as they started up the gravelled walk to the doorway.

"Blame who for what?" asked Gamble in collegiate English.

On the front campus the classes were already assembling for the triumphal parade to the field.

With a tremendous crash of drums and an overpowering skirl of bagpipes the Class of 1904, back for their Fifteenth in their familiar Scotch kilties, turned off exultantly from Nassau Street through the wide stone

gateway, whose massive iron grille was thrown open only at this season of the year. Barely had one's ears grown accustomed to the intolerable sound when another class followed close at the heels of Oughty-four, led by another band, playing quite another march. Down Nassau Street in both directions and from behind Nassau Hall could be heard still other bands all playing different tunes and all playing as loudly as instrumentally possible. It was deafening, extraordinary, and ridiculous, and it set one's pulses a-dancing.

Broadhurst stood in the front rank of his class as it occupied its designated position fairly close to the gate and watched the alumni gather. As the different classes marched past he was conscious of an emotion growing within him.

One of his classmates leaned over and shouted in his ear, seeking to make himself heard above the noise of the many bands.

"I may be prejudiced," he communicated, "but Princeton men certainly are a fine looking bunch of men. You can't beat 'em."

Broadhurst smiled suddenly. It was exactly the thought that, unformulated, had been in his own mind. They *were* a good looking lot—clean cut, clear eyed, and about them all an air of unquenchable spirit of youth that defied the mere passing of years. It was something, after all, to be a Princeton man.

Many of them were still in uniform. Many more had seen service of one sort or another during the months but recently passed, and Broadhurst felt a thrill of pride and gratification as he thought of the

sacrifices so many of them had made. Young men who had rushed off at the first call, old men whose sense of duty had been greater than their years, men with dependents and men without, men who had willingly given up their brilliant prospects of the future that they might follow an ideal.

Yet what, he wondered, did it mean to them now, and how many of them remembered what it was that they had followed? The thought obtruded itself annoyingly as he stood watching them stream past, care-free and joyous. On such an occasion, to be sure, one did not look for sorrow or for grief. Carelessness and joyousness were to be expected and approved. For this was a reunion of friends in an old, beloved place, and their happiness should be the greater in the knowledge that there were so many of them left to foregather, for all the many who now would come to reunions no more.

But there was more than thanksgiving in their eyes: there was forgetfulness. It was this last which was disturbing. They seemed to have wiped out the past like a horrible dream. That would have been all very well if the past were only a dream, and not a reality whose recurrence must be guarded against.

It was, after all, understandable. Of those who had been in the service, barely half had been overseas, and not half of these latter had been under fire long enough to count. They had been in the army, they had endured hardships, but they hadn't known the war—the filth, the sordidness, and the unending horror of it. And gold stripers and silver stripers, combatants and

noncombatants alike, all seemed to exude a sort of smug satisfaction at having "done their bit." Only rarely did one see a face on which the war had left any record of deep impressions. The war had been disagreeable while it lasted, but it had been hardly more than that, and now it was finished.

Broadhurst realized that he also had been feeling that same complacent content. He remembered, too, that Anne had been dead less than four months and that barely an hour ago he himself had been well on the way to a flippant flirtation with another girl. He was ashamed and angry, and he transferred his anger from himself to the men he saw about him. "*They all seem so damn' self-satisfied,*" he muttered under his breath.

The glamour of the day had departed.

II

Reunion Saturday, of that year, coincided with Flag Day and an elderly alumnus had conceived the idea of an unusual ceremony in connection with the usual parade around the baseball field just before the game with Yale.

After the regular march by the classes around the cinder path before the stands, there was to be a movement in mass of the whole alumni body down the field, each man carrying a little flag, and at the head of each class one man bearing a larger banner. The details of it had been explained in advance to Broadhurst, as the chairman of his reunion committee, and he had received the instructions with a sentiment akin to disgust. It had sounded cheap, mawkish, and blatant.

The classes were forming, now, on the green turf back of the outfield; the youngest class, in sailor suits, had taken its position on the flank of the formation, and the senior class, to be numbered among the graduates in a few days and already regarded as such, was just coming up.

The little individual flags were being handed out. There was thrust upon Broadhurst the large banner to be carried at the head of his class. He looked about for someone to act as standard bearer.

Among the classes near at hand he saw that the individuals with the most distinguished war records had, in general, been selected for the honour. In the class next, below, it was a man who had won distinction and decorations as a major in aviation; on the other side it was a former lieutenant-colonel of infantry. In the older classes there were more of the noncombatant element—one flag bearer had been a brigadier general in the Medical Corps, another wore the eagles of a colonel on his shoulders and the wheel-and-what-not of the Quartermaster Corps on his collar.

Broadhurst's reaction from his earlier enthusiasm was still upon him. He had a sudden impulse and acted upon it.

"Here, Steve," he said, "you're a big strong guy. You carry the well-known Old Glory." He passed the pole to Steve Hamilton, a tall, lumbering, pleasant chap who had fought the war as a Sergeant in the Motor Transport Corps at Dayton, Ohio.

A long, clear, bugle call sounded over the field, and in the deathlike silence that followed the mass of men

moved forward. For several minutes they advanced until they had reached the edge of the baseball field near the grandstand. Another bugle sounded, and with it the whole mass of men about-faced, retracing their steps. Ahead of them a dozen bands burst out into the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Above the field there hung a light pall of dust, kicked up by the feet of the marchers, and through its golden haze could be seen a sea of waving flags above the mass of variegated colours of the reunion costumes. It was a picture of weird and unreal beauty, and from thousands of throats came the chorus:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.
He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of His terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on."

The last notes died out, and back at the far end of the field again the alumni were dispersing to their seats in the stands. Broadhurst stood still, dazed and uncomprehending for a moment, with a lump in his throat and his eyes filling. Utterly unexpected and incomprehensible was the wave of emotion which had surged over him. What, in anticipation, had had the atmosphere of musical-comedy patriotism, had proved in its performance to be filled with the thrill of reality.

Only once before had Broadhurst had the same sensation. Never, for years to come, was he to experience again a thrill that would be comparable.

His thoughts went back to that other time—one

afternoon in the early summer, almost exactly a year before. The shadows were lengthening along the roadway, then, and a cool breeze blew fresh from the sea. And down the streets of Southampton men were marching in columns of fours, an endless stream of khaki flowing from the rest camp on the hill down to the docks where queer boats lay in their "dazzle" paint—a camouflage in motley as if to jest with death. A short Channel crossing in the unrelieved blackness of the night—then France and the threshold of the war.

"Plod, plod, plod"—the pulsating scuffle from thousands of hobnailed shoes was broken only by the occasional bark of a brisk command.

Broadhurst was standing with half a dozen other unassigned officers by the side of the road, watching the monotonous procession. A vague pity filled him, a pity and a sadness at the thought of what was soon to be. For these young men—Americans, his countrymen—were marching to a place where for many of them their marching would forever end. Here, on this clear summer's day, were men whom Death had already marked out for his own and would claim in a few short weeks. They were dead men, marching down the street. . . .

Broadhurst turned to leave the spot and he drew himself up with a new pride in his heritage. Three thousand miles away to the west was his country, and the country of these other men, and they had come so far away to die for her, if necessary. He faced the setting sun and whispered that Latin phrase which al-

ways before had seemed meaningless and trite: "*Moriturus te salutamus.*" . . .

And now, once more, a crowd of marching men had inspired him with an almost holy fervour, but this time there was no thought of death. It was life that beckoned now—life that might be rich and full and happy, even if Anne would not be there to share it.

Someone clapped him jovially on the back. He turned and saw George Arnold. "Well, well, well," the latter was saying. "What's the big idea? Are you going to stay out here all day and play centre field for Yale?"

Together they scuttled across the field and found seats in the stands.

CHAPTER X

*"Faith! but his face is a sight for to see,
Faith! but she sickens as the days go by."*

I

ON THE Wednesday following reunion, Broadhurst looked in the suburban telephone directory and found the number he was seeking.

"Is Miss Norris there?" he asked when the connection had been made, and added as an afterthought, "Miss Joan Norris?" For all he knew of the family there might be half a dozen in it, and it was just as well to be specific.

"This is she," the voice answered.

"Oh." The unexpected promptness and grammatical accuracy of the reply nonplussed him. He recovered himself. "This is Dink."

"Who?"

"Dink."

"Well, what's the rest of it?"

He had a horrid fear that there was some sort of mistake. His face reddened, though his only audience was the imperturbable telephone.

"*Dink Broadburst*," he emphasized. "You know, Dink——" A light laugh interrupted what was becoming, to him, a distasteful repetition.

"You don't have to spell it," she said merrily. "I

heard you the first time. It was only the last part that I wanted to know."

"You mean the 'Broadhurst'?" he asked, mystified.

"Why, yes, of course. If you will reflect upon it, you never did post me on that detail. I just thought it might come in useful sometime."

It was Broadhurst's turn to laugh. "Well, now that you've got it, what are you gonna do with it?" Joan protested that she didn't have it yet, and that it was a bit sudden.

"Well, anyhow," Broadhurst continued, "I want to know if I can come out sometime. Soon."

"When?"

"Always pinning me down to details. Do you know Spanish?" The reply was in the negative. "Good. Neither do I. I took it in senior year, and all I remember is the phrase that I was about to use: *mañana es otro dia*. Translated, that is to say: To-morrow is another day. In other words, can I come out to-morrow?"

"I think so," Joan answered. "Want to play some bridge? Do you know anybody out this way you'd like to have me get?"

"*Ça m'est égal*. I speak all languages. Well, there's George and Myra Arnold, and there's Tom and Irene Isham, and there's Inez Cotter, and——"

"I know the Arnolds. I'll try them."

Broadhurst, when the conversation ended a few moments later, hung up the telephone receiver with a pleasantly satisfied feeling. He looked forward to the morrow with an anticipatory tingle.

On his arrival the following evening, Joan had barely finished the ceremony of introducing him to her parents when the Arnolds came. As they stepped in from the hall, after being cheerily greeted by Joan, they bowed to Mr. and Mrs. Norris and looked at Broadhurst with obvious astonishment.

"Let's go," Joan urged, leading the way to another room in which a card table stood ready.

"I didn't know you knew Dink," Myra Arnold commented as the hands were being dealt. "You didn't say whom we were going to play with when you telephoned me this morning."

George Arnold looked up lugubriously from his labours in shuffling the other deck. "I'm sorry to see that you have let this viper into your house. It was one of the things I always meant to warn you against. And you sir," turning viciously upon Broadhurst, "explain how you wormed your way into this young lady's confidence. Did you use my name? Out with it, and tell us where you met."

"Oh," said Broadhurst airily, noting a momentary confusion in Joan's eyes, "you see one gets about quite a bit in the army, unless of course one is tied down——" He left the sentence abruptly unfinished. "Anyhow, here we are," he concluded lamely.

"That's evident enough," Myra agreed abstractedly as she studied her cards. "I'll say one spade."

Broadhurst was grateful for the timely interruption of the bidding. He had been about to say, in the deleted half of his sentence, "unless of course one is tied down to a swivel-chair job in Washington." The sud-

den remembrance had come to him that Arnold in fifteen months of service had never left the District of Columbia save for recreation. Fortunately, he *bad* remembered in time.

And yet——

What was that idea that he had cherished with such malicious satisfaction, back in France? Why, the very thing which he had just omitted to do! His resolve had been firm that he would let pass no opportunity of shaming the slackers, particularly the slackers in uniform. Among the things that had made up for the discomforts of service in the field, when one's thoughts turned to the able-bodied young men who remained in safety and comfort at home, doing work that required no highly specialized knowledge and that an older man could have done just as well, was the belief that some day a reckoning would come. Some day in that far-off, imagined future when the morning was no longer heralded unpleasantly by a strident bugle or complicated by spiral puttees, one could confront the swivel-chair warriors with scornful allusions and rejoice in their discomfiture. Individually and *en masse*, one could put to them the harsh query of the returning doughboys: "And where was *you* in the Great War?"

To Broadhurst had just come the opportunity to collect a partial payment on the debt that he felt was owing, and he had passed it up. Why?

Well, George Arnold was his friend, and one didn't purposely make one's friends feel badly. But if one didn't taunt one's friends with failure to do their full bit, who was there to taunt? There was no fun picking

on strangers; there was, for that matter, no chance to mock them. One couldn't go along Broadway button-holing every passer-by and inquiring into his war record. Broadhurst felt that somehow he had been cheated.

Arnold recalled him from his trance. "Are you counting the spots on them, to check up the figures in the corners?" he asked. "A spade—two hearts—two spades—and now it's around to you, where it has been these many minutes."

Broadhurst looked at his hand in confusion, and endeavoured to concentrate on the game.

"I pass," he said dolefully.

II

On Sunday afternoon he came out to Llewellyn Park for tea. One evening in the middle of the following week he came again, and he and Joan, in her runabout, drove down to Newark to the movies. On their return they stood for a while in a corner of the half-porch, half-balcony that well-nigh encircled the Norrises' long, low house.

The Norris house stood at the extreme limit of that exclusive residential section, the "Park," well up on the side of the low range of hills imaginatively called the "Orange Mountains." Below the house there sloped away abruptly an acre of closely cropped lawn, at the borders of which thick phalanxes of trees effectively screened the Norrises from the sight of their neighbours. So abruptly did it drop that the porch, which was on a level with the driveway on one side of the house, here on the other side was a full ten feet above

the ground directly below, and from it one's line of vision was unobstructed by the more distant tree tops. It was from this vantage point that Joan and Broadhurst stood looking down upon the dark expanse of the Jersey meadows, patterned with a maze of tiny twinkling lights. Now and then the general darkness was split by the sudden flare of a gas plant, and a speeding train with the lighted windows of its coaches seemed, from this distance, like a glow-worm in unhurried progress. A glare in the sky above the horizon showed where the electric signs were flashing at Broadway and Forty-Second Street, and slightly to the right one could distinguish the lights of the Metropolitan Tower, a dozen miles away.

Without turning the head, one's glance embraced the homes and workshops of two million people. It stirred the pulses, that sight. Here was the modern industrial world in miniature, complete in detail. And seen thus as a whole, how relatively insignificant were even the largest units in it! Destroy this factory that gave employment to five thousand men, tear up all the tracks of this important railroad, pull down this massive office building, and the loss would not be noticed in the general picture. Other factories would continue to throw out their black smoke by day and their red flames by night, fast express trains and long lines of freight cars would still be crawling over the salt meadows; men would still swarm in and out of the towering piles that marked the skyline of Manhattan. And the clustering masses of indistinguishable gray roofs that sheltered half a million homes would still interpose

their blank covering between the sky and the loves and hates and hopes that lived beneath them. How little the joy or the despair of any individual counted in this vast, changeless sea of human emotions! Seen either by day or by night, that view of Greater New York from the Jersey hills is one that both inspires and depresses.

Something of all this communicated itself to Joan and Broadhurst as they gazed in silence. She turned away, with half a sigh, and broke the spell.

"It's wonderful, isn't it?" she said. "Sometimes I almost hate to leave here for the summer. But I can't complain about the views we get in Vermont. Some of them beat even this, though they're quite different, of course, and then there are a lot more of them. That reminds me. We're having a house party the first two weeks in August; would you like to come up for it?"

"Try to guess," Broadhurst volunteered.

III

"Who is this Broadhurst boy?" Mrs. Norris asked Joan a few days later.

"Oh, he's all right," Joan replied. "He was in Princeton along with Steve Gamble and is a great friend of George Arnold's. I used to know him slightly before the war." She turned her head as she made this last statement.

Mrs. Norris resumed her knitting.

She returned to the subject a few moments later. "He seems like a nice boy," she observed. "Where does he live?"

"He's living in New York now, but I believe he used

to live with his married brother in Montclair." Joan deemed the moment propitious, and went on. "I was thinking of asking him up for the house-party in August," she ventured. "We're going to be a man or two short anyhow, for Jack starts in business on the first, instead of waiting until the fall."

"Suit yourself," said Mrs. Norris agreeably. Joan was an only child, with the customary prerogatives of one in that position.

CHAPTER XI

*"How're you gonna keep him down on the farm
After he's seen Paree?"*

I

HAWKER and Grieve had fallen into the Atlantic and been lost to a wildly speculating world for a week. In the middle of May the Sunday papers had reported the arrival of the "NC-4" at the Azores. A month later Alcock and Brown had cleared the Atlantic in one long jump, and on July 7th the "R34" had "anchored" over Long Island. These achievements of the air captured Broadhurst's imagination, for it was not long since he had done with flying himself. But on July 8th Woodrow Wilson returned from France and Broadhurst came back to earth.

The last time Broadhurst had seen the President was in Paris during Christmas week when Broadhurst had managed to get a three-day leave. The President's car had passed near him one afternoon in the Place de la Concorde. Wilson was then the idol of Europe and the hope of the world; Broadhurst himself had had his judgment blurred by the overwhelming popular impression, and the barrier of his skepticism had almost given way. He wondered just what he thought of Wilson now, a half year later; much water had flown under the Pont du Carousel since then.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* had produced the full text of the Peace Treaty a month before, and Broadhurst had saved the issue of a newspaper which reprinted it. He got it out of his desk drawer.

Broadhurst read and read slowly again the incredible terms of that incredible treaty, and the still more incredible league that was bound up with it. It was as though he had come to a garden close that gave glimpses of gorgeously coloured flowers and sent out fragrances that intoxicated. And then he had entered this place and found that all the flowers were dead upon their stalks and that the only scents were odours from a steaming dunghill of decaying things.

All around him, as he read, there came tumbling down the worlds he had builded in his dreams in the first fine fervour of the war; dreams that had given him the heart for the indignities and monotonies of training camp, dreams that had made him master of his doubts in France. Since the President had first gone into secret conclaves with Lloyd George and Clemenceau, Broadhurst had had his misgivings. The clear voice that had rung through the earlier speeches, that had sounded the battle-cry of a democratic people, seemed muffled and wavering. But despite the scoffing of sophisticated materialists and disillusioned liberals alike, Broadhurst had hoped on. Surely Wilson could not fail the common hopes of the world now. This peace would be made as he had promised. It would be a builder's peace, the peace of the peoples, the foundation for a house like that structure the British Labour Party had planned on a smaller scale.

And now: "occupation of the Saar Valley"—"rep-

arations" — "mandates" — "indemnities" — "coal" — "steel"—"milch cows"—a League of Conquerors, another Holy Alliance. It was unspeakable. He had been a blind fool, an incurably sentimental jackass to have pinned his faith on such dreams and such men. Here in Wilson was another and more calamitous Ichabod—a lost leader, the apparent betrayer of every fine vision that had fired the naïve imagination of Broadhurst and his fellows.

He thought of that little Italian cobbler who had been his orderly in camp and whom he had come upon months later in a hospital near Toul. He had been cruelly burned by mustard gas, but he smiled with pallid lips when he spoke of "Meestair Veelson" and showed Broadhurst a picture of the President that had been in his tunic pocket since the day of his enlistment. Broadhurst remembered too how he had vigorously defended the Fourteen Points when the officers at his mess had sneered at their idealism, how the language of the Notes with their insistence on the open-handed American way of going about affairs had sent hot and cold waves of pride in his nation and her leader surging through him. And this was the upshot of it all—the condemnation of the common folk of Germany to hopeless years of slavery, the common folk with whom Americans had been assured there was no quarrel; the cynical rejection of solemn pledges in the Armistice terms; the shameless loot of helpless China; the perpetuation of hatreds and misunderstandings and greeds.

"And so the war ends." Rage shook him, and he was sick at heart.

Later in the day Broadhurst left his office and joined the crowd of idly curious people who made a thin border along the curb, awaiting a procession that was coming up Fifth Avenue. The President had arrived and was being escorted from his ship to Carnegie Hall.

Far down the avenue he heard the pattering of motor-cycles, and presently the advance guard of policemen swept by. Then that immaculate figure in the tonneau of an automobile. There was the austere smile, the courteous raising of the silk hat. Then other automobile loads of civic dignitaries and secret service men. Broadhurst turned away from the curb to go back to his office.

As he turned he saw standing near him, in a back eddy in the human current that flowed along the avenue, the frail figure of a man gazing after the tail end of the procession. There was the trace of a sardonic smile on his lips, and he leaned heavily on a short black cane. He too turned away, and walked toward Broadhurst, limping slightly as he came.

A frown puckered Broadhurst's forehead as he strove to place the man; he was sure that he was a Princeton graduate, of an earlier epoch than his own, but for a moment or two that was all he could accurately recall. With a start of surprise full remembrance came to him—it was the man who, some seven years ago, had been known the country over as one of the "original Wilson men," who had played a prominent part in the 1912 campaign and who now mingled with the crowd, alone, forgotten, and somewhat pathetic in his loneliness.

As he came to where Broadhurst was standing, he

bowed in the mutual recognition that occurred, and hesitated indecisively in his progress. He stopped, and uttered one sentence before he went on his way.

"I think," he said, pointing up the avenue with his cane, "a lot of the bloom is off that peach."

The laugh that rose to Broadhurst's lips died before it passed them.

II

To argue with Arnold about Wilson was like shadow-boxing—like two men shadow-boxing each in his separate corner, lunging viciously at something that was not there.

If Broadhurst suggested that the proof of Wilson's insincerity about "making the world safe for democracy" lay in the fact that democracy was less safe in America than anywhere else, Arnold naturally wished to know wherein America—and Wilson—was at fault. Broadhurst would point to the actions of the Attorney-General, Wilson's appointee, in "Red" raids and deportation cases, and to the fact that America was still prosecuting political heretics at a time when the European powers, whose actual danger in the war had been far greater, had already granted amnesty.

Arnold objected. "If people break laws, they ought to be punished. And if foreigners don't like this country, they ought to go back where they came from."

If Broadhurst criticized the Treaty of Versailles, Arnold would counter with his old, favourite argument. "Wilson had to deal with a shrewd, experienced crowd of politicians. And even if the Treaty is bad in spots,

it was the best that could possibly be obtained under the circumstances. You've got to grant Wilson credit for getting a few good points in it, at least."

"No good points," Broadhurst replied, "can possibly excuse a treaty that is so inherently bad. Wilson might better have done as the Chinese did, and refused to sign."

"This is a practical world," Arnold remarked patronizingly.

They always ended like that, talking in circles, running independently around the circumference and never meeting in the centre. In such matters, people either understood you or they didn't understand you, and there was apparently nothing to be done about it. The war hadn't changed the common run of thought. Men looked at things just as they used to look at them; only a few had strayed from the herd. Mavericks. And he, Broadhurst, seemed to be one of them. It was very puzzling.

CHAPTER XII

*"But the greatest discover-ee
Was when you discovered me,
And I discovered you-how!"*

I

ALL the long afternoon they had been climbing up the mountainside.

It was a very comfortable mountain for climbing purposes. Its slopes were steep, but not too steep, and after every fifteen or twenty minutes of pleasantly violent exertion one would catch a glimpse of the countryside below through an opening in the trees, and feel that one was getting somewhere. The base of the mountain could, moreover, be reached by motor boat, for it rose precipitously from the shores of a long, shining lake. That obviated the necessity of profitless walking common to so many mountain-climbing expeditions, before the real ascent could actually begin.

Joan and Broadhurst had pushed ahead of the rest of the party and arrived at the summit—a bare, rounded rock—well in advance.

"Woof!" said Joan, dabbing at her forehead, on which tiny drops of perspiration had gathered, with the white ball of a handkerchief crumpled into her hand. "I guess we'll all do some serious ponching to-night." *Ponch* was a verb of indeterminate origin signifying

sleep, popular that year with the undergraduates at Smith.

A steady breeze blew across the mountain top, outlining Joan's slender figure as it flattened her clothing about her, and fluttered the stray locks of hair on her brows. Her cheeks were flushed from the climb, and as she stood there still panting slightly, she looked uncommonly pretty and desirable.

Broadhurst took out a cigarette, and his fingers fumbled awkwardly with the matches as he sought to light it.

"I say, Joan, old dear," he commented, "this is fair enough, isn't it?"

He stepped up beside her on the rock, looking over the broad expanse of woods and hills and pastureland that stretched away for miles beneath them. Here and there little farmhouses huddled timidly by the long white winding ribbons that were the country roads, silver sparkles gleamed where tiny lakes lay half hidden by protecting trees, and as a background for it all were the blue hills of North Vermont that followed one another in irregular range after range. No sound save the steady rush of the breeze disturbed the stillness, and if, far down below, men were busy going about their commonplace tasks, there was no indication of it visible to Joan and Broadhurst. They were alone, detached, and the world lay at their feet in all the beauty of a New England midsummer.

Joan swayed gently as she stood there braced against the wind, and her shoulder touched Broadhurst's. He half turned, and looked into her face. A soft, appealing

face it was. Cheeks smoothly rounded and glowing with a vibrant colour of rose. A whimsical mouth, with firm little lips that beckoned. A nose, ever so slightly pugged, and a chin that had a small dimple in it. Wisps of brown hair lying damp against her temples. Eyes half closed as if she gazed into a dreamland far away.

Broadhurst's thoughts were in complete confusion. He kept thinking: "Am I going to make a fool out of myself? Am I going to make a fool out of myself?" Then Joan turned and looked full at him, and her deep brown eyes grew soft and wide with wonder. It seemed likely that his mental question was to be answered in the affirmative.

Broadhurst returned to imbecilic consciousness to find his arms about her, and her hands clinging to his shoulders. With her head tilted backward and her eyelids lowered, she was saying something through her half opened lips, so temptingly near to his.

"Say it! Say it!" she commanded in a whisper.

Say what? His mind still refused to function, and he felt strangely light and unreal. Suddenly he had the right idea.

"I love you, Joan," he mumbled unevenly, and hid his face on her shoulder. Then he half raised his head and found her lips with his.

Their kiss was broken abruptly, for the sound of voices and of laughter somewhere in the trees below them gave them warning that the rest of the house party was approaching. They separated hurriedly and stood appraising each other with a look of happy excitement as they sought to make themselves appear

normal before their companions. Joan did it by unnecessarily arranging her hair; Broadhurst by lighting another cigarette.

As the several couples hove into sight over the rounded shoulder of the summit a hundred feet away Broadhurst called out to them in a voice which he hoped sounded natural but which to him was alarmingly artificial and false.

"What have you boobs been doing all this time?" he challenged. "Joan and I have been parked up here for half an hour."

He had an insane desire to tell everybody what he and Joan had discovered in that half hour, and felt a condescending pity that none of them would fully understand it if he did. Meanwhile the actual conversation in which he endeavoured to take his part seemed banal, sophomoric, and stupid. What a lot people missed when they were not in love!

Once he caught Joan looking shyly at him, and averted his gaze in panic. At another time he had to address her directly, and was very formal in his words. He was, in the common parlance, "head over heels," and was reluctant that any one should notice his unnatural attitude. Joan, on the other hand, seemed thoroughly at her ease and Broadhurst marvelled afresh at feminine composure. Damn this chattering mob, anyhow!

During the trip down the mountain, for the lowering sun soon warned them that it was time to begin the descent, Joan and Broadhurst occasionally lagged as far behind as they dared. But it developed that they

hadn't much to say to each other now that they were alone again. "The last time," Joan whispered, "you ran away in the dark."

"I didn't run soon enough," Broadhurst chuckled, and Joan struck him in mock anger with her small clenched fist.

"Do you *have* to go back Sunday night?" she asked wistfully a few moments later.

"Gosh!" Broadhurst answered, "I wish I didn't have to. I'd like to chuck the job. But I guess I'd better not, now," he added reflectively.

The thought gave him a momentary despondence as he realized its significance. If he and Joan got married, as he supposed they would, he would have another to support besides himself. He would *have* to hold down a job, and he wouldn't be altogether free to chuck it and run away somewhere if the spirit moved him. To be tied down to a desk, to feel the bonds growing tighter year after year, to see the possibility of eventual escape growing dimmer and dimmer—the idea was terrifying. But his present happiness was too active, and its cause too recent, for him to brood over unpleasant contingencies.

"If I stay over," he explained, "I'll lose my job. Will you give me another one?"

"Sure!"

"That's fine. What'll it be? A job as your companion? And what goes with it—board and lodging?"

She was walking down the path a step or two ahead of him, and turned around to look at him with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"*Board!*" she ejaculated, and darted along the trail at full speed.

The sun had set when they reached the bottom of the mountain a few moments later and in the gathering darkness the party picnicked about a cheery brush-wood fire on the shore of the lake. And later, crowded into a little motorboat, they *putt-putted* homeward under the clear stars that smiled down serenely from the deep blue of the sky. Broadhurst had been manœuvred out of a seat next to Joan, and felt that the half hour of the trip was totally wasted.

II

Late Sunday afternoon the house party was assembled at the little railroad station, where Broadhurst and two or three others were waiting for the cross-country train which would connect with the White Mountain Express. The railroad tracks here skirted the shores of the lake, and far up its glistening expanse could be seen, rising abruptly from the water, the steep sides of the mountain they had climbed several days before.

Joan and Broadhurst had withdrawn from the rest of the party, gathered in noisy conference about the small collection of suitcases, tennis racquets, and overcoats piled on the station platform, and were standing silently, looking down the lake, their shoulders touching as they instinctively leaned toward each other. Without conscious suggestion, both raised eyes to the top of the mountain. "That's *our* rock," she whispered softly.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" Broadhurst observed. "This has been a rare party, and Old Gloom will be peering over my shoulder for many a day to come after I get back to the ribbon counter. But I'll be up here again over Labour Day, and that's only a couple of weeks off."

"True enough," assented Joan. "But it *is* rotten to have the party break up like this, though, isn't it?"

"Like this' is right," Broadhurst echoed vehemently, "thanks to all our young and foolish friends cluttering up the platform, I can't even kiss you good-bye."

"That, old dear, is just the point," Joan agreed. "I invited them all up here myself, and now I could gladly shoot them all. I never saw such a flock of dumb-bells. However, I suppose we'd better rejoin them and be nice."

They strolled back, and in a few moments the train came wheezing noisily around the curve.

III

The Norris summer home was one of those houses which are not built all at once, but which grow by easy stages. It rambled. One came unexpectedly to a step, or found the hallway suddenly narrowed by a semi-circular bulge where an extra stairway had been put in at the rear. It would have been an extremely dangerous house for a stranger to explore by night, but in the daytime it was thoroughly charming.

Broadhurst had been fascinated by it when he had been here a few weeks previously, on the house party. Now, on this Sunday morning of his three-day return

visit, he found himself wondering if perhaps the house might not have been better planned. He was on his way to the library, and he knew that the small single doorway of this room was a long way from the corner where he would find Mr. and Mrs. Norris sitting. He would have to take an unconscionable number of steps after he entered and before he could begin to say what he had come to communicate. He felt that their eyes would be upon him during all his interminable progress, and in his present state of nervousness that would be distinctly unpleasant. For he and Joan had decided the night before that the time was ripe for him to "slip them the dope."

He summoned a vacuous smile to his lips and walked in.

Mrs. Norris looked up from her knitting and beamed reassuringly. That part of it would be easy, Broadhurst thought. He felt that he knew her better, for she had been present during the house party. He hadn't had many conversations with her, for her chief interests appeared to be foreign missions and spiritualism, with neither of which subjects did Broadhurst have an easy familiarity. But she was pleasant, and placid, and seemed to approve of him personally.

Mr. Norris, Broadhurst had scarcely ever seen before yesterday. He had been introduced to him that first evening he played bridge in Llewellyn Park, but on his few subsequent calls during June, Mr. Norris had remained out of sight. The first of July the Norrises had gone to Vermont, Mr. Norris spending the month up there, but returning to the city before Broadhurst

arrived in August. What little had been seen of him in the last twenty-four hours was unenlightening. Mr. Norris seemed to spend his time looking over the newspapers, or strolling around the place smoking tremendous cigars and apparently taking no interest in his surroundings.

In stature he was unimpressive, of medium height, and portly. His hair had turned gray and he wore a neatly clipped moustache under which his lips showed firm but not severe. His eyeglasses were attached to his vest by a long narrow black ribbon, and on his face there was ordinarily a puzzled look. Broadhurst understood that his business was in Wall Street somewhere, but just what his business was had not been made altogether clear.

Broadhurst walked up to the round wicker table near which the two were sitting and picked up a magazine as if to show that that was all he had come in for. He didn't know just how to begin, and evidently they sensed something out of the ordinary.

"I thought I ought to tell you—to ask you——" He dropped the magazine back on the table, whence it slid to the floor. He leaned over to pick it up and the effort, plus his confusion, suffused his face with red. Suddenly he grinned. "Joan and I want to get married," he blurted out as he stood erect.

Mrs. Norris's hands fluttered helplessly. It was Mr. Norris who responded.

"This is rather sudden," he remarked with an immobile face. "I hardly know your name, and as for my daughter's taking it—well—it is at least cause for

reflection. Think you can support her in the style to which she is not accustomed?"

Broadhurst noted with amazement that Mr. Norris's eyes were twinkling. The old duck was human, after all.

"Well," he continued, "sit down and let's talk it over, anyhow." He offered Broadhurst a cigar. Mrs. Norris laid aside her knitting and a frown from the effort at concentration patterned her forehead with a myriad fine wrinkles.

"So you want to marry Joan, do you?" Mr. Norris resumed in a moment. "I concede your good taste, for she is my favourite child, even if an only one. But she's very young still, you know, and—pardon me"—he smiled—"so are you. Joan has another year yet at Smith, and I really think she ought to finish college. Don't you think so, Mother?"

Mrs. Norris, thus directly addressed, murmured a similar belief.

"As far as that goes," Broadhurst agreed, "I don't see how we could get married in a hurry, anyhow. I haven't been back to work a full six months yet, and I don't know how it's going to pan out—that is, whether I shall want to stick to that sort of business or not. I'm in an advertising agency, you know, and apparently I am getting along all right. They're paying me a hundred and twenty-five a week—not an awful lot, these days, but enough to get along on—but I haven't been able to get settled down yet and I'm not sure what my real prospects are. But if Joan——"

Joan came into the room, casting quick glances at

the three of them. "I believe I heard my name mentioned," she said. "What's all the arguing about? Did you tell these goofers?" The last question was aimed at Broadhurst. Mr. Norris, however, was the first to answer.

"Yes. 'These goofers,' as you call them, who fulfil the function of being your unappreciated parents, have been told, and we're just discussing the matter with all the seriousness that it deserves. And we—that is to say, I—have just about come to the following conclusion: that, having amazed me by getting through three years, you ought to take your fourth year at Smith, so that we may have at least one college graduate in the family. And that, such being the case, it would be unwise, inexpedient, and futile for any definite announcement to be made of an engagement. In other words, you and your gentleman friend here, whose name escapes me for the moment, but with whom I dare say I shall soon have a close if not intimate acquaintance, may consider yourselves engaged if you wish, with my blessing if it helps, but that there is to be no giving or taking of rings or telling anybody about it."

"Oh, Dad!" Joan wailed, "it takes you the longest time to say anything! In one brief phrase, we may sign each other up, but that fact is not for publication."

"Exactly."

"Well," Joan commented dubiously, "that's sort of tough, for I was hoping that I wouldn't have to spend another whole year of my brief life at Northampton. Especially since now I won't feel such keen joy in the parties provided by the youths from Amherst. It looks

to me like a dull, dopeless winter. What's the idea of all the education? Shall we fool 'em, Dink, and elope?"

"Any time you say," Broadhurst laughed, and turned to Mr. Norris. "Joan will crown me later for saying so," he confided, "but I think you're right, at that."

And so the matter was arranged. Joan pouted a bit, but more for the sake of appearances than because of deep disappointment. It would be rather fun to keep the girls in her House guessing all next winter. And then she could have a June wedding. . . . Or perhaps put it off until October. . . .

IV

The last purple remnants of a brilliant sunset had faded into the darkness that shrouded the long, cool hills, and tenuous wraiths of water mist were rising from the lake. A half moon, now well down in the west, cast vague shadows among the tree trunks of the wooded knoll where Joan and Broadhurst had been silently standing for the last half hour. They had walked away from the house in the dusk, and their idle wanderings had brought them here.

His right arm was thrown lightly over her shoulders and her left was around his waist. He turned his head, and saw the moonlight in the ripples of her hair.

"Joan, Joan, I love you so!" he whispered. She inclined toward him, gently, and her cheek rested against his.

A deep, rich sense of happiness glowed through him, and his heart was filled with a peaceful calm. Here at

last he had come into the safe, sure haven, and there would be no more troubled days of storms and nights of black despair. Here there were no yesterdays and no to-morrows; only the stillness of the moonbeam, the sweet, faint scents of evening, and a living love in which the memories of Anne had strangely mingled till it all seemed one.

Joan stirred at his side.

"Do you think," she said slowly in her low, full voice, "that it will always be like this?"

She sighed softly, and in a moment spoke again. "You don't know a thing about petting, do you, Dink? Have you got any Fatimas?"

He removed his arm from her shoulder and felt for cigarettes, stiffly, in the pocket of his coat. He offered her the package, and after she had taken one from it he struck a match. She bent her head forward in the glare, her lips slightly pursed as she sought to get the tobacco lit.

He flicked the red match-end away in the darkness, but a sense of awkwardness and constraint kept him from putting his arm, now free once more, around her shoulders. He wondered why, and looked at her, with her elfish eyes sparkling with glints of moonlight. Then he looked at the lake with its thin veil of watermist, and at the shadows waving in the light of the moon. Same lake, same light of the moon; but there was no longer magic in it.

"Joan," he stated, "you're a cuckoo."

CHAPTER XIII

"'Tut, tut, child,' said the Duchess. 'Everything's got a moral if only you can find it.'"

AT THE National Advertising Agency was a "commercial artist" named Wadsworth, who sat at his board day after day turning out sketches and "pencilled roughs" as steadily and automatically as a machine.

Broadhurst had always looked at him with a sort of pity, for Wadsworth had once showed him some sketches that had the earmarks of genius about them, and said in an apologetic voice: "That's what I would like to do, if I ever could get loose." But he never had got loose and probably never would, for the spark that was hidden away within him merely smouldered. He could never quite bring himself to the point of casting respectability to the winds that might fan it into a flame. He was nothing more than an underpaid hack, lacking the courage even to ask Mason for the money that he was really worth as an illustrator; Mason knew Wadsworth's weaknesses and despised him for them.

Aside from his feeling of pity, Broadhurst had a sincere liking for the man, and occasionally they dined together or went to the theatre. One night Wadsworth took Broadhurst to a studio off Sheridan Square.

There was some sort of party on, and the big room was crowded. Everyone was smoking very hard and looking very intellectual.

Here were sophisticated youngsters whose pleasure was the crying down of everything American. They hugged to their flat chests their visions of a noble European proletariat thronging into symphonies, bent-kneed before paintings, panting for the new poetry. They spoke of the "average American" and pictured him as a middle-aged, chain-store proprietor, red of neck and empty of brain, glaring greedily forth from his counting room. They had forgotten, or imagined that they had forgotten, the sort of men who ran the chain-stores in the mid-Western towns from which they themselves had come.

It was impossible for an artist to exist in this American climate. One could not breathe freely here. There were no "great audiences."

When they stumbled across the fact that Broadhurst was a copywriter for an advertising agency, they were assiduously sympathetic. But of course, he hated it, though one had to do something to keep alive in this infernal money-grabbing country. Instantly, Broadhurst decided that advertising had its good points after all. Better to help along the movement of breakfast foods than the movement of Dadas. In the former case something, at least, happened.

Why were people like this classed as political radicals, Broadhurst wondered, and how had they become connected in the conservative mind with the labour movement? Certainly the working men that he knew would

have looked upon this gathering with incredulous and unsympathetic eyes. These hands were innocent of callouses. These muscles had never lifted a pick. No union local would lend an ear for one minute to such preposterous programmes as he heard seriously discussed in this studio.

They took everything very seriously—Russia most of all. It did not appear that any of them had ever been in Russia, but it seemed tacitly agreed that as soon as the stupid State Department issued passports again there would be a general exodus. Broadhurst had seen pictures of Lenin, and as they talked he conjured up the scene—a squat man in a mail-order sack suit receiving this delegation of burning revolutionists escaped from the tyranny of America to help him establish the dictatorship of the proletariat. Ah! what would they not do for the Cause! And oh! what Mr. Lenin would do to them!

Broadhurst felt someone plucking at his sleeve and followed the most vocal of all the little group to a quiet corner.

“Not much doing in painting just now,” he explained. “But I’ve tried my hand at some cigarette stuff. It isn’t really half bad. I have some sketches here, and I wonder if you couldn’t show them to the advertising manager. If he liked them I could finish them up and do a lot more in the same style. I suppose they pay pretty well.” He showed Broadhurst some wretched daubs depicting Egyptian houris lying back on cushions while ebon slaves fanned them languidly.

“Of course, I wouldn’t like the rest of the crowd to

know that I'd done anything of this sort. But if you wouldn't mind showing them——" He thrust the sketches at Broadhurst, who hurriedly thrust them back.

"I'm afraid that this style wouldn't go any more," Broadhurst explained. His companion was obviously astonished, and then, with a trace of a sneer curving his lips, turned his heel on Broadhurst with the remark: "I dare say it was too much to suppose that good work would be appreciated."

Before Broadhurst could rejoin Wadsworth he was again buttonholed, this time by a young woman whose dominant feature was a mole on her chin, with two black hairs straying dejectedly from it. She, it appeared, made batiks, but the batik trade wasn't as brisk as it might be. She wondered if there wasn't an opening for a free-lance writer who could supply ideas. Of course it would be more or less of a side-line. She wouldn't let anything interfere with her art, and she never could stand a steady desk job. But if she could just pop in when she had an idea. . . . She gave Broadhurst her address with the injunction to be sure to let her know if anything developed.

As the evening wore on, Broadhurst became aware that a strange thing was happening to him. He was becoming intensely patriotic. Some almost forgotten strain was coming to the surface. He thought of the pictures of his forefathers that he had inspected so often as a child at his uncle's house. He thought of the original Broadhurst who had believed in infant damnation and made practical application of his theory on the

persons of Indian youths trapped in midnight raids in Connecticut. He thought of old Amos Broadhurst blazing away at surprised Britishers from behind hedges in Massachusetts. He thought of the tight-lipped, sombre-eyed Broadhurst in Federal uniform and of his own shy father who would have been struck dead rather than boast of his "Americanism," but who would have willingly died for his country and her people. They had all been "bourgeois," no doubt. What they knew of art didn't hurt them. They had been shopkeepers, too, but they had kept something besides their shops—a faith in themselves and their country.

"Where the hell did you ever pick up that crowd?" Broadhurst asked Wadsworth when at last they had gained the comparative quiet and freshness of the street.

Wadsworth shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, Winkler, who gave the party, is all right, but it is a rather thin bunch that he plays around with."

They separated at the corner.

"If this be either art or Bolshevism," thought Broadhurst as he walked on home alone, "then give me advertising and the Republican Party."

CHAPTER XIV

*"We are little black sheep who have gone astray—
Ba, ba, ba."*

I

THE curse of married life," yawned George Arnold, "is that when one has children one can't sleep late, even on Sunday mornings. The toast is burning."

Myra flipped open the side of the electric toaster on the breakfast table before her, turned the slices on their other sides, and extended a restraining hand in the direction of the elder of their two children.

"For Heaven's sake, Teddy," she remonstrated, "do stop beating on the table with your spoon."

"Yes," Arnold added in support. "If you want to prove that the table is Valsparred, Mother will pour a tea-kettle full of boiling water on it, the way they do in the advertisements. But don't demonstrate it with a mere spoon wielded by hand. Use that to eat your oatmeal with, or Papa spank." His son gave him a lenient stare, and ceased his demonstration.

The meal proceeded in a more orderly manner, and Arnold returned to his initial theme. "Yes, it do beat all how little sleep the human frame can get along with. It was a pretty good dance at that, though these Sat-

urday night parties at the Country Club aren't what they used to be."

"I thought Dink was coming out for it," Myra commented. "Why didn't he? He hasn't played around all Fall hardly."

"Darned if I know. I thought for a while it must be on account of that girl who died—the one he met, you know, the summer before the war, up at Bass Rocks, near Gloucester. But he seems to have gotten over that, because it's reported that he is making pretty heavy time with Joan Norris. I wonder where he got started with her. Joan was too young to mix with our gang before the war and I never knew he had ever seen her until all of a sudden we found him there playing bridge last summer. And then he went up on Joan's house party in August. Chester, will you get back in your chair, or must I push you?"

"But I'm all through, Daddy," the young hopeful explained as he climbed back and stirred his empty porridge bowl with a speculative forefinger.

"Then go around and let your mother wipe off your face. "And don't pull the Sunday paper to pieces before I can see it. If you behave, I'll read about Peter Rabbit to you later. Now, what was I talking about? Oh, yes—Dink. I'd like to know what's come over him. It's not only that he doesn't play around with the gang any more, but he's become a regular Socialist. To listen to him you wouldn't think that there was anything decent this side of Russia. I think he's gotten in with a lot of parlour Bolsheviks, or worse. He's got some bug about starting a new political party, with

government ownership of the railroads and a lot of crazy stuff like that. I don't see how anybody can stick up for government ownership after the sample we've been having of it."

Myra offered her husband more coffee.

"Mom-ee! Mom-ee!" a child's voice shrilled out from the corner of the room.

"Well, what is it now?" Myra inquired.

"Do we have to take a nap this afternoon?"

"Of course you do! Why do you ask every day if you have to take a nap, when you know perfectly well that you always have to take it?"

"Oh, well," her son responded, "I wish we didn't."

Arnold turned his head, the better to take part in the conversation. "When else do you suppose," he asked, "that your mother and I can get our serious talking done? Certainly not now"—speaking to Myra. "But I would like to know where Dink picked up these queer theories of his. He's got too much sense to believe that sort of stuff, yet he takes it all seriously and you can't argue with him about it. Haven't you noticed how funny he acts?"

Myra's brows wrinkled in an effort to recall Broadhurst's recent oddities. "No-o-o," she mused, "I can't say that I have, except that he doesn't come around to parties the way he used to, and that sometimes he makes queer remarks. He made one the last time he was out here that I remember because it was not only queer but rather coarse. He said something about the 'League of Nations being the bastard child of a violated idealism.'"

"That's just it," Arnold said vehemently. "He makes these wild statements, and when you ask him to prove them of course he can't do it. Anyhow, it worries me. I hate to see a good egg like him go bad. I think we ought to try to get him back into the fold—show him a good time so that he'll forget about the fool crowd he apparently sees in New York. Do you suppose that we can get Irene and Tom Isham——"

"That reminds me," Myra broke in. "We're going on a picnic supper with them this afternoon, and it's Tessa's Sunday off. What'll we do with the children?"

"Leave 'em with Mother. Next to us, you know, Irene and Tom were the ones he used to see the most of before the war, and if we can get them working on Dink too it might help."

"I guess it's worth trying, anyhow." Myra did not commit herself further than this. She was, as a matter of fact, more concerned about her own children's welfare than the salvation of Dink Broadhurst's soul. A slight epidemic of chickenpox had been rumoured the last few days.

Arnold rose from the breakfast table. "Come on, kids," he called as he went into the next room. "I'll read about Peter Rabbit to you before you have to get ready for Sunday School."

II

George Arnold put his plan for the redemption of Broadhurst into immediate effect. At lunch, a day or so later, he took him severely to task.

"Where have you been keeping yourself?" he began aggressively. "Nobody has seen you for a couple of months, and only last Sunday Tom and Irene were asking me why you hadn't showed up at the Country Club the night before. Irene, by the way, is getting a little bit peeved about it, too. Says you haven't been around to see them since before they went away for the summer, and I think she feels a little hurt. You oughtn't to get in wrong with her, after the way all of us have played around together for years."

"I've been pretty busy," Broadhurst evaded. He had been busy, but he felt that his activities were of a sort that Arnold would not readily understand. He had been spending most of his spare time with his new friends of the Liberal Committee. He had liked Streeter from the first, and now he saw him almost daily. He liked the other active members of the Committee too—Horton, whose obvious sincerity and somewhat childlike earnestness aroused a feeling of affection; Evans, whose erudition was signally free of the pedantic; Sanderson, whose impassioned oratory was always amusing and usually instructive. And through these men he had come to know other men and women, of a type quite new to him.

Most of them lived in Greenwich Village. What first impressed Broadhurst about them was that they could live there and not be "Villagers." Though they took their meals in the same restaurants, went to the same costume balls in Webster Hall or Yorkville Casino, and often painted the walls of their rooms in the same outlandish colours as did the professional Villagers, they

seemed to know what they were doing and not merely to be going through the motions.

They were the people who in another country might have been called the "intelligentsia." They were not, for all that, notably intelligent; they simply gave the impression of thinking for themselves. They refused to believe that an institution is good merely because it exists, or that an idea is bad merely because the *New York Times* says so.

Broadhurst had come back from the war feeling that something was wrong somewhere, but these people had made him feel that all his life he had been seeing things from the wrong angle, or not seeing them at all, and for a few weeks he became exceedingly bitter and illogical. He fell into the habit of rejecting anything that had about it the taint of orthodoxy, and it led him into many absurd situations before he obtained a better sense of proportion. But in the course of time he found out that a lot of things the great mass of people approve of and believe in really are true after all. He was getting on with his education. When in doubt, he took the point of view opposite to that expressed by the *Times*.

He realized that most of his friends—his former friends—took the *Times* seriously and verbatim. In spite of that fact, which might lead to many minor conversational unpleasanties, George Arnold's accusation of neglect had filled him with remorse and the resolve to do better. For, after all, they *had* been his friends, and without them the years gone by would have been empty and dull indeed. He owed them for many happy memories, and even if their ways now seemed divergent,

there were still many mutual points of contact. At any rate, he decidedly preferred their bourgeois placidity to the febrile enthusiasms of such Greenwich Villagers as he and Wadsworth had recently met.

Broadhurst was far from sure that he could no longer be as intimate with them as he once had been. It was rather that their place in his thoughts had been succeeded by interests that were of greater importance. His friends had been crowded out, not because their friendship had lost its original value but because there had arisen something still more valuable—the dimly perceived quest of ideals. He saw no reason why the one need be altogether sacrificed on account of the other.

He turned to Arnold. "Yes," he admitted, "I've had a doggone low record for attendance, but by the Thirty Sacred Portals of the Yale Bowl I swear to do better. You pave the way for me, and spread the glad word in the Oranges that they'll see my beaming face again soon and often."

The immediate purpose of the luncheon thus having been attained, Arnold turned the conversation to the topic of the steel strike, then in its first stages. "They ought to hang that guy Foster," he observed with considerable heat.

The remark gave Broadhurst a momentary uneasiness. Between his mind and Arnold's there seemed to be a chasm, wide, deep, and well-nigh impassable. And Arnold had been, before the war, one of his closest friends. Was this, perhaps, the reason why he had kept away from his other old friends too, and had not missed them? Was this unconscious avoidance proof

that these friendships had been built on nothing more permanent than a common taste for ways of amusement? In a hasty review of their pleasant relations, Broadhurst could recall few occasions on which they had discussed anything that mattered.

The present moment, however, was hardly the time for speculating at length over the problem. He had promised Arnold to reform his habits, and in the fulfilling of the promise he would have opportunity to test his new theory.

"What makes you say that?" he asked, taking up the remark of Arnold's which had started the sudden train of thought.

"Why, his going down there stirring up trouble. We've got too many of these radicals and Reds running around, anyhow."

"It was my impression," said Broadhurst, "that the men went out on a strike because they had a darned good reason for striking. All Foster has been doing is trying to get them organized to make the strike effective."

"Oh, these outside agitators always cause trouble. The Steel Corporation has been fair with the men. Look how they have raised wages since the war and look at their welfare work. The men haven't got any kick coming. They think that because they've been riding on the crest these last few years they can own the world, and an outsider like W. Z. Foster comes along and encourages them in the idea. Anyhow, the ones who are striking are all foreigners and the American workers are staying on the job."

Broadhurst was losing his temper. "In the first place," he said, "even if wages have been raised since the war, so have prices, and what wages were they getting before the war, anyhow? And what's welfare work to a man who works twelve hours a day and seven days a week? And if some 'outside agitator' didn't come along to organize them so that they could demand better conditions, how else could they get organized? The Steel Corporation goes to a lawyer when it wants the dope on some law, and a lawyer is just as much of an outsider as any labour organizer is. And finally, did it ever occur to you that perhaps the reason why it's mostly foreigners who are striking is because they're the ones who are getting the dirtiest deal—their jobs are so rotten that you can't get Americans to take them if there's anything better in sight?"

"A hell of an American this W. Z."—Arnold pronounced the initials with an intonation that implied a fathomless scorn—"Foster is. What did he do in the war, I'd like to know? I'll bet he was one of those damned slackers who got an exemption!"

Arnold's words again gave Broadhurst a start of surprise. Evidently there were many gradations of the term "slacker," and one whom Broadhurst would put in that general class himself could look with honest scorn upon someone else conceived to be lower.

"*Il y'a des embusqués et des embusqués*," he murmured.

"What's that?" Arnold questioned uncomprehendingly.

"Oh, you wouldn't understand it—it's French."

The phrase, and this response to the query as to its meaning, was Broadhurst's only conscious effort to express his opinion of Arnold's own part in the war. It gave him but little satisfaction, for he knew that it was entirely over Arnold's head, and he would not have said even that much if he had not been angry.

"Be that as it may," said Broadhurst switching the talk back to its original track, "there is nobody in this country stirring up so much industrial unrest as your dear old pal, Judge Gary. Men don't strike unless they have something to strike about."

"Oh, come off!" Arnold exclaimed. "You don't know what you're talking about. If you'd ever had anything to do with employing labour you'd talk differently about the unions. Were you ever an employer yourself?"

The question was a poser. Arnold, unfortunately, had had experience in superintending a factory for which the head of his law firm had been appointed receiver, and Broadhurst had always worked in an office. A happy thought came to him.

"No," he said, "but were you ever a labourer?"

Arnold had to admit that he never had been. Technically the honours were even.

CHAPTER XV

*"Afterwhile—and one intends
To be gentler with one's friends."*

I

BROADHURST was welcomed back into the friendly circle in which he had once played such an active part and discovered that he had obtained the reputation of being a Bolshevik. At his first appearance, a bridge party a few evenings after his conversation with Arnold, he was greeted with cries of: "Here comes William Z. Foster, all set to agitate us"; and, "What makes you so late? Been fixing up a couple of bombs for the suburban trade?"

The banter continued on successive evenings. There had been a revival, that Fall, of the game of parcheesi, and whenever they played it was insisted that Broadhurst be given the red chips. It was considered an excellent jest.

He sought at first to lift it out of the jesting stage, for he entertained the idea that he could swing his friends around to his way of thinking. They were intelligent people, they knew that there was nothing wrong with him, and surely they would respond to treatment.

He did not lack for opportunities, for even the best of friends fall back on commenting on the news of the day

when other topics of conversation stale. The news of these days was full of controversial matters—ratification of the peace treaty, the Russian situation, the aftermath of the steel strike, the League of Nations, profiteering, Leonard Wood.

Leonard Wood had many supporters among Broadhurst's friends. Hoover had more. In the discussions of their relative qualifications for the presidency, Broadhurst found it difficult to maintain an aloof silence. At times he found it impossible. This was unfortunate.

On a Sunday afternoon he had gone to tea at the house of a young married couple named Wilkins. The Arnolds were there; so were half a dozen others.

Wilkins dropped the butt of his cigarette into the discarded cup on the table beside him. It hissed as the dregs of tea extinguished its glowing tip.

"I have heard," he said ponderously, for he was ponderous in everything; even his close-cropped moustache gave one the impression of solidity, "that there is a strong feeling in many parts of the country that no military man should be elected president. I am afraid that it will hurt Wood's chances. What do you, Dink, as an ex-army officer, think about it?"

Broadhurst stirred nervously in his chair. It still embarrassed him to express an opinion in which he knew none of his listeners would concur.

"Well," he apologized, "I'm hardly typical of the class for which you ask me to speak. It's only a personal opinion I can give you. And my opinion is that

it won't hurt Wood's chances at all. He hasn't got any."

Wilkins sat up stiffly, his eyes widened with surprise. "Why, what do you mean? He's one of the leading contenders, and will probably have more delegates pledged to him when the convention opens than any one else."

"Oh, I mean merely that they are letting Wood run his legs off before the race begins."

"Well," Wilkins commented dubiously, "there may be something in that. He's too strong a man for the regular politicians to stomach."

Broadhurst checked his impulse to expound further. What was the use of arguing, anyhow? His resolve was short-lived, for George Arnold immediately injected a new factor into the conversation.

"How about Hoover? There's no question in my mind but that he's the ideal man for the job. Look at his record. And he's one of the few Americans who is still popular abroad. Any way you look at it, he wins the Brown Derby."

"He may win the Brown Derby," Broadhurst observed, "but he won't win the nomination. And I don't know as I'll shed any tears over it, either. I was all for him myself, until I read his remarks when his campaign was launched. He's all right in a lot of ways, but in some others he seems to have let his brain become atrophied. I think we ought to have for president some man who has at least a glimmer of what the Socialists and other queer people are driving at, if he wants to fight them intelligently. You can't appease discon-

tented people, of whom there are great numbers loose these days, simply by stating the bare fact that they don't know what they're talking about. Why, these speeches of his show that he never has read even the most elementary pamphlet on Socialism."

"Well," urged Wilkins, "just what did he say in these speeches?"

"I don't remember the exact words," Broadhurst said.

"Just name one definite reason," said Arnold aggressively, "why you don't like Hoover. He's proved that he's a good administrator, he's liberal in his point of view——"

"He's not liberal," Broadhurst objected.

"Why not?"

Broadhurst couldn't say why not. It was always that way. He was not a brilliant conversationalist, and was rarely able to support his cause with necessary impressiveness. People had a way of springing unexpected questions on him, the correct answers to which occurred to him only when he was on his way home. When he did muster a few facts to his cause, they were greeted with polite incredulity or dismissed as irrelevant and immaterial. The general attitude of his friends, as far as he could sense it, was that he was a bright young man who somehow or other had gone wrong and who would some day see the manifest error of his ways. In the meantime he was more to be humoured than scorned.

He gave up the hopeless task of trying to convert them, and controversial topics were thereafter avoided

by mutual and tacit consent whenever possible. "A pleasant time was had by all."

II

It was too pleasant. They were "nice" people and he liked them.

All his past associations had been with them or with their kind. They had been his playmates in childhood, his companions in school, his friends in college and afterward. He had shared their many enjoyments and their occasional sorrows; their ways were his ways, and they led to pleasant places.

Life, indeed, had seemed designed for their special delectation, life so perfectly designed that they were practically unaware of it. Some of them were, had been, or would be rich, but not so rich that their wealth made them objects of general abuse; none of them was faced with real poverty, and the hard times that came to some of them came genteely. They belonged, in the main, to the favoured upper stratum in the salaried class. Problems of living passed them by.

They seldom played an active part in politics, but always took an active interest. They became keenly indignant at corruption, or injustice, or undeserved misfortune. They went out of their way to be courteous to Jews and Roman Catholics of their acquaintance. They prided themselves on not being snobbish and, in the commonly accepted sense, they were not, although they did feel constrained to draw the line somewhere; they thought it odd that Harvard should admit Negro students. They asked after the health

of their chauffeur's wife, and were sincerely glad to learn that it was good. They chaffed one another at afternoon weddings about "borrowed cutaways," and those whose formal dress was theirs for that afternoon only felt no hesitancy in admitting the deficiency in their wardrobes.

They shouldered the major portion of the burden in all things making for what they considered civic improvement. They supported hospitals and orphan asylums and constantly strove for better schools, even when themselves childless. In the rising tide of drives that accompanied and followed the war they gave generously of their means—sometimes gave beyond them—and of their time. But they had the happy faculty of giving to relief for starving Viennese children without curiosity as to why those children should be starving. Or, if they felt they must blame something for appalling conditions in Central Europe or the Near East, or elsewhere on the world's troubled surface, they found it much easier to attribute the cause to a thing vaguely called the "war" than to something quite as vaguely known as the "peace."

Proud of their country's progress, quick to respond to the challenges that the war had sounded, they spent hours in figuring out ways to beat the income tax. They thought that they were typical Americans, and they may have been right.

For some weeks Broadhurst basked in that atmosphere of unruffled comradeship, and thoroughly enjoyed himself. But there came a Sunday evening when, after a week-end in Jersey, he took the train

back to the city and during the ride began to think things over. One is apt to think, of a Sunday evening aboard a Lackawanna local; there is nothing else to do. Week-day mornings and evenings one may read the papers, oblivious to all about one. But Sunday evenings, city-bound, there is nothing to distract one but the sudden plunge into the gas-filled tunnel just before reaching Hoboken. So Broadhurst sat and thought, and his conscience twinged with a vague uneasiness. Perhaps it was some deep-buried strain of Puritanism which momentarily came to the surface and accused him of doing wrong because he was having fun. Perhaps it was because he realized that the members of the Liberal Committee were busier than ever and he had ceased to give them constant help. For while Broadhurst had been resuming his old associations, the members of the Liberal Committee had been busy arranging for, and holding, a national conference in St. Louis, the better to shape the party's destinies. Broadhurst had not gone out to it. He hadn't even been a regular attendant at the weekly meetings in New York.

"I've been having too good a time," he reproached himself, and then: "The gang in the Committee are all right, but they take themselves too seriously."

He sat bolt upright in his seat. There had come to him the sudden realization of a fact the significance of which had hitherto escaped him. And that was, not that all "nice" people were reactionaries, or at best conservatives, but that, vice versa, nearly all reactionaries were "nice." That was the curse of reaction—it was so pleasant, and such charming people went

in for it. Nor was their abhorrence of labour unions, of Bolshevism, of anything that was heterodox, the result of a deep, capitalistic plot; it was as sincere, instinctive, and honest as it was unreasoning. The world had done rather well by them, and they saw no occasion to agitate for any change in its order; on the contrary, they disliked to contemplate the possibility of any change. The newspapers coloured the news of day in a manner to strengthen their opinions, through no conspiracy, but because that was the sort of news their readers wanted.

And while so many reactionaries were such agreeable people to meet, many radicals, on the other hand, were quite objectionable personally. They were too vitally interested in themselves and their unpopular causes to pay much attention to the little niceties of everyday life.

The worst of it was that he himself felt more at home with reactionaries than with radicals. "I belong with the dumb-bunnies," he thought, "but they're not getting me anywhere. This other bunch have so much brains that they're hard to get along with. But it's funny I never thought of it that way before; I guess that's because it was Streeter and Horton who first got me interested, and they're just like regular folks."

It did not occur to him just then that that was just what they were—that neither Streeter nor Horton were radicals. They belonged to the middle ground of liberalism in which he was now about to settle down for a while. This is that ill-defined territory the inhabitants of which are regarded with a trace of suspicion and considerable scorn by thoroughgoing

extremists, and classified by orthodox persons, conveniently and inaccurately, as "socialistic." In other words, no one has much use for a liberal. Distrusting the bombast of extreme radicalism, and despising the hypocrisy of respectability, the liberal ploughs a lonely furrow. At times, even he is not certain of himself, which makes it unanimous.

III

At a period in which the state of his thoughts had not yet been quite unscrambled, Broadhurst ran into John Sanderson once more. The latter's lank form loomed up before him on Fifth Avenue one noon, and Broadhurst hastened his footsteps to overtake it. Sanderson whirled with a characteristically quick movement as Broadhurst grasped his arm.

"Well!" he challenged, as a smile of recognition illumined his face, "where have *you* been these last couple of months?"

Broadhurst laughed apologetically. "I've been pretty busy," he explained in the identical words that he had spoken to Arnold earlier, "and I've fallen into the habit of playing around in my spare time with the Jersey bourgeoisie. I've been trying to do a little boring from within, but I'm beginning to feel now that I have been more bored than boring. How are things with the Committee?"

"Fine!" said Sanderson enthusiastically. "Things are stepping right along—that St. Louis programme has taken hold big, and I think we've started something. By the way, where are you having lunch?"

"I wasn't headed anywhere in particular."

"Then come along with me to the Landsdowne. I promised to meet Streeter there."

As they entered the red-and-gilt grill room of the Landsdowne, they caught sight of Streeter at a table by the window, engaged in conversation with a small, sharp-featured man whom Broadhurst had never seen before. Sanderson, however, stepped up to the table with an expression of pleasure.

"*Hello*, there, Alec," he exclaimed. "How are all your dirty little Communists?"

The stranger looked up with amusement. "How are you, Sandy?" he replied. "They are doing nicely; they're all in jail."

"Naturally," commented Sanderson. "I supposed they were. You probably lead the whole bar of the sovereign State of New York in both the gross number and the percentage of your clients whom you have unsuccessfully defended. That is to say, with the possible exception of Streeter here. When are you two going to become respectable lawyers, anyhow? By the way, I brought our young friend around."

Streeter shook hands with Broadhurst energetically. "It's good to see you again. We were asking about you just the other night. Do you know Alec Shurlieff? This is Ralph Broadhurst, Alec."

Broadhurst inspected his new acquaintance with interest. He was of a type out of the ordinary. His eyes, which matched his features, were keen and animated, but his general appearance was indefinitely unkempt. His hair was too long in the back, his neck-

tie was ugly and so carelessly knotted that his collar button showed above it, and his clothes, while they had no one thing wrong with them, were somehow not quite right.

"Alec is a very bad boy," explained Sanderson. "He mixes up with Martens and Nuorteva and all the rest of the Russians. The Attorney-General is after him and will get him yet. Serve him right, too—only last week he was prophesying, after reading about the latest glorious victory of General Wrangel in the *Evening Sun*, that that doughty warrior would have advanced as far as Saloniki by early summer."

"What I don't understand," Streeter interrupted, "is how these Bolsheviki manage to keep on going. According to the most reliable authorities, they have had nothing to eat for two years except cabbage soup."

"That's because so many of them are Jews, I guess," Sanderson offered. "The Jews are in many ways like the Scotch, from whom I spring. They're hardy races, both of them. In the good old days of the Crusades you used to be able to give a Scotchman a handful of oatmeal and a battle-axe and he'd go to Jerusalem. How about it, Alec? You ought to have the inside dope."

"Well," said Shurlieff in reply, "there's a lot in what you say. The Jews have had to get along for a great many years on a very little bit, and as a result they know how to make the most of what they've got. That's the difference between the Jew and the Gentile, and that's why, other things being equal, the Jew will always win out. I'm a Jew myself, you know"—he

turned to Broadhurst in explanation—"but I married a Gentile and so I get both sides of it. My wife's had more education than I ever had, and she knows a lot more facts. *But she doesn't use them.* The other night, for instance, I asked her about some date in history and she gave it to me right off. I asked her for it because I wanted to use it—that's the point to bear in mind. She had had it, along with a lot of other information, stored away in her mind, but it never occurs to her to make practical use of what she knows. She's smarter than I am too, but I know that she could never make as much money as I can make. That's what irritates me about so many people like Sandy and Streeter here. You're not doing half of what you might be doing."

"Them's hard words, Alec," Sanderson rejoined.

"Maybe they are, but they're true," said Shurlieff. "Speaking of the ways in which you waste your time, how's your committee of earnest young liberals coming along?"

"Fast! Fast and furious," Sanderson answered. "We'll put the skids under these old timers yet."

"Aw, get out," Shurlieff taunted. "You'll never get anywhere with that wishy-washy programme of yours."

"The trouble with Alec," Sanderson observed to Broadhurst with simulated pity, "is that he won't be happy until he sees a red flag flying over the City Hall. Remember, Alec, that when the workers of the world unite and you are people's commissar for New York, that I was your friend in the days of your

adversity. Which reminds me. I was down in Washington last week, and had half an hour with one of the chiefs in the Department of Justice. And of all the astounding, outrageous examples of Bureaucracy gone mad——”

Sanderson was off, and there was no stopping him. His voice rose, his eyes flashed, and his long index fingers came into play. Apparently it all had to do with some new restriction of the right of free speech. “And,” he concluded, “not a paper in New York City has had either the brains or the guts to comment on it editorially.”

“Sandy, my boy,” said Streeter sympathetically, “you have been sore tried, but your language is becoming positively indecent. Suppose we change the subject. How are your conferences coming along with the Labour Party?”

“About as well as I expected. I don’t see why we should waste much time fooling around with those people. You know as well as I know that there’s no such thing as the ‘labour vote,’ and more and more I am coming to the opinion that this Labour Party movement is nothing more or less than an effort to get control of the A. F. of L. Besides that, the whole gang is altogether too much inclined toward the extreme left. We’re not going to sanction radicalism. What we want is a party with a progressive, liberal platform that will appeal to the moderates who have grown tired of the old-line parties and their rottenness. And let me tell you”—he pounded the table in emphasis—“that there is a vast number of people just waiting for

such a party as we have in mind. That's the whole idea of the Committee: there are plenty of radical movements that anybody can join who wants to, but there's nothing for the great middle class who get it going and coming. If we get tied up too closely with the Labour Party, if people get the impression that it's a labour movement, it's going to do us infinitely more harm than good. So I say, invite the Labour Party to trail along with us. If they do, well and good, and if they don't, then let's not compromise with them. They need us more than we need them. But I can't get Dan and the rest to see it that way."

"On the other hand, Sandy," Streeter interjected, "you must remember that in some localities they're pretty strongly organized and if there's any way of getting together it would help both sides. The Committee can't go very far this year all by itself."

"Sure thing," Sanderson agreed, "but my point is this: a lot of people, many of them just the sort of people with whom our programme will go big, are scared stiff at the word 'Labour,' and are absolutely terrified at any suggestion of Bolshevism. The votes of these people are more important to us than the votes any Labour Party can collect, and if it comes down to the point where we have to adopt some of the radical planks in their platform, or use the name 'Labour' as part of the party title in order to have them trail along with us, then we'd better chuck the negotiations overboard. The way things look now, what we'll probably do is to arrange for us both to have our conventions in Chicago or somewhere else on the same date, and then

if there's any way in which the two bunches of delegates find that they can get together, we can put it over with a whoop. But I'm against committing ourselves in advance."

"This is a sad moment in my life," Shurlieff said with an affectation of gloom. "I never thought the time would come when I'd see Sandy in pious terror at radicalism. But that's the trouble with you liberals; you get cautious and therefore you don't get anywhere. But tell me, what platform are you really going to try to adopt at the convention?"

"My idea is to adopt as our platform the programme as laid down in St. Louis in December. I don't see how it can be improved upon. It's short, definite, and new."

"Yes-s-s," said Shurlieff slowly, "except for one thing. You come out for government ownership of railroads, but you don't say what you are going to do with them when you get them. That's important."

IV

The next evening Broadhurst went to a meeting in the Committee's offices with Streeter and Sanderson and left it with the feeling that, dull as it had been, and misdirected as the efforts of the individuals concerned sometimes seemed to be, it was better for his immortal soul than were many evenings of bridge, parcheesi, or dancing.

Little by little he again dropped out of his former social circle, until by April his absence was no longer marked, though his occasional presence was always

welcome. There was some slight shaking of heads, but on the whole his passing was unnoticed, or accepted as an inscrutable fact.

Even George Arnold eventually resigned himself to the inevitable, but not until his faith in Broadhurst's inherent sanity had received a disastrous blow.

This was after the Socialist assemblymen had been expelled from the New York State Legislature. The fact that several newspapers of unquestioned conservatism had protested vehemently against the proceedings left Arnold uncertain just what to think. Of course Socialists were dangerous enemies of the Government and were to be restrained, but when newspapers like the *World*, the *Evening Post*, and even the *Tribune* protested against the act, it upset one's theories of what was right and proper. He was flustered when Broadhurst asked him what he thought about it.

"Well," he hesitated, "it seems to me that it's going a bit too far, even if in the right direction."

"Sweet hell!" Broadhurst exploded, "is that *all* you think about it? Haven't you any conception of what democracy means, or what this government was founded for? I dare say your idea of the Almost Perfect State is one in which only the upper classes can vote and no one can have an opinion that hasn't been inspected, approved, and safely bottled up by the Elder Statesmen."

"Oh, I believe in being progressive and liberal," said Arnold, beginning to be nettled, "but——"

"Blah!" Broadhurst's tone was scornful.

"Damn it all!" responded Arnold, "I'd like to know

just what *you* believe in! According to you, everything is rotten except your own little gang of parlour Bolsheviks. I suppose you'll be saying next that Bill Haywood of the I. W. W. is all right!"

"Why, sure! I had lunch with him last week—he's out on bail, you know—and he's a nice old one-eyed goat."

A look of disgusted incredulity spread slowly over Arnold's face. Broadhurst chuckled inwardly. For one thing, he was pleased that the reference to Bill Haywood had sidetracked the need of an exact definition of what he himself believed in; he really didn't know. For another thing, he was amused by the thought that George Arnold was doomed to look upon his former friend with perpetual puzzlement. Arnold never would understand the distinction between upholding a person's rights and agreeing with his theories.

CHAPTER XVI

*"'I weep for you,' the walrus said,
'I deeply sympathize.'
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size."*

I

THE regular Monday evening meeting of the Committee had become snarled in a maze of parliamentary proceedings. A motion had been made to insert the words, "and democratic control" after the clause advocating government ownership of the railroads, in the party platform. Amendments had been offered, and counter-amendments, and resolutions, all accompanied by interminable oratory until now no one was thoroughly aware what the question really was.

Behind Broadhurst sat a man who for some moments had been striving for recognition, and his efforts were at last rewarded.

"Mr. Wainwright," the Chair acknowledged, and smilingly added: "Glad to see you back."

"Mr. Chairman," Wainwright said as he stood up, "I rise to a point of horror. For forty-five minutes we have been sitting here listening to words of wisdom and sage counsel from the lips of our honoured fellow members. Mr. Sanderson has told us in detail how the Morgan interests engineered the panic of 1907. Mr.

Streeter has edified us with his account of the rise and fall of judicial decisions. Mrs. Lippman has referred feelingly to the League of Nations, and others have made equally pertinent comment on the subject under discussion. I myself might entertain you with a brief review of the Dred Scott Decision, but instead of that I merely wish to ask, 'How come?' As I originally understood it, the resolution or motion up before this meeting proposes a modification of the tentative platform adopted at St. Louis. And this, it seems to me, is unnecessary, futile, and inconclusive. The platform upon which the Liberal Party will wage its campaign in the Fall is the platform which will be adopted by the convention in Chicago, by vote of the delegates there assembled. Whatever we do here to-night cannot, by the nature of things, be final and we save no time and accomplish no purpose by seeking to determine what our little group of serious thinkers here in New York is seriously thinking about. I therefore move you, Mr. Chairman, that the resolution, or motion, or proposal, with all its pendent amendments, emendations, and modifications, be tabled. And having so moved, I retire to the innocuous obscurity whence I emerged."

"You have heard the latest motion," the chairman announced, "and although this proceeding is irregular, I now put it before the house. All those in favour will signify in the customary manner."

A few voices, raised in indignant protest, were silenced in the overwhelming and relieved chorus of "Ayes!" and the meeting advanced rapidly to a consideration of its remaining business.

As the meeting broke up, Broadhurst sought out Wainwright and suggested that they ride downtown together. Broadhurst had known him before, but had not known him well and had decided this evening that he would like to know him better. He seemed to talk with a measure of sense.

Haviland Wainwright proved to be an agreeable companion. As the bus rambled down the half-deserted avenue, he commented humorously on the events of the evening and entertained Broadhurst with anecdotes of his experiences in the war.

"I wasn't in the uniformed service," he explained. "I got started investigating suspicious characters. You know, at the start of the war we had intermittent spy scares and a lot of us became amateur sleuths while filling in the time waiting for a regular job to show up. Oddly enough, however, I did ferret out several important bits of information and helped stave off what might have been bad trouble. Anyhow, the Department of Justice offered me a real position right in the inside, and since it was fascinating work I accepted. It turned out that I was to spend the greater part of my time investigating alleged seditious activities, and that's how I came to go wrong.

"I had never paid much attention to unorthodox political and economic views before, but in this job of mine I had to study any number of 'radical' pamphlets and manifestos. The funny part of it was that there was so much real stuff in them, and so many of the earnest citizens who got excited about them were such utterly stupid asses, that I had to side with the

heretics to preserve my self-respect. The final blow that drove me from the path of my New England forefathers was when I had to investigate myself as a suspicious character! I had had at one time a charge account with the bookstore of the Rand School, and that's how they got my name on the blacklist. What made it more amusing was the fact that one of the junior officials who had charge of the case never observed the similarity of names and very solemnly laid my own dossier before me one day for recommendation and action. I still remember the sheepish look on his face when, after half an hour's serious discussion of the case, he finally tumbled to the fact that I was talking about myself. It was, by the way, about the last real laugh I had during the war." He chuckled reminiscently.

"But now, on the other hand, I wonder how long I shall be able to retain that fine fire of protest which has since glowed within me. The more I see of liberals and their way of doing things, the more I admire their spirit and the less I think of their ability. A few more meetings such as we had to-night will drive me back to the folds of the Republican Party. At times I incline to the belief that if, by some miraculous chance, this embryonic Liberal Party should come into power, it would be a national calamity. How in the world would the business of government ever get done, handicapped by so much intellectuality? Have most of the meetings in the last few months dragged along the way to-night's did? I was laid up with the flu for six weeks last fall, and when I got on my feet again I went away for a

couple of months. I haven't been to a meeting since before the St. Louis conference."

"Not quite so bad," Broadhurst laughed. "Several of them do like to hear themselves talk, but on the whole things are getting done. But apparently it is some job to get a new party started."

"Yes," Wainwright observed, "and I don't think that this Committee can do it all alone. The only chance I see is getting together with the Labour Party—on their own terms, if necessary."

Broadhurst was surprised. "H'm," he said, "I don't agree with you at all on that. In the first place, I think the policy of the Labour Party is going to be a bit too stiff for the bulk of the people to take to kindly, and in the second place, I feel as Sanderson does, that the leaders care more about getting control of the A. F. of L. than they care about getting votes."

"Don't you fool yourself," Wainwright responded. "The Labour Party means business politically. And if we're going to be scared by a little radicalism, we might as well join hands with the Democrats or the Republicans and joyfully sing 'God's in His heaven, all's well with the world.' To my mind a political party should not be afraid of policies. That's why the old-line crowd are not parties. They're habits."

"Anyway," he continued after a moment's pause, "here we are at Twelfth Street. Come on and get off here, and come up to the room with me. I've got a bottle of port left that I brought back from Bermuda last week, and it will do us both good."

The invitation was irresistible. They descended

from the bus and walked the few steps east to Wainwright's apartment in a recently remodelled house.

Wainwright switched on the lights and began hunting in a closet for the bottle of which he had boasted. Broadhurst sank into a comfortable armchair and glanced about the room curiously.

It was unobtrusively furnished—almost too plainly and austere—and the pictures on the wall were few and in good taste. A lithograph of Lincoln by Boardman Robinson, hung prominently above the bookcase, which was interestingly filled. Evidently Wainwright read widely and well.

Wainwright stepped into the centre of the room and cleared a space on the big round table for the bottle and the two glasses he bore in his hands. "By the way," he asked as he motioned Broadhurst with a wave of the hand to draw up nearer, "what do you do?"

"I'm in the advertising business," Broadhurst replied, and added a trifle apologetically, "but I don't know how long I'll continue to stick to it."

"My own business," Wainwright volunteered, "is that of being a poet, but I make my living selling insurance." Broadhurst was to realize later that there was more truth in this seeming jest than was at first apparent. Wainwright took his poems seriously and never sought to sell insurance to his friends.

"An insurance salesman," Wainwright continued with an engaging smile, "may be a pretty low form of animal life. You don't seem to think much about your own job, either, but at that we both might be doing worse. We might be lawyers, for instance. I've

never yet seen a lawyer, with the possible exception of our friend Streeter, that I could wholeheartedly admire. As Milne remarks—you've read his stuff? he writes for *Punch*—'that because it offers material victories only and never spiritual ones, that because there can be no standard by which its disciples are judged save the earthly standard, that because there is no place within its ranks for the altruist or the idealist—for these reasons the Bar is not one of the noble professions.'"

"I'm not so sure of that," Broadhurst objected. "I know several lawyers besides Streeter who I think are idealists. There's one particularly, whom I met just a little while ago—a little chap named Alec Shurlieff. He——"

"Oh, I know *bim*. That little Jew lawyer? Well, he gets his out of it, I fancy, for all his apparent altruism. Let me fill up your glass."

It was after midnight when Broadhurst left, to walk to his own room on Eleventh Street. The port he had sipped glowed warmly within him and he felt friendly toward the whole world. "Wainwright's a good egg," he reflected as he slipped his latchkey into the door, "but at that there's something about him that I don't quite get. Alec Shurlieff may be a 'little Jew lawyer,' but there aren't any lugs about him, anyhow. Between the two——" He did not pursue the comparison.

II

Shurlieff interested Broadhurst. He was not sure of the cause of his interest, for he had known Jews be-

fore this, and had known Slavs, and he had known radicals. He had known individuals who combined in themselves all three classifications. The combination was not odd; all Slavic Jews have reason to be radical. But Shurlieff had distinct personality.

Broadhurst met him for dinner, one evening a few weeks later, in an upper Sixth Avenue restaurant, famous a few years back for its oyster bar and its midnight gaiety, but now rapidly sinking into respectable dullness. It was difficult to remember that once its more obstreperous patrons were upon occasion forcibly ejected through the revolving doors into the inhospitable and freshly flushed streets of the early morning. It was difficult, indeed, to realize that its patrons ever had been obstreperous.

Partly because of old memories, and partly because it was near the closed season, Broadhurst suggested as the first course Cape Cod oysters. "Extra large," he had specified to the waiter, and they proved to be all of that. They were incredibly enormous, and hard to handle. Broadhurst managed them with difficulty and Shurlieff with a notable lack of success. It was not a pleasant sight.

Broadhurst looked up. "For Gawd's sake, Alec," he ejaculated, "where was you brung up?" Shurlieff laughed.

"I'm not doing too well, am I," he agreed. "As a matter of fact, you know, your question was more in order than you meant it to be. Many a disagreeable truth is unfolded by jest. Did I ever tell you the story of my seditious life?"

"Go on and spring it, if it isn't as involved as the history of the Great War," Broadhurst encouraged.

Shurlieff began, and as he told the story in an ordinary conversational manner of speech, interspersed with frivolous comments and a few bad puns, Broadhurst found himself coming to feel as though he were spectator at some absorbing drama, in which the personality of the leading actor was lost in the movement of the part he played. It was a story of achievement, in spite of overwhelming difficulties and discouragements, the story of an immigrant boy of sixteen who had come to America in the hope of finding a land of opportunity, and who by the very strength of that hope had made it come true. Alone, without friends and money, and not speaking the language of his new country, he had barely managed to exist for the first year or two. Later on he discovered the knack of picking up odd jobs when more permanent situations failed him, and he had made distinct progress in acquiring a vocabulary. He commenced going to night school, and he studied with fanatic devotion. He got a job as porter in a wholesale grocery, and because he was slight, and a foreigner, and a Jew, he was subjected to a constant series of practical jokes, one of which reacted on the foreman and led to his discharge. Then he got office work as a bill clerk, figuring percentages, and because mathematics was a closed book to him, he paid a classmate at night school to compile an ingenious table for quick and easy computing. The table worked so well that he was able to figure out percentages more quickly than had ever been done before in that office, and his pay was

raised. He was transferred to another job, where his percentage table was of no use, and he was, to the office manager, so unaccountably inaccurate and slow that he was discharged once more. Meanwhile, however, he had been studying law, and he secured a poorly paid clerkship in a law office. This was the turning point. In a few years, his final citizenship papers having already been approved, he was himself admitted to the Bar.

"That," he said as he concluded, "is the story entitled 'From Bohemia to Broadway,' or perhaps I should use the new name as established by the Treaty of Versailles and say 'From Czecho-Slovakia to a Checking Account.'"

"You amaze me," said Broadhurst. "I never knew that that ever happened outside the pages of the *American Magazine*. Here you come to our shores a penniless immigrant boy, and now we see you a prosperous lawyer, with an automobile and a home and family in—where do you live, anyhow?"

"In Yonkers."

"You amaze me further. But that's the way with you radicals and Reds. You are always doing things to throw the Department of Justice operatives off the track. They'd never think of looking for you in Yonkers. If you lived in Greenwich Village, or way up in Croton you would be running true to form, but to pick out a respectable place in between like Yonkers is not playing the game at all. Anyhow, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Look what this country has done for you, and then think of the way you go around criti-

cizing the Government. 'If this country isn't good enough for you, why don't you go back where you came from?' Biting the hand that feeds you, I calls it."

"It is to laugh, isn't it?" Shurlieff ruminated. "I think an appreciation of absurdities is the only thing that has kept me going these last few years. Why, I have in my office right now a photograph of a little two-year-old Russian girl that those solemn asses in the Department deported last month for—what do you think? Actually and in all seriousness, 'as a dangerous character, threatening the overthrow of the Government'! A two-year-old child a danger to the Government of the United States! And if you go around, as I do, calling attention to miscarriages of Justice and trying to get conditions bettered, you are called a pro-German, or what is more fashionable, a Bolshevik. People are especially bitter if you happen to be a naturalized citizen like myself. 'Happen' is not a good word. It's the other way around. A naturalized citizen became an American by choice; the natives just happened to be Americans and have no act of choice to boast of. Yet these people pick on you for trying to improve the government which you found better than any other you had known, as if improvement were not possible in all human institutions. And just take my own case. I've gotten on and raised myself up far higher than I could ever have done back in Europe, but I did it *in spite* of a lot of unnecessary obstacles that are put in every immigrant's way. It is a damned hard fight, and a lot of us go under in the course of it. Even getting an education is not made

easy; they don't even tell you *where* you can get it, but leave it to you to find out for yourself—that is to say, outside of a few volunteer and non-official organizations. And education is even more important for immigrants than it is for native children. The immigrant's got a lot to unlearn, so he doesn't even start from scratch. I'm a bug on education; I suppose it's because my own experiences are still so vivid to me."

"Now that you speak of it," Broadhurst said, "it is appalling to think of what education might do and doesn't. Upon my own heaving bosom I wear a Phi Beta Kappa key, to prove that I am not only a college man but a bright little feller besides. And what have I got as a result of my very delightful and quite expensive education? A working knowledge of the English language, a bit of Spanish that I have entirely forgotten, a little French that I was proud of until I went to France, a smattering of German, a vague understanding of what physics, chemistry, and astronomy are all about, a few scattered and relatively unimportant dates in history, and a vast accumulation of advanced mathematics for which I have had no earthly use these many years. And of course there was a little Latin and less Greek. I still remember the Greek alphabet. But as for sociology, economics, biology, and political science, it is only within the last couple of years that I have been able to realize the completeness of my ignorance. As to painting, music, the drama, and other jolly little arts, I hesitate even to assert that I know what I like. But why go on? What I don't know

may be found in abbreviated form in the Encyclopædia Britannica. The rest is silence."

"Your refreshing ignorance is what appeals to me," Shurlieff replied. "But really, I *am* a bug on education. The whole trouble with the world is that people in it are so ignorant. That is what makes democracy so remote a thing, and makes even republicanism function so poorly. In a very real sense, 'the voice of the people is the voice of God'; the trouble is that the people usually are so inarticulate."

"Well," asked Broadhurst, "what are we going to do about it?"

"Nothing much, except to keep on trying. Your old friends, the ancient Greeks, pointed out the trouble and the solution some two thousand or more years ago, and nobody has paid any attention to them yet. That's the discouraging part of it; the human race has an inhuman readiness to believe everything except the truth. But occasionally an idea does get over, and I am reluctantly forced to admit that the world do move. Of course the only way to get ideas over is to keep harping on them, and that's why I wish you and your Committee well. You may get a certain amount of publicity before you are through, and hence get a few more people thinking about things that ought to be thought about. Otherwise, I regard your activities as the well-meant efforts of a bunch of dubs."

"You're breaking my heart, Alec," Broadhurst responded. "I suppose that what you'd like to see is a lot of direct action, whatever that is."

"To tell the truth, I don't know just what I do be-

lieve in, outside of education. I'm supposed to be a Communist, but that's just because their ideas seem to be more thorough and fundamental than others, and not because I really believe that they are sensible and would work perfectly. The great trouble with any political party is that once it gets into office it will think a lot more about keeping itself in office than it will about governing properly. The great trouble with Communism in Russia is the Communists. It has to be that way, because their belief in the rightness of their theories justifies in their own eyes whatever they may do in attempting to put those theories into effect. An anarchist is the only one who can be intellectually honest and logical, provided he doesn't forget what anarchy means. Which same he almost always does.

"At heart, I guess I myself am a revolutionist without a party label, and I fancy that I must always be. It is only the revolutionary people who hold my interest. I like the revolutionary in art, and poetry, and music, just as in government. And almost always these things go together; the great artist is radical in all things that matter. Revolution, too, is a young man's game. Men grow old and lose the spirit they had when young. They think that the principle of revolution has changed. It hasn't. Only they themselves have changed. The spirit of revolution is just as strong and just as necessary as it was in their youth, but when they lost their youth they lost the spirit too."

"More and more I have come to love America

and hate its governors. The American people are all right. But they're ignorant, and they've never had a real chance. That's not because they're oppressed, either; it's because they never before have felt the need for anything better. I've heard your crowd in the Committee talk many a time, and I think you're all wrong in some of your initial concepts. You talk as I, a revolutionist, am supposed to talk and don't. 'Conspiracy of the press,' 'schemes of Capitalism'—there's no such thing. It would be harder to get two newspapers to agree than it would be to form the One Big Union they sometimes seem so much afraid of. It would be still harder to get business men to coöperate with each other. They are too suspicious, too jealous.

“'Capital' doesn't make war with a callous disregard of human life—why, Capital's own sons were among the first to offer themselves, and many of them were killed. Capital made war because it didn't know any better. It's not greed, but stupidity, that does most of this world's harm.

“No, there's no real call for an oppressed American proletariat to throw off any yoke, unless it be the yoke of ignorance. But it *is* time Americans woke up. No matter how much they do arouse themselves, I don't think it will ever remotely approach a 'revolution' in appearance. I hope not, for revolutions are messy in the performance and the aftermath is sometimes disgusting. I should hate, for example, to see Izzy Weinstein sitting in a beautiful public building and throwing cigarette butts on the floor. If ever revolution came here, I think I should take to the woods, not because

I'd be afraid of being shot myself, but because I'm afraid if I stuck around my ideals would get shot up. I want to keep my ideal of revolution, even at the expense of missing the revolution itself. But I've gassed on too much already. Let's go."

"Do you know," said Broadhurst as they walked along a cross street, "I think I'd probably be an extremist myself, if there were any extreme that appealed to me. I suppose that that is something which will take a long time for me to work out satisfactorily—the idea of knowing what to stand for. Until the war I never knew that there was any other side to things than the side to which I had always been accustomed. Since then I've discovered that there is not only another side, but usually a lot of other sides, all of which seem to have their good points. I rate myself as only about four years old sociologically, and that's why I have no nicely developed sense of discrimination. I like the Liberal Committee crowd and their ideas, but I must confess that there are times when it seems to me as if they weren't thorough and therefore were more or less futile. But the more thinking I devote to the problem, the less I can guess at the answer."

"And now to Yonkers," Shurlieff remarked as they were about to separate. "Where are you going?"

"I was thinking of dropping in on Streeter for awhile."

"Remember me to him, even if there really ought to be professional jealousy between us. He and I are the only two lawyers in town who will handle deportation or other 'Red' cases, and he's all the time taking clients

away from me. But he's all right, for all that. He is, in my opinion, 'the Streeter called Straight.'"

"When I hear you making bad puns," Broadhurst commented, "I am inclined to wish that you had never been able to learn the English language at all. And you discourage me greatly. You two are much too thick, for only when lawyers fall out is there a chance of justice being done. But Streeter's all right, as you say, even if he does belong to the Committee which you hold in such slight esteem. And so are you. Good-night, Alec."

"Good night, Ralph. Drop around for lunch some noon."

Broadhurst walked toward Fifth Avenue thinking over the conversation of the evening. He and Shurlieff had seemed to hit it off very well together. They were even calling each other by their first names, now, though just a few weeks before it had been "Mr. Shurlieff" and "Mr. Broadhurst," the "Mr." being dropped at their third or fourth meeting. It was odd, now that Broadhurst considered the matter, that Shurlieff and Streeter and Sanderson and all the rest were calling him by what really was his first name, and not a nickname, while with one or two exceptions all his former associates called him "Dink." He found that he liked "Ralph" much better; it sounded more grown-up. Perhaps, he thought amusedly, that was one of the reasons why he liked his new associates more than the old.

When he came to the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street he stood irresolute for a moment.

He decided not to drop in on the Streeters after all, but to walk on down to his own room and get off a letter to Joan. He hadn't written her for three days.

A half hour later he sat at his little writing desk, chewing the tip of his penholder and staring at the untouched sheet of paper before him. He pulled out from the drawer several of Joan's recent letters to him, that he might reread them and put himself in a mood for replying.

They were nearly all very short. They were amusing, and chatty, and sometimes they startled him with their audacious endearments.

Joan still had a lot of the flapper about her, he decided, and immediately strove to explain away the thought as if it were disloyal. He compromised by telling himself that he liked her the better for that trait.

But in spite of his sense of disloyalty he found himself wondering how he and Joan had ever been attracted to each other. He recalled with amazement the rapidity of his courtship. "I guess I must be an oily worker after all," he thought. Hitherto he had always considered himself a poor ladies' man and invariably felt awkward and ill at ease in mixed company. But twice now——

For the first time in several months he was thinking of Anne. That also had been a sudden courtship. It was while on vacation in the summer of 1916 that he had first seen her, and when, a few months later, he went to France to drive an ambulance, they had corresponded at more or less regular intervals. Back in America a year later there had been one rainbow-coloured week at

the end of which they had found themselves engaged. Things happened like that, in 1917.

What a dim memory she had now become, she in whom had once been all the sunlight of his world! Broadhurst went to bed with disquieting thoughts that postponed the coming of sleep long past its usual hour.

CHAPTER XVII

*"'You are old, Father William,' the young man said
'And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?'"*

I

THE collapse of Broadhurst's efforts at sociable reconstruction and of Arnold's counter-offensive had cleared the air. Broadhurst knew, now, that the gulf between him and his former friends was as impassable as it was intangible. The separation was spiritual rather than physical, for he would play tennis with them on week-ends, or dance with them at night, and everything seemed perfectly natural and as it had been. But he no longer felt any *need* for their companionship and in the periods when he was not with them they simply ceased to exist. If a month went by without his appearance at the Oranges, he was conscious of no interlude when next he found himself there. Only when someone remarked, "We haven't seen you in a long time," did he realize that it was not a conversational vapidty but a friendly statement of fact.

Perhaps because she was one of the same set, because her ways were their ways rather than his, Joan too became, by degrees, vague to Broadhurst, a shadowy

picture and no longer a vibrant reality. With this development geography had much to do. Northampton, Mass., is not within commuting distance of New York and Joan was in the habit of coming home from Smith only for the regular holidays. Distance lends enchantment but often at the expense of ardour, and letters, when they come regularly and frequently, lose their power to thrill.

As far as Joan was concerned, Broadhurst was living in a state of romantic entrancement that did not permit introspection. He told himself that he was keener about her than ever, and believed it. It was with real delight that he tore open her last letter, adorned with a blue special delivery stamp, and read:

DINK, OLD DUCK:

I finds that I has not lost my cunning.

The glad Eastertide is here, and though to the callous hearts of the college authorities that means little or nothing, I have slipped over an extra day on them and am leaving here Thursday noon and reach the Grand Central at 6:07. Write the date down on your cuff, because you really ought to be there, you know.

I've got to quit and get to a class.

I think you will concede that the kid is clever.

Love,

JOAN.

Broadhurst met the train on Thursday evening and escorted Joan with her large black patent leather suitcase, her hatbox, and her extra overcoat, across the city to the Hudson Tubes and her home in Llewellyn Park.

Joan, upon arrival, was embraced by her parents and

vanished in the company of Mrs. Norris to her own room upstairs.

Mr. Norris greeted Broadhurst affably. "We haven't seen you for quite a spell, young fellow. Want to wash up a bit? No? Then tell us about your new political party." He had learned of Broadhurst's political leanings and regarded them with an indulgent interest. Broadhurst explained the present plans, feeling self-conscious and absurdly young as he did so, under the quizzical gaze of his father-in-law-to-be.

"Interesting, if true," the latter commented as Broadhurst finished. "I have at times believed, myself, that there was no inherent difference between the Republicans and the Democrats, and because I felt that way I was almost one of the founders of the late and not so greatly lamented Bull Moose party. I say 'almost,' because at the showdown I decided that you couldn't get anywhere that way and that it was better to stick to the straight Republican gang. Which saved me the trouble of coming back to it repentantly four years later. So a Republican I have lived and a Republican I expect to die. I believe in progressive ideas, but I don't think you can put them over by forming a new political party. For one thing, not that I want to discourage you, I don't think that you can form a new party. You reformers won't pay attention to details and that's why the professional politicians will beat you every time. *You won't pay attention to details.*"

"It seems to me," Broadhurst suggested with a laugh, "that we're attending to nothing but details. You ought to come to one of the meetings and see the way

time can be wasted when people really put their minds to it."

"I don't mean that sort of detail. Whom, for instance, are you going to run for president?"

"We don't know yet. That'll be decided at the convention this summer."

"There you are, right there! The only thing that can get a new party off to a good start, and a good start is essential if you hope to keep going, is to have a strong man at the head of the national ticket. The personality of your presidential nominee will make or break you, and you haven't yet decided that most important question of all. With a well-established party, the choice of a nominee is not so important. I'm a Hoover man myself, but I'll vote the straight Republican ticket this year if it's headed by a yellow dog, and there are a lot of others just like me. Which, I suppose, is the reason why we may get—not a yellow dog exactly—but somebody nobody wants. Our politicians know that they can get by with almost anybody, but your crowd don't seem to realize that that's just what you can't do. As I say, you won't pay attention to details. All you're interested in is stirring up popular enthusiasm for a new deal, and you let the shuffling of the cards take care of itself. If you don't stack the deck somebody else will, for that's a way we have in politics, and the time to do it is before the playing begins."

Broadhurst was inclined to argue the point, but the appearance of Joan and Mrs. Norris, and the announcement of dinner, put a stop to the discussion. Joan's

total lack of interest in matters sociological sometimes troubled Broadhurst.

II

There had been a sudden change in the temperature, and the evening seemed almost springlike. Broadhurst felt restless in his room, and putting aside his book he strolled down Fifth Avenue and through Washington Square, where long queues of young people were waiting their turn to board a bus for an evening's ride uptown and back.

South of the Square, the transition to a noisy, congested tenement district is startlingly abrupt. The residents are mostly Italians here and the native New Yorker elbowing his way along the sidewalks crowded with small children, fat women, and swart-faced men feels the growing irritation and indignation that commonly arise when one hears a foreign language spoken on all sides. Broadhurst wondered why his uncle continued to live in such a run-down neighbourhood.

Doctor Broadhurst, one of the city's eminent surgeons, had lived in his own house on Charlton Street since long before Ralph Broadhurst had been born. At the time of his wedding, to which Broadhurst had gone as a little boy, he had heard with childish incomprehension his parents say "now that Frank and Ella are married he'll probably move out of this part of town: it's beginning to get sort of shabby." That was nearly thirty years ago, and it had become less and less desirable every year since. But Uncle Frank and Aunt Ella had not moved yet. They had talked about it

many times, but something had always decided them against it. Perhaps the fact of being one's own landlord was ample compensation for many minor annoyances.

Broadhurst's father, Doctor Broadhurst's only brother, had died many years before, and upon the death of his mother in 1915, Broadhurst was left with his Uncle Frank and his Aunt Ella as his only close relations in the older generation. The doctor, however, was much more to Broadhurst than just an uncle. He had become, in the course of years, something of a confidant; a spiritual confessor. He was the only older person whose advice Broadhurst consistently sought or, having obtained, sought to follow. The pleasantest part of the relationship was that it was not insistent. Although they lived in the same part of the city, there were months at a time when they did not meet, save by chance.

"I'm sorry your Aunt Ella has gone out this evening," the doctor said as he and Broadhurst sat smoking in the doctor's study. "How are things going in business?"

"Oh, all right," Broadhurst replied. "Everybody's making money this year; the advertising business booms."

"I've noticed that there was a tremendous amount of advertising being done this year," the doctor remarked. "What's the reason for so much? I don't see how they can keep it up."

"They can't. A lot of what you see is more or less artificial. Of course there's a whale of a lot of prosperity, and advertising would naturally reflect the gen-

eral condition. But a lot of advertisers seem to me to have gone plumb crazy, or else are merely sinking some of their excess profits into advertising and doing the Government out of the tax. I know that's the way some of them figure it—they'd rather have \$100,000 worth of advertising than \$35,000 or \$50,000 in cash and have the rest go to the tax collector. But I don't suppose I should crab at that; the less the Government gets the more there is for us in the agency business, and that seems to be the high ethical plane on which we all operate."

"You seem unduly cynical for one so young," the doctor laughed. "But that reminds me. What's this I hear about your starting a new party, and how did you come to get interested in this sort of thing anyhow?"

"It's a long story," Broadhurst answered. "But to boil it down to its essence, it's just this: the war made a Bolshevik out of me. At least, it made me look at things differently, and it seemed to me that there were a lot of things that were wrong that needn't be. You can't expect to have everything perfect in this well-known world, but the trouble with most people is that, realizing the impossibility of perfection, they think it futile to try for any improvement at all. Somebody's got to do something and I fell in with this gang in the Liberal Committee whose dope is along practically the same lines as my own. I don't know how far we'll get, but unless we or somebody like us starts something and starts it soon, things are going to smash."

"In other words," the doctor observed, "you echo the words of the Melancholy Dane:

"'The time is out of joint; oh, cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right!'"

"Well," Broadhurst replied, "it isn't quite as bad as that."

"No," said the doctor slowly, "it isn't as bad as that. It isn't bad at all. What you're doing, I mean. Or what leads you to try to do it. I agree with very little of your 'dope,' except in the undeniable fact that not all things are what they should be. Take government ownership of railroads, for instance. I think that it would be incredible folly to put them in the hands of the government bureaucrats again, and to put them there for keeps. But you have the ambition to want to try to do it. It really amounts to a change in our whole conception of government, and you are willing to work for that change. Your opinions on other matters are contrary to public sentiment also. A great many respectable people will call you names for entertaining such ideas. But you are willing to swim against the popular stream of thought. You even have the nerve to want to change the course of that stream.

"That's the word I am thinking about," he went on. "*Change*. It takes courage to try to change anything in the sphere of human relations—courage, or ambition, or youth. And I am no longer young.

"I am old, and the fire has gone out of me. I am old, and of the things for which I fought passionately when I was young, some have come to pass and many

more have been discredited. I fight no longer now, save for the preservation of what is, because the things to which I am accustomed have become the things I love. To me, who was once a heretic, so many of the new ideas you young men sponsor now seem the vilest of heresies; the times have caught up with me, I fancy, and perhaps have gone beyond. I cannot tell. All I know is that I am puzzled and disturbed.

"I think you are wrong. I think that there's an excellent chance of your doing something for which you will be overwhelmingly sorry at a later date. I shall oppose you, perhaps, but I shall never try to discourage you. For my own elders, in some of the views which they held, have proved to be pitifully wrong, and we, who were then young, have been shown to have been right. Old age is not in itself omniscience, and perhaps it is you, the young men, who now are right and we the older men who are wrong. Change must always take place, and it is always the old men who resist it.

"Yet I have discovered what you in your turn can discover only by growing old. I have found that many of the things which I could not understand as a youth, the purpose of which I could not fathom, are at the heart of them good and beautiful. Youth so often wants a change just because it is a change, regardless of whether it be for the better or for the worse. That is as much a fault as it is the fault of old age to take the opposite point of view.

"We are of different generations, you and I, and we see things differently. No one, and I least of all, can

tell which viewpoint is correct. And therefore I repeat to you: fight for what you believe. If it touches me, if you fight for something I do not want and it matters enough to me, I shall fight back, and an unfair advantage will be on my side. I shall use it, too, for all that it is worth. And yet, perhaps, I shall not be altogether sorry if in the end it should be you who won."

He fell silent, and stared with unseeing eyes at his hands that lay folded in his lap. Broadhurst made no move to disturb the silence. A clock ticked methodically on the mantel. Slowly, as if in a reverie, Doctor Broadhurst resumed:

"There are many of the old things to which we should cleave. But between what is worth preserving and what is merely old, it is hard, sometimes, to distinguish. That is what makes life so difficult.

"But it is certain that some old things must go, and new things take their place, and if we ever are to advance we must fight. Whether our individual efforts are successful or not, seems to me now to be immaterial. I am old, and I am weary, and I have achieved but little. But I am not entirely sorry that in a few years I shall be gone, for though I have often quailed, and sometimes quit, I have not altogether shirked the responsibilities of life. There were years that were crowded with fighting, and the fighting has been its own recompense. Those who do not struggle for something better than what they see all around them, do not, I think, live at all."

He stood up, erect and keen-eyed despite his years.

"Well, Ralph," he said, "I didn't mean to read you

quite such a lecture. Have you been down to Princeton lately?"

Broadhurst rose reluctantly. "I haven't been down since the Harvard game last Fall," he said, "but I'm planning to go down once or twice before reunion."

He stood indecisively for a moment. Suddenly he extended his hand and grasped the older man's in a firm grip. "Good-bye, Uncle Frank. You're a good old egg."

CHAPTER XVIII

*"One, two, three, four—sometimes I wish there were more,
Ein, zwei, drei, vier—I love you more and more."*

I

THE winter had passed quickly for Broadhurst. His new interests had more than made up for his abandonment of suburban society, and the weeks had rolled by so rapidly that he had not found it necessary to become reconciled to the cold weather that he detested. Almost before he had seriously considered the advisability of getting out his woollen army underwear again, behold, the need of it had vanished and the tennis courts on the upper west side of the city were open for play.

Yet abrupt as had been his departure from his before-the-war habits, his dissociation from his former friends had been by no means complete and absolute. He still went to parties in the Oranges, albeit infrequently, and he still lunched more or less regularly at the Yale-Princeton Club, where he could not have avoided many of his former companions even had he so desired. With George Arnold his meetings were almost as frequent as they had ever been, although they were not marked, on Broadhurst's part at least, by the same intimacy that once had characterized them. To the casual observer, however, the two seemed as thick as ever,

and once every month or so Broadhurst went out to the Arnolds' for the evening or to spend the night.

So it was on the present occasion. There had been a somewhat formal bridge party at the residence of a friend, and the Arnolds had urged Broadhurst to accept the invitation and to spend the night with them afterward. The party itself had not been thoroughly successful. It had been too large and too mixed to lead to spontaneous hilarity, and they had played for prizes and not for stakes—itself an inducement to boredom for confirmed players. In addition the weather had been wretched and dispiriting, for a rain that had lasted all the day had turned to pale mist and dull drippings from the trees. When the three of them—George and Myra Arnold and Broadhurst—returned late to the apartment they were too depressed to be inclined toward conversation and after unenthusiastic “good-nights” had gone forthwith to bed.

When Broadhurst was awakened in the morning, the flood of sunlight that poured into his room was a delightful surprise, and his mood was correspondingly exalted. In the white-tiled bathroom he applied the lather to his face with joyous strokes of the brush.

“Hurry up, gents! Pancakes for breakfast!” Myra’s glad cry from the dining room broke in upon his musings and spoiled the rest of the day for him. “Damn the pancakes,” he muttered and continued scraping away at his chin, with black bitterness in his heart where a moment before had been the song of birds gaily carolling “cheerio.” In so far as any such inanimate object as an article of food could do it, pan-

cakes roused in him an insensate rage. He once had liked them. That was before he had been in the army. At one time, with the squadron, for six solid weeks breakfast every morning had been pancakes, sometimes with syrup, usually without, but always pancakes in an unending, frightful succession. He had sworn a solemn vow never to eat another. He craved an egg.

Suppose, after they were married, that Joan should make pancakes for him—as a treat—even as Myra made them for George! How terrible that would be! If he told her he detested them, she would be offended, hurt, and probably tearful. The alternative would be to eat them, with a smile. It was a disturbing pre-science of what married life might be like in some of its more intimate aspects. He was troubled in mind as he finished dressing and went in to breakfast.

Later, as he and George Arnold walked to the station together, his spirits revived under the influence of the weather. After the heavy rain of the day before, there was double charm in the freshness of the morning. And with the morning, Spring had come to stay. One could tell that just by looking at the sidewalks. They were speckled with the cast-off outer coverings of leaf-buds, fallen from the branches overhead. And they were strewn with the pale, discouraged corpses of countless worms which had crawled up out of the rain-soaked earth to die in the open. Why worms which have courageously withstood the bitter frosts of winter should succumb to the first warm spring rain, is one of the unplumbed mysteries of life. Yet there they were, and Broadhurst recognized in them the sure harbingers of

Spring's arrival. With the recognition came the recollection that he had planned to leave on Saturday for a week with the Norrises at Heather House—they had returned to the spot where he had first met Joan for their annual Spring visit, and Joan's Easter vacation, with the connivance of the family physician, had been stretched out an extra ten days. Her parents professed that she looked "run down" and an outing in the country would do her good. He reflected that it would be an amusing quip to explain to Joan how angleworms had caused him to think of her, and sought to compose an appropriate stanza. "My love is like an angleworm, that comes out in the spring——" he began, and wondered what would rhyme with "worm" besides "squirm." He had decided that the third line should be "Oh, Lady, Lady, I affirm," when Arnold interrupted his versifying by remarking: "The 8:04's about due. We'd better speed up a little."

II

Joan met Broadhurst at the little wooden station on Saturday evening, and they drove along in her runabout through the dusky twilight, for Heather House was a full two miles from the railroad. As they rounded a turn a country cemetery came into view, and awakened memories in Broadhurst's mind. It was on this fence, here at the side of the road, that he had sat that evening a year ago, a few hours before seeing Joan for the first time, and had reflected on the mysteries of life, death, and immortality. He smiled, and leaned forward interestedly for a better view. The cemetery

seemed in better repair than it did that other time, and the tombstones did not totter so crazily. Joan marked his interest.

"They've spruced this rest camp all up," she said. "It's a rather gloomy old spot still, though, isn't it?"

Broadhurst's thoughts jumped back to the present, and he felt a vague disappointment as if Joan had somehow failed him. To her the cemetery was just a cemetery, a place with tombstones in it, and not something to speculate upon. He felt somewhat irritated too, as if petty irritations were to be expected when he was with her. Take her habit of filling her sentences full with "thoughts" and of ending them all with interrogation marks. He had not noticed this trait at first; but later came to look for its repetition and to wince when it came. This watching for flaws would never do. What had come over him lately, anyhow?

Joan put the same question, quite unexpectedly, to him that evening.

Her parents had tactfully left the veranda to the younger couple, and in the lamp-lit living room were quietly engaged in their accustomed occupations. Mr. Norris was yawning over a book, and Mrs. Norris was intent upon her knitting. Save for this new avocation, the war had apparently changed her habits and her way of life not at all. Since the Armistice she had ceased knitting socks and had taken to neckties and gay-coloured sweaters; what became of them after completion no one seemed to know.

"What's come over you, Dink?" Joan broke the silence. "Everybody in Orange says that you have

dropped out of sight completely." There was a trace of annoyance in her voice.

"Why, nothing, so far as I know," Broadhurst made reply. "I guess I have fallen off in my batting average, though, now that you speak of it. I've been pretty busy with the Committee, and then—to tell the truth," he blurted out, "I find that I get sort of bored with dances and all that sort of thing. And nobody talks about anything interesting. Now this gang that I play around with in New York——"

"Oh, bother your Committee and your gang," Joan interrupted, "I don't see just what interests you in them, and what you're all excited about. I've tried to get interested in your dope, but I think politics are stupid."

"Well, the political end," Broadhurst protested, "is only one little phase of it. If you hold views on economics and sociology and that sort of stuff, you naturally want to put them into practice if you can."

"But I don't hold any such views," was her logical rejoinder.

"But you ought to, Joan."

"I don't see why."

"But don't you feel, don't you *see* that there ought to be more to life than making a living, having a reasonable amount of happiness, and raising children to go through the same process? Don't you——"

Joan interrupted him. "I don't know what you're talking about, and it's too much of a strain on old dome to try to figure it out. Anyhow, I don't think the American people are such a down-trodden lot. Be-

sides, when I pass some of your remarks along I am almost always made to feel like a fool. Dad, for instance, just laughs and calls it 'parlour Bolshevism' and says that you—Oh, never mind what he says."

"Come on, out with it," Broadhurst urged. "I might as well know the worst. What does he say?"

"He says," Joan laughed, "that you'll get over it."

"Maybe he's right," Broadhurst said, "but what am I going to do in the meantime?"

"Well," Joan suggested, "you might take a little more interest in your old friends. And you might take a little more interest in Joan. I hope," she added in mock alarm, "that I'm not one of those who bore you so much these days."

The words were disconcerting. For the first time he realized that that was exactly what had happened. Joan, too, was beginning to bore him. Not Joan, perhaps, but the thought of being married to her.

"How can you say such a thing!" he answered indignantly.

Later that night, when he was alone in his room making ready for bed, he wondered if he had done well to protest so vehemently. After all, what was the use trying to preserve something which didn't exist? He wondered, too, if his protest had sounded quite so convincing as he had sought to make it.

It was a strange week. He decided to "study" Joan, not knowing quite how to go about it, and soon had a distinct impression that she also was studying him. Yet their relations of affectionate camaraderie did not seem in the least strained.

One noon time they sat on the veranda, chatting with her parents while waiting for lunch. Mrs. Norris had been recounting the difficulties that had arisen that morning when Al, the handy man about the place, had tried to chop down a tree to use as an extra support for the water tank. It was an involved and not particularly interesting story. The point of it hinged on the fact that the cook happened to look out of the kitchen window just in time to see Al tearing across the fields, and imagined that Mrs. Norris, standing by to superintend the operation, had been hurt.

"Well," she concluded laughingly, "there was Al running across the fields with a chain around his neck——"

Joan interrupted. "How perfectly exciting! But Mother, dear, what were you training Al to be when he got away from you?"

Broadhurst choked over his pipe. It was just like Joan to make a deliciously absurd remark like that. He looked at her, long and reflectively.

She was a remarkably pretty girl—"beautiful," he would have said, had not that word seemed to imply the statueque. He knew that he liked her enormously. But he discovered that he could look at her without emotion. The sensation was very similar to that which he had when, on returning from France, he had revisited his old army camp in Maryland. It was interesting, in a way, and pleasant, but there was no thrill in it. "The old snap's not there," he commented inwardly.

Suddenly he was conscious that Joan was likewise

looking at him. Their eyes met, and both of them smiled guiltily.

"What were you thinking about?" Broadhurst asked, to cover his own confusion.

"Oh," Joan answered, "I was just—thinking."

III

He stood in his room after an evening of passionate embraces, looking out across the dim distances that spread beneath the glow of spring moonlight. Far away a train whistle sounded. Always that sound brought him back to the time when as a child he had shivered in his bed at the melancholy wail of lost spirits hurrying through the night. He would feel an unspeakable sadness and pull the bedclothes well up over his tousled head.

Now a sense of desolating loneliness filled him. In no way did the girl he had just left respond to something within him that cried aloud. Her body allured him, set him on fire in blind, heedless moments. Her quick, slangy wit and lively manner amused him more often than her persistent flippancy irritated him. What was he asking from this girl? Ridiculous to demand that she see eye to eye with him. Let her preserve the conservatism of a church-warden and his love would not cool. Love had nothing to do with political economy.

It was this constant questioning of the existence of love between them that hurt. He remembered his first love, long before Anne. He had been in an ecstasy. His whole world was a thing of flame. At the very

sight of his beloved, he would tremble with an exquisite joy. The thought of her would enrapture him. She was with him always. He would confide to her his most jealously guarded secrets. He would tell her his aspirations and dearest dreams. He liked to fancy that about her was a whirring of wings.

It was a time of April rains, of bursting buds, young, green growing things, attuned to the poems they read, to their long, burning kisses, their whispered adorations. Through one spring they had clung together. Then he had been sent West for his summer vacation and somehow their love had shrivelled and died between the stilted, unnatural lines of their letters.

He had never forgotten that first fine love. There had been hints of that ecstasy, deeper and quieter perhaps, during his courtship of Anne. Nothing about Joan remotely suggested it. He could drop her out of his life for weeks at a time and never note the loss. There was no mystic trembling in Joan's presence. If he should venture on a recital of his dreams to Joan she would undoubtedly interrupt with a demand for a Fatima. He was brought up short with the idea that he and Joan were just another pair of "petting partners." No doubt she would approve that expression.

IV

The days slipped by, and it was Sunday night again. In the morning Broadhurst was to take an early train back to the city.

"Come on," he suggested to Joan, "let's go down to the glen."

She showed reluctance. "There's something I want to say to you," he urged, and she followed him down the narrow path in the darkness.

They sat down together on a boulder in the glen, and he took her hand in his.

To Broadhurst's surprise, she was the first to speak. He had had his mind all made up as to what he should say and how he would say it, and this move on her part was entirely outside of the calculations.

"Look, Dink, old dear," she began. "I've been thinking things over, not only this last week, but long before that. And I've been wondering—just what do you think about me, anyhow?" She broke off suddenly.

"I think a hell of a lot of you," he affirmed, "and that's why I was going to tell you what I had on my mind, to-night. I'm glad you beat me to it. I suggested coming down here to the glen because it was here that we saw each other for the first time; here, also, we may see each other for the last. I guess we weren't cut out for each other after all, Joan."

"No," she said simply, "I guess we weren't. But for a while we did fall for each other pretty hard though, didn't we? And I think we like each other still pretty well. So here we are, and that's that."

Broadhurst stood up: "I came to you, unknown and out of the darkness," he said, "and I'll go the same way."

"Why, Dink!" Joan exclaimed. "How melodramatic you are!" Their hands were still engaged, and she drew him back beside her on the rock. "But you're

just a bit precipitous. You've forgotten something. What did you do when you saw me first?"

"I kissed you," he stammered.

"Well?" she said, her eyes sparkling mischievously.

"My error," Broadhurst acknowledged. The error was pleasingly rectified.

They stood up, and Joan heaved a sigh.

"It *was* fun while it lasted, though, wasn't it?" she said and sighed again, cheerfully, as they turned to follow the path to Heather House.

V

Broadhurst sat at his desk, staring out of the window with indifferent eyes and tapping with his pencil on the pad that lay before him. He had written seven advertisements for a non-alcoholic vermouth and needed five more to make it the even dozen his client would want. What the devil could he write next? He had rung in all the changes on the theme of "taking the blues out of the blue laws" and "being a good mixer." His brain refused to function further.

In the next room another member of the National Advertising Agency was telephoning to a "prospect." Through the thin partition Broadhurst could overhear the eager solicitation.

"This is Mr. Wyncoop of the National Advertising Agency," the voice was saying. "No, *Wyncoop*, not Winthrop—W, Y, N, C, double-O, P. We have just done some very interesting work for the Ryde Shoe Company that I'd like to show you. What's that?"

The prospect was evidently objecting that the Ryde

Shoe Company was nothing in his life, and that he wasn't thinking of advertising anyhow.

"Oh, I know," Mr. Wyncoop continued undismayed, "but we have done something very real here, and I am confident that it would interest you. If you'd be willing to gamble a few minutes of your time, I'd be delighted to come around and show you. Make no mistake; this stuff is quite out of the ordinary. Beg pardon? Fine! I'll see you at three o'clock to-morrow then, and you won't regret it, I can promise you." The receiver clicked.

To-morrow at three, Broadhurst reflected, Mr. Wyncoop would call on Mr. What's-His-Name with a neat portfolio of advertising proofs and point out in detail their excellencies. Mr. What's-His-Name would listen grudgingly and refuse to commit himself. At 4 o'clock Mr. Wyncoop would be back in his own office dictating a lengthy memorandum that would begin: "Had a very satisfactory session this afternoon with Mr. What's-His-Name of the Blank Manufacturing Company. These people make high-grade roll-top desks, and do an annual business of about \$1,000,000 a year. . . ." It would conclude: "While they are not at present contemplating any change in their agency relations, Mr. What's-His-Name seemed impressed with our work and suggested that we get in touch with him again six months from now."

That was the life! Broadhurst felt coming over him another wave of disgust at his job. He threw his pencil down on the desk, viciously, and a moment later observed with satisfaction that the girl from the infor-

mation desk was coming in with a card. Whoever it might be that was calling, the interruption was welcome. It was Manning.

"I'm glad you've come," Broadhurst said when the engineer strolled in. "I was just about to cut my throat."

"I've got a better idea than that," Manning suggested. "Let's go on a party."

Broadhurst straightened up the papers on his desk, gave instructions to a stenographer regarding the signing of one or two letters that should go forward that evening, and went out in Manning's company. "You always pop in," he said, "when I am the most depressed."

"It's a gift," Manning laughed. "Wait in the car a minute while I telephone," he requested when they reached the street.

In a moment or two he rejoined Broadhurst and slapped him jovially on the back. "We're off!" he cried as he slammed the motor into gear and headed up Sixth Avenue, dodging in and out of the traffic that wormed its way among the Elevated pillars.

Broadhurst had already begun to doubt the desirability of the excursion when, half an hour later, he found that they had stopped in a vaguely familiar neighbourhood to collect the same two girls with whom he and Manning had once been out long before.

Miss Gertrude and Miss Louise were effusive in their greetings. "We haven't seen you in months and months," they reproved him. "We thought you had forgotten all about us, and we got discouraged asking Mr. Manning to bring you around again."

Gertrude snuggled down close to him in the rear seat and squeezed his arm with her hand. "Why haven't you ever been to see me again?" she asked appealingly. "Didn't Mr. Manning give you any of those messages?"

"No." He laughed. "Maybe he was jealous."

"Maybe," said Gertrude, "he had reason to be." She lowered her eyes.

"Old stuff," Broadhurst remarked to himself, and disengaging his arm, patted her on the back. "All in a spirit of fun," he said aloud, and leaned forward to answer the question Manning had shot over his shoulder as to where they should go for dinner.

The dinner itself bore a marked resemblance to the dinner which the same quartette had shared a year before. In fact, though the place of having it was different, it was almost an exact duplication. There was the same sort of music, the same heavy clouds of tobacco smoke, the same crowded area bordered by temporarily deserted tables, the same sort of people. The only marked difference was the fact that cocktails were served in demi-tasses, and highballs in thick china coffee cups, while more provident guests produced flasks and poured their contents into tall glasses held just far enough below the table edge to make it obvious what was being done.

As the evening wore on, Gertrude became more and more frankly affectionate. But Broadhurst, with his earlier sense of indifference still upon him, had gone lightly on the drinking and responded only half heartedly. She began to pout. Manning and Louise made matters worse by joking at her. She sulked. Toward

midnight Manning called the party off, and drove the two girls to their apartment. Broadhurst and Gertrude sat silent in the rear seat during the ride, and when the car drew up at the curb she jumped out and ran into the building without a word of parting. Broadhurst looked after her quizzically.

On the way home Manning laughed loudly. "You didn't seem to be showing Gertrude much of a time," he said. "What was the trouble?"

"Oh," Broadhurst answered vaguely, "I guess I'm getting old."

"It looks to me more as if you had decided to get respectable. You haven't been getting yourself engaged, have you?"

"On the contrary, I've just gotten myself out."

"Well," Manning concluded, "all I can say is that your reactions are damned peculiar. I guess I'll have to do something about it." He chuckled as he tugged at the steering wheel to pass a lumbering truck.

CHAPTER XIX

"For God, for country, and for Yale."

I

THE steel strike had failed, the miners had lost, and the railroads had been turned back to private operation. All seemed well with the basic industries and the nation was delivered from Bolshevism.

Without warning, and almost overnight, what had appeared to be merely a local expression of discontent on the part of a few switchmen in Chicago spread into a country-wide railroad tie-up, and the nation had to be saved all over again. The newspapers protested vehemently that they did not know what the strike was all about, and in that there was a certain measure of truth, for the modern newspaper seems curiously uninformed as to causes. In this instance the strikers gave them no help. One of the most unusual features of this altogether unusual strike was that the leaders surrounded it with a veil of complete secrecy and silence. It was not, in fact, altogether certain who the leaders were. That it should be called the "outlaw" strike followed naturally.

Broadhurst's sympathies were with the outlaws, partly because he believed they had just grievances, partly because it was a fresh demonstration of what was likely

to happen any time under private ownership, and partly because of his instinctive reaction in favour of anything denounced as "Red" or "un-American." The accusation of disloyalty was universally used these days in place of more specific and convincing arguments, for it was easy to make and it usually answered the purpose. Unfortunately, its present effectiveness was weakened in the case of the one visible leader, Grunau of the Chicago switchmen and the instigator of the walk-out. His supporters countered by calling attention to the fact that Grunau had bought Liberty Bonds during the war, and of course no one bought Liberty Bonds save from the highest motives of uninfluenced patriotism. The denunciation of the outlaws on the ground that it put the country in peril of a food shortage was more effective; it happened to be true.

Yet even if there were no real or imminent danger to the health of the nation, there was no end of inconvenience, and inconvenience is exasperating to a people who approve of comfort and regularity. The immediate apparent cause of any inconvenience is never likely to be popular, and it was not popular now. The strikers were particularly anathema in the eyes of the commuters from New York's suburbs.

George Arnold, who had had to beat his way in and out from the Oranges every day, could not conceive how any one might be on the side of the strikers.

"Well, I guess this is a bit too thick even for you," he remarked to Broadhurst one noon as they met for lunch.

"I'd hardly say that," Broadhurst laughed. "As a matter of fact, I'm all for 'em."

Arnold, in spite of many previous similar shocks, was visibly dumbfounded.

"Do you mean to say that when a gang like this tries to hold up the whole nation you can actually approve of it? Why, good-night! if the strike were completely effective, New York City would be starved to death in a week. Even as it is, food is short and people are already going hungry. They ought to be shot." It was not clear whether Arnold referred to the hungry people or the striking railroad employees.

"Well," Broadhurst drawled, "I never noticed you getting excited about the thousands of people in New York City who are habitually undernourished. Why weep for those who are just temporarily embarrassed?"

"But this is different! This threatened food scarcity here, and in fact the whole thing, is unnecessary. It's just a few hundred thousand men out for what they can get who don't care what happens to the hundred million in the meantime."

"For once we agree. And I am glad to hear you state so good an argument for government ownership of railroads. You're darned right, it's unnecessary. Or at least it shouldn't be necessary; or possible. There ought to be another way for men to get their claims listened to than by striking, but if you take away the right to strike and leave the railroads in control of private individuals you're not going to get very far toward a solution. And as for the ability of a few hundred thousand men to hold up the whole country, how about the power of the very much smaller number of railroad directors and presidents? They'd do it, too, if it ever

should be to their advantage to suspend the operation of trains. That is, if there's any truth at all in your favourite theory that 'you can't change human nature.' You've either got to change your idea that everybody is out for what he can get himself, or agree with mine that the railroads *can* be run efficiently without the incentive of private profit."

"Rats!" Arnold responded. "You can't run the railroads decently if you get them into politics."

"Twice we agree! Twice on the same day! That's just what I've been telling you all along. The railroads haven't been run decently because they *are* in politics and have been there ever since they started. The only way to get them out is to put them in the Government where they belong, for there are three main attributes of sovereignty—the administration of justice, the levying of taxes, and the control of communications. But you never seem quite to get the point. Let's talk about something else."

They did, and after lunch they separated, each despairing afresh of the other's salvation. Although they had formally given each other up as lost to reason, they still cherished secret hopes that this might not be so. At any rate, the railroad strike settled itself not long afterward, with each side claiming a moral victory.

II

May came in, and Broadhurst went down to Princeton for the spring meeting of the Council of Fifty on which he was the representative for his class. The group with which he had strolled over from the Nassau

Club after dinner had gone up to the Council Room in Murray Dodge Hall, and Broadhurst lingered outside to finish a cigarette.

Across the way stood a bronze statue erected in commemoration of the establishment of an undergraduate religious organization. The figure was that of a preposterous football player in a turtle-neck sweater of the type that had been obsolete for twenty years, and was intended to symbolize the student-athlete-Christian. The symbolism had been lost on the Princetonians of Broadhurst's generation, who irreverently referred to the figure as the "statue of Sam White." Broadhurst wondered smilingly, as his eye fell on the object, whether the designation had since continued as one of the undergraduate stock jokes or had disappeared into the limbo of forgotten traditions.

His gaze wandered from the incongruous figure and rested lovingly on the other landmarks of the campus.

To the right stood the chapel, with its gravelled, elm-shaded agora in front of it. It was not a beautiful building, for it had been built at a period when architectural monstrosities were in vogue, yet by a strange stroke of fortune it had escaped the blight of utter ugliness such as marked Dickinson Hall, near by. Perhaps the memories that hung thickly about it had softened its cruder aspects and given it a bit of the false loveliness of places well remembered. Here, at chapel, was the only spot whereat the whole undergraduate body ever met regularly, if somewhat unwillingly, and here they lingered in pleasant weather to chat with friends after the services.

Still farther to the right was McCosh, a recitation hall of divinely Gothic architecture, and between the chapel and McCosh one could catch a glimpse of the quad with the imposing sundial in its centre.

Behind the bronze memorial statue on which Broadhurst's gaze had first rested was the library, and to the left of that were the austere lines of the back of Nassau Hall—"Old North," that once had housed the entire college. The historic canon stood slantingly in the centre of an open plot, and in the background were dormitories and other buildings dimly visible through the trees.

It was twilight now, and the whispering of the breeze among the leaves overhead and the perfume of close-cropped grass lulled one's sensibilities with an illogical suggestion of permanence and peace. There came the sound of happy voices across the campus, and an occasional group of two or three students sauntered along the tree-bordered walks, with arms affectionately linked.

Broadhurst drew a deep breath as he turned to go up to the Council Room. "You can't beat it," he observed to himself.

III

The president of the university had come in to address the Council—to report on his stewardship during the last six months. In his well-modulated, winning voice he recounted the outstanding phases of recent and projected developments. He spoke of changes in the faculty and in the curriculum, of the satisfactory

progress in the raising of the endowment fund, of his sorrow that the author of "This Side of Paradise" had depicted undergraduate life at Princeton so misleadingly, of his pride in the achievements of the athletic teams.

"But there is something," he said, "that reflects even more adequately the real spirit that we have here at Princeton, than the determination to win despite overwhelming odds which brought such well-deserved laurels to the team last fall. For after all, and I think most of you gentlemen will agree with me"—his smile was greeted with decorous laughter—"Princeton has higher aims than the purpose, highly satisfactory though it be in its accomplishment, of beating Yale in football. Princeton has an ideal, an ideal which we have expressed in the phrase: 'Princeton in the nation's service.' A few weeks ago our undergraduates, voluntarily, and without suggestion from me or any one else in authority, translated this phrase into action. A considerable number of them offered their services to the Pennsylvania Railroad during the recent strike, and for many days of disagreeable, back-breaking work did their part to keep the arteries of the nation functioning. This fact has already received generous publicity in the newspapers, but it is possible that some of you are not aware of it, and I cannot let this opportunity pass without referring to it and to my pride in this latest manifestation of the Princeton spirit."

An outburst of enthusiastic applause greeted the statement and continued unabated until the president

held up his hand for silence that he might conclude his few remaining remarks. To these Broadhurst paid scant attention. He was lost in contemplation of the fact that the year's outstanding achievement in an institution of higher education was the training of strike-breakers.

After the president had retired, the Council proceeded with its routine business. Committees reported, resolutions were adopted, and suggestions were made. The chairman of the Committee on Undergraduate Activities rose to his feet.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "I would like to suggest a resolution of approval. There has been formed here in the last few months a student organization for the study of industrial relations and it now develops that the majority of the members of the organization have volunteered to give up their vacations this summer in order to get jobs in factories and mills so as to get the labouring man's point of view. It seems to me that this is highly commendable, as being significant of undergraduate interest in the vital problems that are affecting the whole world to-day." He resumed his seat, after offering the resolution in parliamentary form.

A moment's pause followed the chairman's inquiry for a seconding of the motion. It was broken by a graduate in one of the classes in the early nineties, a successful business man who had been prominent in the affairs of the university.

"It seems to me," he said, solemnly looking about the room, "that this is a matter on which we should go slowly. To my mind there is a very grave danger that

some of these boys will, if they actually do take jobs this summer, become tainted with Socialism. I, for one, should dislike to be placed in the position of having given my approval of their action, in advance."

Broadhurst, contrary to his custom of holding his peace at Council meetings, jumped to his feet.

"I hesitate," he said, "to take issue with so illustrious a representative of the Golden Nineties, but I find myself in utter disagreement with his point of view. In the first place, I am not altogether certain that Socialism *is* a taint. In the second place, assuming that it is, I do not see why working in a steel mill should automatically afflict one with the taint of Socialism any more than with the taint of Republicanism. In the third place, assuming that conditions in industry are such that they lead to more or less radical theories on the part of the workers, isn't that after all just about the most helpful sort of thing to find out? If there is something unhealthy in the industrial atmosphere that makes for an abnormal bias in looking at life, some of these students might come back next fall with an idea that might help straighten things out. It seems to me to be a more intelligent way of going about it than merely 'scabbing' in a locomotive tender, and for that reason I second the motion that was made by the Chairman of the Committee on Undergraduate Activities."

Instantly the first objector was on his feet again. He sought to speak with an air of friendly banter, but it was obvious that the matter was a serious one in his eyes. Broadhurst's allusion to "scabbing" was un-

fortunate, for it left the majority of the Council in sympathy with his opponent.

"While Mr. Broadhurst is himself a member of a class of no mean merit," he said, "I am forced to regret that he too could not have had the educational benefits that accrued to us in that glorious decade at the end of the last century. And therefore, while I enjoy his friendship and usually respect his judgment, I am afraid that in this case he is a little off the track. I am, incidentally, somewhat amazed at his slighting reference to the railroad strike. If he seeks to imply——" The speaker checked himself; this was no place to argue about an obviously radical strike. "But to get back to the topic. I do not think that brother Broadhurst has made due allowance for the immaturity of the undergraduate mind. He has been out of college so long himself, and has been so ripened by experience in the world at large, that he forgets how easily swayed the undergraduates may be. They are just as likely as not to be impressed by fair promises of Utopia, the fallacies of which they would reject when more mature. I repeat, I think that more harm than good is likely to result from the proposed adventure of these young men. To-day, when the word is full of Bolshevism and pernicious doctrines of all sorts, we cannot take too much care in preventing their spread."

He sat down amid a scattering of applause. Several other alumni spoke in the same vein. For the second time that evening Broadhurst was amazed; these sober, intelligent citizens seemed actually afraid of what they called Socialism. Evidently those who took Socialism

seriously were many times the number of the Socialist Party membership.

At all events, the discussion enlivened the meeting. It was something out of the routine and it gave many members an opportunity to express opinions unflattering to organized labour. The incident was closed when the proposer of the resolution withdrew it on the satisfactory and non-controversial ground that it was impolitic to approve of an action which had not yet been taken. Everybody was gratified except Broadhurst, who felt that as usual he had made an ass of himself.

As they sauntered out from Murray Dodge someone in the van gave a startled exclamation.

It was evident that something out of the ordinary was taking place. Although it was after eleven, an hour when the campus was normally quiet, there was the sound of shouts and of hurrying footsteps, and of the ringing of bells. A strange light threw flickering shadows on the grass. The cause was soon apparent.

"Dickinson's on fire!" They hurried over, and in the crowd that was gathering in the open space between Dickinson Hall and Nassau Street, Broadhurst met a group of his classmates. On the morrow there was to be a baseball game and a crew race, and many alumni besides the relatively few who had come to attend the meeting of the Council had already arrived in town.

"Hi, Dink!" they hailed him. "Does our class get the credit for this?" referring to the threatened destruction of what had long been recognized as an eyesore on the campus. A fire in Princeton was always the occasion for merriment, and this one promised to outdo

anything that had come before. "Who knows where we can get some hootch?"

The information was volunteered that the keeper of a cigar store on Nassau Street would oblige, and Broadhurst and two others went in search.

They found the proprietor standing in the doorway of his shop, staring in the direction of the fire and tugging at his gray moustache as if labouring with the conflicting impulse of keeping his store open and of going to the scene of the excitement. He made way for his customers, and stepped behind the counter.

"Can we get some hootch?" Broadhurst inquired blandly. "We used to be students here and can't take in the fire properly on water."

The tobacconist looked at them suspiciously. "What do you mean?" he said in anger. "I don't sell liquor. Besides," he added, "I don't know you."

Their pleadings had no effect until Broadhurst had a sudden happy thought. He detached his Phi Beta Kappa key from his watch-chain and flung it down on the counter. "See?" he said, pointing at his name and class numerals engraved on it.

The tobacconist inspected it carefully, scanned the faces of his three visitors closely, and then reached down beneath the counter. "Well," he hesitated, "I guess it's all right," and handed out a package.

"A Phi Beta Kappa key does have practical value in the world," Broadhurst mused as they walked back, stopping in the shadow of the Library to sample their purchase.

Dickinson Hall was a roaring furnace now. Huge

billows of flame rushed out horizontally from the lower windows, as if hastening to escape from the terror they themselves had created, and turned abruptly heavenward, licking greedily at the shrivelling leaves of the maples near by. The roof had gone, and occasionally a mass of blazing rafter-beams rumbled downward into the thicker flames beneath; a fresh shower of glowing coals, flung high above the treetops, marked their disappearance. A tin cornice of huge size and incredible ugliness hung crazily for a moment, then ripped loose from its remaining fastenings and crashed to the ground. At its fall the spectators set up a spontaneous "Yea-a-ay!" of delight. Broadhurst joined in the shout, and smiled as he thought how typical it was. Princeton men always seemed to rejoice at the opportunity to applaud the inanimate; he recalled with an inward chuckle the parades that used to form on the campus every evening in the spring of 1910, to cheer for Halley's comet.

Suddenly a commotion in the crowd drew attention to a new excitement. Broadhurst and his group hurried over to see what had taken place, and the shouted information reached them before they could see for themselves what was up.

"The Chapel's caught!"

In their zeal to save the Library and to protect the Dean's house, so near that the heat of the fire blistered its paint, no one had thought to guard the Chapel. And now clouds of thick blue smoke were billowing out from its eaves, soon to burst in bright flame. It was not long before the Chapel had gone the way of Dickin-

son. With its roof fallen in and its tottering stone walls enclosing a whirling mass of flame, Broadhurst wondered whence came the fuel that fed it so undiminishingly.

At the end of an hour it seemed to be burning as fiercely as ever. But Broadhurst at last grew weary of the spectacle and, taking leave of his companions, turned his footsteps to McCosh Walk on his way to bed at his club.

The bulk of McCosh Hall threw a protecting screen between him and the light of the burning Chapel, but over it the glowing sparks, carried high above the fire, were borne by the light breeze and were falling silently in the darkness like an incandescent, rose-tinted snow-storm.

He halted his steps and watched, enchanted at the sight of the falling flakes of fire.

From the other side of the long, dark building came the crackle of the flames and occasional shouts of spectators. But here were silence and solitude, and a weird ethereal beauty as if all the stars of heaven were dropping gently, to glow for awhile in the sombre mass of trees and shrubbery and then die out.

He was drowsy, for he had been standing about for hours without realizing that he was getting tired, and the whisky he had drunk suffused him with a pleasant warmth. What a strange evening it had been!

The meeting of the Council—he had gone to it anticipating nothing more than the usual congenial gathering of more or less prominent alumni to discuss how best the ideals of Princeton might be furthered. He had come

away from it acutely aware that he was in spirit no longer one of their number. He might have known it in advance, had he stopped to think it out, by the analogy of what had happened in his individual relations with George Arnold. Instead of that, he had tacitly assumed that he could still see eye to eye with them, forgetting that the customary conception of loyalty presupposes conformity. He didn't belong; he felt as if he had become an intellectual black sheep in the Princeton family.

And after the meeting, the fire. It was nothing more than the destruction of two old, ugly buildings, but it seemed almost symbolic to him now.

Princeton had always been beautiful to him—Princeton in the Fall, with the arrested flame of autumn leaves and the tang of frost in the clear air; Princeton in the winter, with moonlight on the snow and tall towers casting mysterious, still shadows; Princeton in the early spring, when leaf-buds trembled timorously overhead and new blades of grass showed green in brilliant patches.

But here to-night in this deserted corner of the campus was a new beauty—a beauty that almost pained. He had never seen anything quite like it before. And it was caused by the destruction of something old and ugly.

"I wonder . . . I wonder . . ." His thoughts were vague and inchoate.

He turned away reluctantly and started back to his undergraduate club. His mind fixed itself on the specific fact of the Council meeting; the general problem was much too involved to puzzle out right now.

"Oh, Lord," he reflected, "I wonder why I do it? Or why I don't do it, rather. I ought either to stand up and say what I think, or get out of the Council. Tonight I was merely unpleasant, and then let them put it all over me. I'm not doing Princeton any good by letting the rest of the Council do without protest what I feel to be wrong. And if the Council is right, and I am wrong, I ought not to gum up the works. I ought to speak up or step down, and I haven't got the guts to do either. Where do I get off, anyhow?"

The question troubled him until he fell asleep. The resolve that he had formulated in France was as strong as ever, but its application was not the simple thing it had seemed then. It is all very well to do away, as one fancies, with hypocrisy and cant and other unrealized attributes of conformity, but the awkward fact remains that the hardest people to disagree with and to convince are one's friends.

CHAPTER XX

*"Whene'er I walk this beauteous earth
How many poor I see;
But as I never speaks to them,
They never speaks to me."*

I

ON a hot July night Broadhurst took the subway to a wretched section in the back of Brooklyn where he was scheduled to speak for the Liberal Committee at an open-air meeting. The Committee's Chicago Convention was but a week away. The Labour Party was holding its convention in Chicago at the same time. There was much talk of the amalgamation of the two groups into one effective opposition party.

Horton was busy late into the nights now, speaking, sending out his organizers, writing encouraging letters to leaders in the various states, meeting with sub-committees, presiding at mass meetings. About the Committee's headquarters there was an air of expectation, of militant hope. The conventions of both the old parties had gone their lifeless ways and the coming conventions of the two insurgent groups were the only political novelties in sight. For that reason the reporters were turning to them for copy. Almost every day there was something about the movement, a guess as to the strength of the Liberal Committee, a sneer at the

lack of political experience of those who headed it, a half friendly though obviously skeptical special article in the more liberal newspapers.

Despite himself, Broadhurst had caught some of Horton's bountiful enthusiasm. He had put his name down as an outdoor speaker and this evening in Brooklyn was to mark his maiden effort.

He looked about him in the car. The rush hour was over and the tired men and women who sat stupidly gaping at the car cards, the evening papers, and one another, had none of that half-gay spirit of release from the monotony of the day and anticipation of the pleasures of the night that gives the rush-hour crowd the courage to endure the evening cattle-drive. These people were flat, sour, washed-out, and the sight of them was actively depressing. Here was a near-sighted man who held his sporting section close to his steel-rimmed spectacles the while he fumbled at his reddened nose. Next him a vacant-faced woman chewed her gum with a machine-like motion of her jaws. There seemed to be no pleasure in it for her; possibly she believed in the statement set forth in the car card above her head that "it aids digestion." Two immigrants with black hairs straggling wretchedly over their chins sat hugging pasteboard boxes and staring straight ahead. Several young men with blotchy, pimpled faces under huge-visored caps giggled together as they pushed one of their number into a group of girls swaying in the aisle.

Broadhurst began to loathe his fellow man; he always did when he travelled in the subway. The flickering

lights, the fetid air, the harsh physical contacts as men and women elbowed their way along in complete disregard of any one save themselves, set him on edge with revulsion. And these were the beloved "people"! For them Horton and Streeter and Evans and the rest, himself among them, were planning and fighting. "What's the use?" thought Broadhurst. "Give them shoes at Thanksgiving and Christmas, throw them an occasional odd job around election time, get bail for them when they're arrested, and they'll vote for any old bunch of political second-story men year in and year out. It may be a fine thing to elevate the down-trodden, but it would be more satisfactory to eliminate them."

All his enthusiasm for the job was gone, when he climbed over the side of the truck behind the perspiring chairman who was trying valiantly to get together a crowd. They were on a poor corner. Two trolley lines converged noisily a few hundred feet away. Passing autoists blew derisive horns. In front of a pool room near the truck some Republican district hangers-on had gathered to make sardonic noise. As Broadhurst came out to the rear of the truck and held up his hand for silence they broke into catcalls and falsetto screams. "Lah dee dah!" they shrieked, "see who's here." "Oh, look at the pretty young man who's going to make us a speech!" "Go home to Fift Avenoo, kid."

Broadhurst waited and when they were quiet for a moment, began in the conversational tone that had gone so well at advertising dinners. There was a silence, prompted by curiosity. Broadhurst essayed

a joke. No one laughed except the chairman whose nervous guffaws cut across Broadhurst's sensitive nerves like a whip-lash. He started a sentence, faltered, and then the catcalls began again. He stepped back in angry shame. They had beaten him, these very people whom he had chosen to despise, back there on the subway.

Then when it seemed as though he were about to climb down off the truck, he did a most surprising thing, something that astonished him when he thought of it afterward. With one sweep of his hand he flung aside all consciousness of self, all deadening intellectual doubts. He was pure feeling now. His short, sharp sentences put abrupt end to the catcalls. He leaned out and fairly flung his words into the faces below him. There was no question in his mind or in any one else's now about his having a message to deliver. It was a very different Broadhurst from the one his friends knew, the quiet, amusingly cynical, always good-humoured boy. Here was a man, pouring out the fulness of his soul on a Brooklyn street corner, talking of such things as democracy, freedom, coöperation, as though indeed they could come to pass for that drab audience.

They heard him out to the end and then did something that seemed to startle even the imperturbable policeman, veteran of many a soap-box meeting; they cheered him with a full-throated spontaneity. Broadhurst stood mopping his sweating face and looking down on them. By God, they were real people after all! You could stir them. They weren't all dead. There *were* things that got to them. He said good-

night to the effusive chairman in a half-daze, and went home.

He stared at himself in the mirror just before he switched off the lights, and wondered how in the world he had done it. Men who could talk to a crowd, who could play on crowd emotions or appeal to crowd reason, had always seemed to him to be a race apart. He had admired them, envied them, and never understood how they did it. But now he had done it himself.

"Damn it all," he muttered, "I'm just as good as anybody." A warm glow as of new-found strength suffused him. He, too, could say things that people would listen to. His opinions, the opinions that he had worked out for himself, were worth something.

"I wonder," he thought, "if the reason why I have never accomplished anything yet is because I have never felt anything strongly enough? I also wonder . . ." He snapped off the lights. Anyhow, this was one way of spending an evening, and to-morrow there would be no hangover.

II

The alarm clock went off with a sudden harsh clamour, and kept on ringing. That was the trouble with alarm clocks; they didn't have sense enough to stop their noise as soon as they had waked you up but obstinately clung to the letter of alarm clock law, disregarding its spirit. Broadhurst opened his eyes lazily and half-consciously listened for the stream of oaths that should now be breaking out the full length of the first battalion barracks—the army matins, whereat

the name of the Lord was consistently and vociferously taken in vain. Lieutenant Hale, in the cubicle next door, always cursed with a peculiar fluency for a full five minutes before crawling out from his blankets.

But the noise of the alarm clock now held uncontested sway. Broadhurst sprang half way out of his bed and laughed. It was more than two years since he had heard Lieutenant Hale's lamentations at the tragedy of reveille. That was long ago and far behind; it was 8 o'clock of a July morning in New York, 1920, and life was good.

He whistled a formless tune as he dressed. He felt as if something uncommonly pleasant had happened to him, so soothingly pleasant that he had no impulse to speculate as to its nature. It was as if he had been dreaming an especially delightful dream just before awakening.

Then he remembered, and stood stock still before the mirror on his dresser, his hands, which had been busy arranging his necktie, motionless and fixed. He grinned and went on with his toilet.

Doubt had gone. His gropings for something to which he could cling, for something which could command his interest and his energies, were done with now. Last night, on a Brooklyn street corner, he had discovered that he believed in something, and that because of that belief he was strong. He had found himself.

The morning at the office passed in a roseate daze. He wrote copy, discussed a lay-out with the art department, dictated a dozen letters and interviewed seem-

ingly every newspaper and magazine solicitor in New York, all with a sense of unreality and detachment. Foremost in his mind was always the thought: "At last!" At last there was a real job to be done. To the National Advertising Agency he would give only the mechanical, routine half of his brain—and that was plenty. To the Liberal Committee would go the best he had in him.

He hurried over to the Committee's headquarters at noon, and found Streeter and Horton in serious consultation with a group of others. He flung himself into the conversation, made suggestions, offered ideas, spoke enthusiastically of the prospects in Chicago, where the convention would meet a few days later. In short, he was playing the rôle which finds its counterpart in the business world in the person of the "ginger-up" sales manager.

The contrast between his present zeal and the good-humoured casualness which had been characteristic of his former relations with the Committee was striking. Streeter slapped him heartily on the back as the protracted discussion ended, and addressed the amused group that was on the point of breaking up.

"Did you note the young ball of fire we have with us?" he asked. "If I didn't know him better I'd say that he'd had a shot in the arm. What do you say we make him Secretary of State after we win the election next Fall and take office the following March?"

CHAPTER XXI

"There, Little Girl, Don't Cry."

I

LATE in the afternoon Broadhurst went to the offices of the Liberal Committee. There were statements to be revised and other details to be attended to, and they kept him feverishly busy for an hour or so. He finished, and leaned back wearily in his chair. Why did he do it?

Streeter's laughing comment about "making" him Secretary of State popped into his mind as he sat looking out from the Committee's windows into a scarlet-flecked sunset. A political job—a public character! Somebody who bellowed wearisome platitudes on "occasions," somebody who pointed a pudgy finger ceilingward and shouted "Fellow citizens!" Would that calamity ever befall him? Was he really spending all this energy for such a tasteless reward? Did any one think that he, Ralph Broadhurst, was really in this thing for a job?

But why not? After all, wasn't it the lust for power that was popularly supposed to send men into politics? Why shouldn't people think that his precious Committee was merely another gang of job-hunters under a new name? That suspicion might well be in the backs of minds like Arnold's.

Broadhurst thought of Horton and laughed. No

one whom he had ever met would be more completely miserable in a political job than Horton. Its lack of every opportunity for self-expression, for creative drive, would set Horton frantic after a week of it. And no one who knew either of them, however slightly, could imagine Streeter as secretary to somebody in some department, or the quick-thinking Evans caught in the monotonies of a government office.

But again, why not? Broadhurst remembered the surprise voiced by a visiting English Liberal. He had looked about a dinner table at some of the younger Committee members, and thrust out his hands.

"But I cannot understand! You chaps aren't in public life at all. You are just on the fringe of things. No one in office consults you, you sit in no conferences, represent no constituencies. All you seem to do is to criticize a government of which you are not even remotely an active part. It is different in England. Every one of you with your university training, your knowledge of economics and all that sort of thing, would have some definite voice in framing policies in my country, even if you represented minorities. I don't understand it."

Broadhurst remembered that they had all stirred uneasily and murmured in agreement that it *was* different in England. He could not recall any reasons that were advanced for this difference. Perhaps it was this idea of a public office as a political plum that had something to do with it. Americans seemed to regard their politicians with unveiled contempt once they were in power. But Americans always showed up at the

polls on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November and voted complacently for these same Judases. A funny lot—yelling for experts in office eleven months in the year and conscientiously rejecting the slightest hint of expertness on the twelfth. What could ever be done with people like that? What could they ever do for themselves, for that matter? Perhaps these cock-eyed Communists were right after all. Maybe Democracy *is* bunk. Maybe the way to get anywhere is to let the few who can submit to the rigours of Communist discipline, its starvations and its early-Christian self-sacrifices, run the rest of us who can go on trying to be millionaires in our old, individualistic fashion.

And then he thought of the Communists he had met, and leaned far out of the window to catch what little air there was.

Up to him came the smell of the city pavements, the movement and bustle of New York at night that always stirred him in a strange fashion. Odd that any one could really love such a city—particularly if one knew it as he did. He knew in dollars and cents how much the phonograph manufacturer had spent on that sky-sign which set the clouds aglow over the battlements of that office building, itself illuminated to lure the eyes of prospective tenants. He knew, or could safely guess, the dull disillusionment of those Italian workers clumping heavily down the street in the wake of the garbage wagon, as they thought of what the Sicilian steamship agents had told them about the city whose streets are lined with gold. The cheap lies of its newspapers, the

stupidities of its officials, the depressing vulgarities of its theatres and all its blatant night life uptown—artificialities that didn't amount to anything and cost to beat hell—all these things should have choked any sentiment out of Broadhurst.

On the contrary, he felt that he had never loved the city more than on this stifling night. Never mind the facts! Never mind the statistics about the number of paupers on Blackwell's Island, the suicides caused by city life, the miseries of reeking tenements! Those were not signs urging him to drink Apple-ju and refuse imitations. They were faery beacons calling on him to come down and dance with gold-girdled princesses until he fell at last in sweet exhaustion beneath the purple and silver throne of the Queen of the Rout herself. The flat-wheeled surface car on the avenue was in reality her eunuch orchestra throbbing its cadences beneath low-sweeping palms. And he, Ralph Broadhurst, advertising copy-writer and contact man in the National Agency, perspiring reformer in a poorly fitting Norfolk jacket, was none other than the Beloved of the Palace, the Supreme, the Adorable King of all the Mannhattans.

II

Reaching the street in this Oriental mood, he stopped to investigate the change in his pockets and found that he had a dime, a doubtful-looking nickle, and three pennies. So he bought the much-starred final and 8 o'clock edition of an evening paper and took the bus home.

The door of his room was ajar. Mrs. Geoghegan, that bounteous-bosomed "cleaning lady" who cared for the room when she was free from onslaughts of alcoholism and the "lowest lush for a husband as ever a good woman had to put up with," must have forgotten to close the door behind her. As he stood with his finger on the wall switch that lighted the lamp on his reading table, there came through the velvet darkness a little sigh. Someone else was in the room—a few feet from him. His heart stopped an instant and then commenced beating loudly. He took a hesitating step forward, fumbled with the switch for a nervous moment, and then the light came on.

Gertrude lay asleep on a sofa beyond the table. When the shaded light fell on her she stirred, opened one eye, and sat up.

"'Lo, Ralphie," she said, still sleepy but timorously cordial.

Broadhurst stared.

"How did you get in?" he asked.

"Through the door," giggled Gertrude. "How did you think, stupid?" She leaned forward, looking up at him saucily. She began to chant:

"Came to the house, rang the bell,
Slipped upstairs, quick as hell,
Peeped through the door,
You were out, you loafer,
Took a flop on your nice soft sofa"—

"Stop," said Broadhurst sternly. "I can stand anything except doggerel. What I want to know is, where did you come from and what are you doing here?"

"Always so glad to see me! A regular Beau Brummel, I calls you, Ralph. If you must know, I came here from your boy-friend Manning. He and I have been playing round together for some time. I guess that's no secret to anybody. Louise and I are not paying the rent for that Bronx flat of ours from what they give us in the pay envelope at the store on Saturdays. But if you want all the revolting details of a Young Girl's Fatal Fall—I'm fed up on Manning. So much so, I can work up a lot of sympathy for Mrs. M. Of all the selfish, brutal——"

"Sure," said Broadhurst, "'but out of a city'—you know, why pick on me?"

"Oh, you're different, somehow. I thought you'd understand." She caught Broadhurst's grin and suddenly her eyes filled with tears. She flung her hands to her face and began to cry—a little girl's unaffected, straight-from-the-heart whimpering.

"Oh, dear God," said Broadhurst helplessly, "don't do that. Of course I understand. Of course I'm different. Come to me whenever you're in trouble. Come and take cat-naps on my sofa. Come and make up 'poetry.' Come and drink my rye——" His glance went to a half-empty bottle on the window ledge.

"I didn't drink much," wailed Gertrude from the depths.

"But for the love of Mike," Broadhurst concluded, "don't cry."

"Aw, Ralph, you're *cute*!" said Gertrude, straightening up. "And now give me my bag and I'll fix old noseys and we'll have a good long talk."

She sidled up on the sofa and pulled Broadhurst down beside her. Her arm went around his shoulder. Her cheek, still moist and warm, touched his for a second. He turned and looked into her eyes, bright from weeping.

"See here, young woman," he said, "I guess you don't know with whom you're taking liberties. I am the Hon. Ralph Broadhurst, known to every liberty-loving American as the Liberator of 1920. In me you see the next Secretary of State."

"Aw, Ralph, aren't you funny? Open your mouth and close your eyes, and I'll give you something to make you wise."

She bent her little wrist prettily as she poured out the whisky. Broadhurst looked above his glass at the picture in the mirror opposite. Before the level, quizzical gaze of his reflection his eyes dropped.

"It isn't exactly what I was dreaming of," muttered Broadhurst, half aloud.

III

The drums of the musicians beneath the palm trees were beating again, but this time with a droning insistence that made Broadhurst sit up in bed, fully awake. He looked at Gertrude sleeping open-mouthed at his side, her head pillowed on a lean arm and stringy wisps of hair falling down in disorderly manner. In the morning light the bagginess under her eyes, the little wrinkles about her too scarlet mouth, were pitifully apparent.

Broadhurst sighed, slipped out of bed, and walked

into the other room. There were bottles and cigarette stubs. Bottles and cigarette stubs and an etching; books on industrial democracy, the speeches of Wendell Phillips, and one of Gertrude's gray stockings. Outside a flat-wheeled car went up the avenue. In the room behind him Gertrude was snoring.

IV

"And a quarter of a pound of butter and half a dozen eggs." Broadhurst looked at Gertrude in astonishment.

"We're having breakfast here?" he asked bewilderedly.

"Certainly, dumb-bell," said Gertrude cheerfully. "Where did you think?"

Broadhurst shifted uneasily. What the devil could he do? He went out with the breakfast list in his pocket.

Gertrude was sitting in his easy chair yawning over the paper when he came back. She ran across the floor, kissed him, took the breakfast things and disappeared into the little alcove kitchenette. Broadhurst dropped into a chair and stared a bit confusedly out of the window. What was going to happen now? Was he to be appointed substitute for Manning? Was this a permanent arrangement? Good God, he must tell her to go back to the Bronx. It was preposterous that she should wish herself on him like this.

He stamped into the alcove, with determination straightening the lines of his mouth. The odour of

frying bacon assailed him. Gertrude's face, a bit flushed from the heat of the oil stove, thrust itself around the corner.

"Cut the bread," she commanded, "and I'll make some bacon sandwiches that will knock you for a loop."

He wheeled toward the bread-box and reached for a loaf. After all, dismissal could wait until breakfast was over.

It was a ridiculously jolly breakfast. Furthermore, Gertrude could make good coffee and cook bacon the way he liked it—crisp with the fat fried away—and she didn't make the mistake of jumping up and down every minute to bring things in from the kitchenette. Miraculously they were all set before him, without apparent effort, and then the girl, a very different person indeed from the wide-eyed sensuous creature of the night before, would sit back and smile at him in comfortable, cat-like silence.

He took out a cigarette, lighted it, blew a few luxurious clouds into the air and cleared his throat. Gertrude hummed a little tune and kept time to her own melody with taps of a tiny boot-toe. Just as Broadhurst started to speak, the clock on the Metropolitan Tower began a deep-throated chiming.

"Nine o'clock," he exclaimed, "and I've got to meet a man in the office at ten." He started for the door. "But I can't leave you here."

"Why not?" asked Gertrude the imperturbable.

"There's Mrs. Geoghegan," objected Broadhurst weakly. "She'll be up to clean."

"Give me five dollars and I'll fix the lady. I'm your wife from California."

v

Things had certainly happened quickly, thought Broadhurst, as he listened with every appearance of deep concern to the long-winded tale of woe of one of Mason's pet clients. Here he was, saddled with a mistress. It was lucky that the janitor was such a boob. Broadhurst could keep a rhinoceros in the apartment and that bleary-eyed guardian of his would never be the wiser. Gertrude could probably arrange matters with Mrs. Geoghegan, but what if Streeter or some other of his friends came in? . . . A man can have all the vices except one, and still be a success in politics. . . .

"Of course if you cannot give us any more intelligent service than we've been getting, we shall have to look for another agent." Mason's client was becoming bitter. Broadhurst wrenched himself into contemplation of this absurd person with his preposterous nasal whining.

"Now, Mr. Ginsburg," he said soothingly, "you must realize that the mistake in the price list was unavoidable. The advertisement was set by the paper at the last minute——" They drifted into a contest of coaxing and complaint until finally the mollified Mr. Ginsburg quit the office nibbling at one of the most expensive cigars from Broadhurst's private stock.

There was no time to consider the Gertrude problem during a lunch devoted to the problem of marketing a

patent cap for fruit jars in the Middle West, and all that afternoon Broadhurst spent in Mason's office working over plans for Federman's Union Suit Fall campaign.

He went home, obstinately refusing to think about the matter until he was face to face with its cause. Possibly she had cleared out anyhow. He opened the door of his room with suppressed excitement. Gertrude was standing tip-toe in the corner scrutinizing a *croquis*.

"Howdy," she said cordially. "I got awful lonely waiting for you. Had a tough day?"

"Now see here," said Broadhurst, throwing his hat on the table. "What's the answer to this? You're not really my wife from California, you know."

"Oh, why bother? You like me, don't you? We get along, don't we? Why not play around together?"

Why not? Broadhurst turned this idea over and squinted at it mentally. There *was* an appeal about her. She amused him, as a kitten might. Certainly the tiger in her went on padded fours with that beast of his own which he knew could occasionally overcome him in snarling triumph.

He took her in his arms. They kissed. At the touch of her lips Broadhurst drew back and laughed.

"You're a fresh duck—why not?" he chuckled.

VI

"It's a sweet wife you have, Mr. Broadhurst," said Mrs. Geoghegan on the stairs the next morning, "and it's a shame she has to live way out there in California.

I've told her myself, but I wish you'd tell her too how thankful I am for the two-fifty."

Broadhurst taxed Gertrude with holding out on him that night. She flared into indignation.

"Of all the nerve! Don't you advertising birds live on commissions for your stuff? Well, I sold Mrs. Geoghegan and that's my commission."

Broadhurst grinned and then became serious. "No hootch to-night," said he. "We're going to improve our well-known minds."

Gertrude shot him a querying glance. "How do we do that?"

He took down a volume of Swinburne. Not very heavy, but an improvement over the Rubaiyat. The first chorus in *Atalanta* was always safe. No one could resist the swing of it.

"And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night"—he was in the full run of it and there was a throaty catch in his voice. He bent eagerly over his book, his head swung gently from side to side, his cheeks flamed. Gertrude leaned forward in her chair and stared at this strange young man who deliberately was intoxicating himself on words that were meaningless to her. She had heard about people "going nuts over books," and here was that amazing process taking place before her eyes.

"I'm tired as a dog, Beautiful One," said Broadhurst later. "Suppose I sleep out here on the sofa to-night."

She held her head very straight as he went back and forth between the rooms. With both hands pressed down by her sides she went up to him for a good-night

kiss. There was no sound from her when he shut the door.

VII

"It was fun while it lasted, Ralphie," said the note scrawled in school-girl characters on the back of a grocery bill, "but I could never understand those books and there is no use trying. Be a good boy and don't drink too much. I'm going back to the Bronx. Lovingly, Gertrude."

Broadhurst put it down absently and walked over to his typewriter, humming a tune under his breath.

"Culture, like a Phi Beta Kappa key, has its uses," he mused. And now he could get back to work. For nearly a week he had neglected the Committee, and that day he had lunched with Streeter.

"For the love of Dan," Streeter had said, "get that preamble to the platform written. Dan's been yelling for it, and we leave for Chicago in two days anyhow. Where have you been all week, anyway?"

"Awfully busy," Broadhurst had murmured. "I'll try to get to it to-night."

And now he could do it. There would be no white arms around his neck to-night, no one to ask him if he really and truly loved her. Gertrude had gone back to the Bronx. And to Manning? A wave of resentment swept over him at the thought. Would Manning be brutal with her? he wondered. What did they talk about? At any rate, she must get tired of Manning's consistent cynicism. A nice little girl, Gertrude.

And how she could kiss. He was in front of his typewriter now and he sat down suddenly with the white paper before him.

"To all Americans," he wrote, and then tore the paper out of the machine. "Must get a better heading than that."

Presently the keys were clicking, now fast, now slower, as an indictment of political humbuggery formed itself in Broadhurst's brain. It was long past midnight when he had finished. He read his copy with a puckered brow. Then a quiet smile of satisfaction came across his lips.

Just before he went to sleep he reached out his arm. It fell on cool blankness.

"It was fun while it lasted, Ralphie." The words scrawled themselves across the darkness.

"Fun while it lasted." Who else had said that? It didn't really matter . . . didn't really matter . . . matter . . . matter . . . Joan . . . Rudigore had said it . . . Wrong—Gilbert and Sullivan. . . . He was asleep, dreaming that he had been made Secretary of State and that Gertrude was breaking a bottle of rye on the steps of the Capitol.

VIII

Broadhurst went into Mason's office to talk over some last minute details.

"I think everything will be all right, Mr. Mason. I'm off for my vacation in the morning."

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to Chicago—to the convention, you know."

"Convention?" said Mason with a puzzled air. "Why, I thought the clothing retailers had their convention last month."

"Oh, this is a political affair. Liberal Committee and Labour Party. You've read about it."

"I really can't say that I have, but I suppose it's all right. And yet I must caution you against getting mixed up too deeply with these Labour people. I do not altogether like the idea, and wish that we might have talked it over in advance. But since your plans are all made, we'll forget about it. But it doesn't pay to be too radical in politics. Some of our clients are rather touchy, you know, and we can't have them think we are crack-brained theorists. Take my advice, Mr. Broadhurst. If you want to do any 'reforming,' get into one of the two established parties and clean up from the inside."

Broadhurst smiled and rose to go. As he reached the door, Mason signalled him.

"By the way," said the president of the National Advertising Agency, "I believe I read somewhere that some of these Labour Unions were thinking of advertising. Now of course——"

"Of course," said Broadhurst as he went out of the office.

CHAPTER XXII

"Workers of the World, Unite!"

I

IT HAD been a tedious railroad trip. The special sleeper was full of delegates from New York, most of whom Broadhurst knew; but no matter how heartily one might agree with their political opinions, one wearied of hearing nothing else for four-and-twenty hours, and no matter how fertile and beauteous the farm lands of Ohio and Indiana might be, one tired of seeing through a Pullman window the same unchanging, placid landscape. It was with a distinct measure of relief that Broadhurst stood up to be brushed off by the porter when the train at last pulled into the Chicago Terminal at evening.

He and Streeter took a room together in the hotel designated as convention headquarters and after a bath and dinner strolled into the lobby.

"There's nothing definite scheduled for this evening," Streeter remarked. "Let's see who's here, and maybe we can stir up something." He walked over to the information desk, while Broadhurst took up a position near a convenient pillar and surveyed the crowd milling about the lobby.

Although the convention did not open until the mor-

row, it was clear that most of the crowd were fellow delegates. They gathered in little groups, conversing earnestly, and greeting new arrivals effusively. A number were already displaying badges—some wore two or more, for there were Single Taxers present as delegates to the Liberal Committee convention, and they refused to submerge their identity.

In a moment Streeter rejoined Broadhurst, beamingly. "Come on!" he commanded. "I've just found Arthur Adams; we're going up to his room."

Broadhurst followed. "Who's Arthur Adams?" he asked.

"That's right," Streeter answered. "I guess you don't know him. He was out at St. Louis last December, but he isn't a member of the Committee. He's a regular guy just the same. He's the editor of a bunch of Middle West farm papers, tainted with liberalism, and that's why he's here—to cover the convention."

They got out of the elevator at one of the upper floors of the hotel and walked down the corridor to the room that Streeter was seeking. Tacked on its door was a printed card conveying the information to all who chose to note it that the occupant of the room was not to be disturbed under any circumstances. Streeter laughed as he read the notice, and rapped with his fist. In response the door half opened, cautiously, and the face of a man peered out behind a pincenez with a narrow black ribbon attached.

The face was suddenly wreathed in smiles upon the recognition of Streeter.

"Step right in," its owner invited in a low voice that

seemed curiously detached from the speaker. Streeter introduced Broadhurst and Adams to each other and shook hands warmly himself.

"Thank God, you've arrived!" Adams exclaimed in the same low, detached manner of speaking. "Come over here to the window."

"Look!" Their glances followed his outstretched arm pointing downward to an illuminated sign across the street, advertising a bowling alley and pool room. The lights flashed on, depicting an alley with the ten pins in position and an animated ball rolling jerkily down upon them. The lights flashed off and then on again, with only four pins still standing and the ball advancing once more. Then darkness, as the pins were apparently bowled over. The whole silent drama seemed about to be repeated, but this time instead of four pins left standing after the first advance of the ball, there were only three, and instead of all disappearing on the second roll, one was left in position, to vanish at the third attempt.

"For two hours," Adams stated solemnly, "I have been sitting by this window trying to discover the system. I will give anybody a dollar who can predict the number of pins that will be left standing, and vice versa. *Faites vos jeux, messieurs, faites vos jeux!*"

Streeter studied the electric sign a moment. "That's too easy, Arthur," he announced. "It's a shame to take your money."

"Well, then, let's see you call the turn," Adams requested. Four pins had been left and the ball was rolling down upon them.

"None!" prophesied Streeter, and the subsequent darkness verified his assertion. Then the ten pins appeared again.

"Three!" he stated, and three it was.

"A master mind! A master mind!" Adams commented gravely to Broadhurst, offering a crumpled dollar bill to Streeter.

"Oh, keep it, Arthur, keep it!" the latter protested. "I was betting on a sure thing."

"Perhaps you'd rather have a drink," said Adams, and picked up the telephone. "Send a bottle of seltzer up, will you?" He restored the instrument to the table and stalked into the bathroom, whence came a series of thuds and crashes.

"For heaven's sake, what are you doing?" Streeter asked as he went to investigate. He found Adams gazing mournfully into the bathtub, in which reposed an enormous cake of ice.

"I get it in bulk," he volunteered, "because it lasts longer that way. I'm trying to bust the darn thing."

A knocking on the door announced the arrival of the seltzer. Adams opened, and took the bottle from the boy's hands. "Wait a minute," he commanded, and walked to the bureau.

Reaching into one of the drawers he lifted out an armful of neckties and from the tangled mass selected one with the appearance of great care. He gave it to the grinning bellboy. "In recognition of long and faithful service," he commented and chuckled softly as the door closed. "Oh dear, oh dear!" he sighed. "I wish I had some sense!" He invited Broadhurst's attention

to the opened bureau drawer; the bottom of it was paved with flat flasks. He chuckled again.

It was an amazing evening. Adams, usually lying at full length on the bed, in his hand a glass from which he sipped, carried on a running fire of conversation that ranged from utter absurdities to a discussion of comparative philosophies. He was constantly jumping up to answer knocks, for a steady stream of visitors called in spite of the inhospitable warning on the door. With some of them he merely exchanged a few words; others he drew into the hallway for long whispered conversations; a few he invited in to stay, introducing them to Streeter and Broadhurst. On one occasion he suddenly sat down before his typewriter and wrote furiously for half an hour.

Those whom he urged to stay he invariably took to the window, pointing out to them the illuminated bowling alley sign. He then referred to Streeter's solution of the mystery. "A master mind!" was his admiring comment on each occasion.

"I tell you," he exclaimed after impressing the latest caller with Streeter's ingenuity, "brains wins." He pointed at the Phi Beta Kappa key dangling from the watch chain on Broadhurst's vest. "A college education is a wonderful thing, but it doesn't fit one to face the realities of life the way Streeter is fitted." He flicked with his forefinger his own watch fob, on which was also the symbolic piece of flat gold. "We're highly educated, but we're not intelligent. By the way," he asked Broadhurst, "where did you go?"

"Princeton."

"I went to Harvard. Let's have a Harvard song; none of the Princeton songs are revolutionary," and in a voice that was slightly off key he chanted:

"Oh the Crimson in triumph flashing,
Mid the strains of victoree!"

The solo was the signal for general singing. The half dozen men in the room had all had one or more of Adams's highballs and the idea of song was popular. After half an hour of riotous melody and intermittent drinking, Streeter looked at his watch and suggested that it was time to leave. The party broke up with effusive expressions of mutual pleasure. Adams reclined on his bed, shaking hands with his departing guests from his recumbent position. "Oh dear! oh dear!" he kept remarking, "I wish I had some sense."

"I think," said Broadhurst to Streeter as they returned to their own room, "that it's going to be a pretty good convention."

II

The room telephone rang as they were dressing, the next morning. Broadhurst answered it.

"Hello, boys!" the voice exclaimed cheerily. "This is Adams. Breakfast has just arrived, so hurry on up."

"What do you mean, breakfast?" Broadhurst asked.

"I guess I forgot to tell you last night, in the confusion. You and Streeter are having breakfast with me this morning. Anyhow, it's all here, siphons and everything. Snap out of it."

Adams beamed when a few moments later he opened

the door for them. He was dressed entirely in white—white flannel coat and trousers, white buckskin shoes, white silk socks, and a white wash tie in his soft white collar. His freshly shaven face glowed as with the pink of perfect health, but the appearance of the room did not match the freshness of its occupant. Cigarette butts and ashes lay everywhere, and a number of emptied flasks reposed among glasses that held unpleasantly straw-coloured dregs. The air was musty with the smell of long-dead smoke.

As on their first meeting the evening before, Adams walked to the window and pointed down. "Look," he said, "I've got something new to show you."

On the sidewalk below, several mechanics in overalls were assembling the letters of what was to be a huge electric sign. The letters, some with bulbs in place and some with empty rows of yellow brass sockets, were scattered along the pavement for half a block. "It looks like an exaggerated noodle soup, doesn't it? If the Master Mind were not in our midst, I would hazard a small bet as to what those letters spell." Adams laughed softly to himself. "But speaking of food, let us to it." He led them to the table set for three, with a confusion of pewter plate covers. By each place stood a freshly made highball.

"Good Lord!" protested Streeter. "Have we got to start all over again?"

"Well," Adams drawled, "I thought it might do us good—and you boys have a hard day ahead of you. Let's polish it off and then see what the tricky waiter has hidden away from us."

It developed that what the waiter had hidden under the pewter covers was a very substantial meal—melons, and cereal, and ham and eggs, and coffee. "Come on!" Streeter urged as they finished. "It's about time for the convention to open."

Adams refused to accompany them. "The only way to cover a convention intelligently," he asserted, "is to stay away from it."

III

A clatter of voices rising and falling in an endless monotone. Groups forming, reforming, and disappearing. Individuals hurrying to and fro with expressions that implied affairs of vast moment. Important looking personages being buttonholed by officious nonentities and staring down corridors with an air of hopeful resignation or of baffled impatience. Stray delegates from distant hamlets wandering about bewilderedly but striving to look as if they knew where they were going and why. People giving out pamphlets. People taking pamphlets and putting them into bulging pockets. Newspaper photographers trying to find out whose pictures should be taken, and where. Newspapers reporters chatting with one another and not trying to find out anything, knowing that it would come to them anyhow. Elevator doors banging open. Elevator doors banging shut. Delegates upstairs seeking to go down, and delegates in the lobbies below trying to come up. Tobacco smoke. Scraps of papers on the floors. Collars already wilting in the Chicago heat.

Broadhurst looked about him with lively interest as he followed Streeter down the long corridor to the garish hotel ballroom. He accepted passively a large printed sheet of paper thrust at him by a bald-headed man whose washed-out face was void of any gleam of intelligence. As he and Streeter found their seats in the section designated by the cardboard standard with the words "New York," he glanced at the paper in his hand. It advocated the nomination of the bald-headed man himself for president, likening him to Washington, Lincoln, and Alexander Hamilton. Streeter, reading over Broadhurst's shoulder, chuckled. "The nuts we have always with us," he observed.

Broadhurst fingered the delegate's badge on his own lapel.

"Do you know," he remarked, "I myself feel something of a nut. Half nut and half crusader."

Streeter shot a quick glance at him, and laid a friendly hand on his arm.

"I think you've just about hit it, Ralph," he said. "That's what we all are—half nuts and half crusaders. Everybody who tries something new and more or less altruistic is a freak—until he gets away with it. *But I think we're going to get away with it.* To-day there's something in the air that feels good to me.

"I think we've started something. This mixed bunch of which you and I are a part has really stumbled on the right idea that will lead the nation to a happier goal. Time was when there was no Republican party, no Democratic party. They both developed out of predecessors that had lost their usefulness, even as

they themselves have now lost their own vitality. They can't last forever. They're dead now and don't know it, and sooner or later something has to take their place. Why not this party of ours, this party of the people? For these men and women are the rank and file of what liberalism there is in America. They have tried reform and social service work, and found both to be a futile filling of bottomless jugs. They were touched by that brief but exciting vision which came to the hymn-singing Progressives in the Chicago Auditorium, and when their leader finally refused to lead, save back to the morass whence they had started, they cursed their gods and all leaders everywhere. And now they have come to Chicago again, regretting the earlier lost opportunity but hardened by defeat and still hoping desperately that this time will indeed come that rising of the plain folks which every politician derides so loudly in public and dreads so deeply in private."

A band in the corner of the room had started to play a march. Broadhurst was keeping time, excitedly, with his foot.

"Doggone it!" he answered Streeter. "I think you're right. We've got a real crowd of real people here, and we're off in a cloud of dust."

Delegates began settling down in their proper places. There was laughter, and hilarious back-slapping. Feet scuffled on the floor, and chair seats banged.

Several men and women mounted the speakers' platform and their appearance was greeted with a tumult of applause. They were the leading spirits of the Liberal Committee and had been recognized by the convention

as such, but the tribute was not essentially a tribute to individuals. A trained bear, wearing a delegate's badge, could have stepped on the platform and been greeted just as vociferously.

Daniel Horton, the national chairman, rapped with his gavel. The noise died away. Belated delegates hurried to their seats, and sank down mopping perspiring foreheads. The chairman rapped again, and called the convention to order. He spoke briefly, crisply, and with a ring of undoubted sincerity in his voice. At each of his statements of the aims of the convention the applause broke out afresh. He called on a clergyman for an invocatory prayer, and that also was applauded. Then Sanderson, the temporary chairman of the convention, drew up his lanky form and stalked to the edge of the platform.

He stood in silence, gazing grimly over the heads of the delegates as they stood on their chairs to wave hats and handkerchiefs and whatever else was wavable and cheer themselves hoarse. The camera-men filled the room with their powder-smoke.

The speaker began, slowly at first but gradually growing more and more eloquent, until even Broadhurst, who thought himself inured to Sanderson's style, found that his knuckles had gone white from gripping his chair.

IV

The Committee on Committees came in to make its report. "For members of the Conference Committee," the chairman announced, "to confer with a similar

committee from the Labour Party, the following"—and he read a typewritten list of names.

Silence greeted the announcement. A delegate rose to his feet. "Please read those names over again," he requested, "and after each one specify the State from which the person comes."

The committee chairman, disconcerted, gave the desired information. He looked up inquiringly as he finished, and the dead silence which had immediately followed his statement changed to indignant murmuring.

The inquisitive delegate was on his feet again. "I protest absolutely against accepting the committee's report," he shouted. "Every single person named is from the Atlantic seaboard, and I demand that the States west of the Mississippi have proper representation. This is a national convention, and we're not going to submit to dictation from New York or any other section. I move——" His concluding words were lost in the storm of confusion which had grown as he spoke.

The chairman of the convention pounded with his gavel and succeeded in restoring order. "Before the Chair recognizes anybody," he said mollifyingly, "I think we should hear what the committee chairman, who is making this report, has to say about it."

The selection was explained on the grounds that the men named were the same as those who had been treating with the officers of the Labour Party in the preliminary conferences in New York all spring. "For that reason," the committee chairman said, "we thought

it better to continue the negotiations through those who were thoroughly acquainted with the developments thus far. The idea of sectional representation was, therefore, never considered."

"That don't go with us!" a bellicose individual with the weather-beaten face of a farmer called out from the floor. "I move that the Committee on Committees be instructed to bring in another report, in which half of the members of this conference committee have been selected from the East and half from the West."

After long and heated argument the motion was adopted.

And nobody was happy. The Easterners felt that their motives had been impugned, and the Westerners felt that they had been compelled to battle for their manifest rights. The convention, which had assembled a few hours before in a fine fervour of brotherly love, was already exchanging bitter looks.

"I certainly don't like the way things are going," Streeter confided to Broadhurst as the session adjourned. "These Westerners are always suspicious of anything from the East, but there was something just a little abnormal about the way they jumped on that recommendation for the Conference Committee membership. They acted exactly as they would have acted had somebody gone around and told them that there was a plot afoot to crowd them out of the picture, and they were in consequence ready to r'ar up on their hind legs at the slightest evidence of it. The double-barrelled question therefore is: has somebody been going around spreading the seeds of discord, and if so, who?"

CHAPTER XXIII

*"For he's a jolly good fellow—
Which nobody will deny!"*

I

THE convention was adjourned from Saturday night until Monday. And now Monday's session had come and gone—gone very badly indeed.

It was evening, and the sultry air seemed heavy with dark forebodings. Outside the opened windows the roar of traffic in the Loop was at its peak as the turbulent heart of Chicago pumped out in its daily systole. Street cars clanged their bells at crossings, and automobile horns sounded strident complaints at dilatory traffic police. Newsboys called out shrilly, "Wanderer confesses!" Broadhurst heard the cries, wondering idly who Wanderer was and what he had to confess. He turned his thoughts back to the stream of delegates that eddied down the corridor from the emptying convention room.

A gaunt, gray-bearded lumberman from above Seattle, with the light of the lonely fanatic shining in his deep-set eyes, was buttonholing an embarrassed Episcopal Bishop. The lumberman was roaring about "Our Saviour" and "the Blood of the Lamb." Near them a bobbed-haired girl glared through her horn-

rimmed spectacles upon a soldier in the ill-fitting uniform of a private. Non-Partisan Leaguers, embattled farmers from the Northwest, with enamelled goats dangling from their watch-chains, exchanged robust greetings. Broadhurst liked the way their big red hands completely enveloped those of the Eastern delegates when introductions were made. He liked their out-of-door way of walking and gesturing. Altogether, he felt that if this "people's party" were indeed to amount to anything, its strength would be found in the owners of those broad and efficient fists. Veterans of many a rough-and-tumble encounter with the city mill-owners, bankers, retailers, and professional patriots of all sorts, they could understand the necessity of unity.

But what was Streeter looking so distressed about as he stood talking over there in the corner with that group of New York delegates? Broadhurst caught his eye as the group separated, and joined him as he started for the elevator.

"What's the bad news now?" he asked.

"What do you know about Wainwright?" asked Streeter in turn.

"Why, he's all right, I guess," said Broadhurst.

"Well, that's what everybody guesses," Streeter said in a worried voice. "I wish I could find someone who really knew. I hear that he's been running around ever since we got here, telling the Labour Party people that we're a bunch of come-ons hired by Wall Street to put the kibosh on the convention, and telling our own delegates from the West that the New York crowd is out to run the whole works in its own pet way. I shouldn't

be surprised if he were at the bottom of a lot of the dissension that's been worrying us." He turned to Broadhurst.

"Why don't you go and see our friend with the perpetual bun on the Sixteenth floor? He isn't half as simple as he looks, and he was saying something about Wainwright just last night. It may be that he had some real dope on him. Meantime, I've got a couple of things to do in the room, and I'll wait for you there."

Broadhurst pushed open Adams's door and walked in on the very sleepy correspondent.

"What do you know about Wainwright?" he asked suddenly.

Adams blinked above the glass from which he was about to take a sip.

"No good," he said unemotionally.

"What do you mean?"

"No good," Adams repeated. "Just that—no good. No more, no less. What did you let him in for, anyhow? Couldn't you tell he was crooked just by looking at him? He came up here last night, by the way. Someone must have tipped him off that I had hootch. Well, anyhow, he sat around until I had to offer him some and he ended by getting blotto." Adams shook his head mournfully. "A nasty habit, a nasty habit," he commented. "It often leads to an unanticipated spilling of the beans."

"Why, what happened?"

"Well, seeing how things were going, I thought I'd see if I could prove what I had long been sure of. So

I said I thought the Liberal Committee was a bunch of boobs and I hoped that the convention would go flooey. Then he got very friendly and confidential and said yes, they were, and that he had been doing his little bit to put the thing on the rocks. Then he showed me a little gold badge that he seems to wear tucked away in his vest."

"Well, for God's sake," exclaimed Broadhurst disgustedly. "And what in the world is a Department of Justice operative doing spying on us? Are we a bunch of crooks or something?"

"I don't know about that," Adams laughed, "but you know yourself that the Department of Justice has been doing a lot of crazy things since the war and probably during it. From the Attorney-General down they seem to have been labouring under the impression that anybody who wasn't either a Democrat or a Republican—and they were a little suspicious of the latter, too—must necessarily be intending to put a bomb under the Capitol dome. Anyhow, that's what Wainwright really is, and he tells me that he's a pretty slick guy besides. Oh, he's very, very impressed with his own slickness, and I guess he just naturally couldn't keep it to himself any longer. He told me how he'd learned a thing or two from the dope he used to investigate during the war, and been particularly taken with the idea of 'boring from within.' So he up and joins the Liberal Committee way back in the beginning, pretends to be a pious devotee to the cause, and all the time plans to wreck it." He grinned as Broadhurst hurried from the room.

Broadhurst told Streeter what he had just found out. "For the love of Mike!" Streeter exclaimed when he had absorbed the full import of the conversation. "And we've actually got him down to address the convention to-morrow morning. But at least we should be able to stop that, and in any event the longer we can keep him away from the convention the better. I'm going to put people on their guard. In the meantime, why don't you go back to Adams and see if he has anything to suggest?"

"My dear young liberal enthusiast," said Adams later with his engaging, unemphatic drawl, "what do you want me to do? Garrot him? Smuggle him away by night in a murder car? Have him shot up by a 'ragged stranger'?"

"No." Broadhurst had a sudden inspiration. "Get him up here and give him some more of your reverse-English Keeley cure. If we can get him in shape so that he misses his scheduled turn to speak before the convention to-morrow, there's a long waiting list of unterrified orators who would be tickled to step into the breach."

"Artless, but possibly effective," said Adams, rolling over on his side. "Bring him up here about midnight, and we'll see what we can do. In the meantime, let me get my beauty sleep."

II

At three o'clock the next morning Broadhurst, Adams, and Wainwright had sung:

"It's hi, hi, hee, for the Field Artiller-ee"

for the fourth and last time. The three of them had already gone down the "long, long trail" and had "hit the Kaiser with a bottle of Budweiser" and finally congratulated the navy on bringing the boys back safely from over there, whilst an irate neighbour beat time on the adjacent wall with his boot heel.

At four o'clock the three had posed for a new Laocoön group with arms hopelessly intertwined. The sun was touching the empty bottles by the window when Broadhurst and Adams carried Wainwright to bed in the next room. As Adams worked over the prostrate warrior's shoes, Broadhurst threw back Wainwright's coat. Sure enough, high up on his vest, near the armhole, gleamed the official badge.

"It was an awful waste of good liquor," said Adams as he emptied the water pitcher into which he and Broadhurst had poured the majority of their drinks after the first few rounds, "but it's all in a good cause. Now I'll make this room an Egyptian tomb, put the clock back three hours in case our friend should happen to wake up, and say a fond good-night to all."

He fished out Wainwright's watch from the pocket of the vest and adjusted the hands to his satisfaction. For a moment he stood lost in thought. Going over to his bureau, he picked out a black knitted tie from the drawer and unravelled a foot of silk thread from it. He came back to the bed where Wainwright lay, and painstakingly wrapped the thread about the badge.

"Crêpe," he explained solemnly, and pulling down the window shades, he switched the lights off and softly closed the bedroom door.

CHAPTER XXIV

*"I am the Earl of Rags,
And he is the Duke of Tatters,
And here you see us taking the air,
Discussing political matters."*

I

ALL the real work of a political convention is done in committee, and Broadhurst, like many other delegates not assigned to definite tasks, was beginning to wonder why nothing seemed to happen and, incidentally, why he had come. It was all very interesting, but this taking a spectator's part tended to make one restless. For the last twenty-four hours, too, he had not seen Streeter, who was on the most important committee of all—the Conference Committee, the outcome of whose labours would spell either defeat or victory for the convention as a whole. Obviously the conferees were having difficulties, and Broadhurst was curious to know more about it.

At twelve o'clock on the third night of the convention, a messenger came to Broadhurst with the request that he go to one of the committee rooms on the third floor, where the Conference Committee was in joint session, and make himself useful. He dressed sleepily and went down to shoulder his way through a small crowd of delegates and newspaper men on tip-toes before the half-

opened doors of the room. Inside, ten men were walking about or lying sprawled on sofas and chairs. Already the air was thick with smoke, and coats, collars, and neckties were coming off. The ten men were in a last determined effort to discover a common ground on which the delegates to the Liberal Committee and Labour Party conventions could get together on one platform.

Representing the Liberal Committee were Daniel Horton, Sanderson, Streeter, "Old Man" Merton, a former Progressive, and Younger, a contributor to liberal publications and a forceful talker. The Labour group had sent as their representatives "Big John" Kelvaine of the Steel Workers Union with two of his lieutenants, Ike Levinsky, a fiery Chicago public school teacher, and Mullen, the editor of a local labour journal.

Streeter was lying back in his chair scowling at the ceiling when Broadhurst came in. "Close the doors," he said, "and tell that crowd to come back in the morning. It's all right," he added as Broadhurst hesitated. "They think we're all crooks by now anyway, and one extra bit of proof won't matter. I believe in open diplomacy, but a town meeting can't write a political platform."

There was much grumbling and shoving before Broadhurst finally got the doors closed and planted his chair against them. Then the conferees drew around a long table and Big John Kelvaine read the platform of the Labour group in a gruff, hesitating voice. When he had finished, Broadhurst's heart sank. If the Labour crowd insisted on such a platform, it was all up. Be-

cause of the vociferous desire of the liberal delegates for amalgamation at all costs, because of the lack of skill of the liberal leaders in presenting their own platform, such a demagogic outburst was certain to win the crowd. Here was not a platform that could count on any national support. It was, instead, a verbose pronouncement of the aims of the more radical unions still inside the American Federation of Labour. There was no appeal to the farmers, none to the professional or business men. Full of phrases of dogmatic Socialism, it was the exact antithesis of the brief, crisply worded platform of the Liberal Committee.

Younger was the first to speak when Kelvaine sat heavily down.

"Well, gentlemen," he remarked, "I guess we're in for a night of it."

For a babelous five minutes everyone talked at once. Finally Horton hammered the group into order with the suggestion that the platform be considered point by point and that the parts acceptable to both sides be noted. Two hours of this. At the end it was found that there were no such points.

Broadhurst, head on hands, half-asleep at his post by the door, looked gloomily through the smoke at the Liberal group conferring apart in a little circle by the window. Already they gave the appearance of beaten men. The Labour conferees, on the other hand, showed plainly their physical superiorities. Their heads were up, their gestures emphatic, and they joked with one another, casting significant glances at the worn and fretful Liberals.

Broadhurst dozed off, then awoke to the sound of a monotonous voice reading something from a sheaf of typewritten pages. It was six o'clock now, and they were no nearer a decision than before. He opened the doors on to a deserted lobby. No delegates were up as yet, and the evening newspaper men had not put in their appearance. Only a stoop-shouldered scrub-woman moved sullenly about picking up scraps of paper.

Seven o'clock, and Broadhurst closed the doors again, for now freshly shaven delegates were beginning to arrive, clamouring for news. He must have dropped off to sleep again. The Committee men were now standing up, stretching, and moving about. It was nine o'clock. A hot summer sun flooded the room with its litter of papers, cigar butts, cigarettes, and all the refuse that men so quickly accumulate.

Streeter came over to him. There were hints of tears about the blue of his eyes, but his voice was steady.

"Let's go to bed. It's all over. They've licked us. We can never agree to a platform like that, but they've fixed things so that they will put it over on the convention this afternoon."

They went up in the elevator without further speech. The operator glanced at them quizzically.

"You two looks like you'd put in a tough night," she laughed.

II

Broadhurst had slept all afternoon, and it was already twilight when he opened his eyes. He looked about the darkened room, dully, and saw that Streeter

had evidently cut his nap shorter, for his bed, though rumpled, was no longer occupied.

He rose, pulled up the window shade, and looked out. Down in the street below the traffic was moving along jerkily. On the sidewalks people were hurrying in an ordered confusion, like ants. How queer the legs of walking people seemed when viewed from directly overhead!

Everything down there looked just the same as it had looked yesterday; just the same as it would look tomorrow. What did these people of Chicago care about the fiasco of the Liberal Committee's convention? They were going about their business, just as if nothing had happened.

He wondered what, indeed, really had happened. Somehow he did not feel an overwhelming sense of despair, even though the high hopes that he and others had entertained so joyously a few days before had failed to materialize. The Liberal Committee convention hadn't even exploded dramatically; it had fizzed out like a defective fire cracker and the Labour Party had swept up the pieces. Here was Chicago going about her business, just as if nothing had happened, and here was he, feeling a little dull and sluggish but with no deeper emotion than a vague idea that he had gained a new experience which might be worth while.

He turned away from the window and decided to take a final look at the convention hall. Whatever had been the day's business—the ratification of the platform, no doubt—it was now done and the room was emptying itself of delegates. Here and there a few

groups were still engaged in laughing conversation or heated argument, but after the disordered moments which Broadhurst had witnessed the comparative silence in the big room was oppressive.

As he stood looking at the long uneven rows of empty seats pushed hastily out of alignment by departing occupants, the silence was disagreeably broken by a series of harsh sounds. He turned and saw a little girl of about seven years with an excessively dirty face, running up and down the rows, banging the chair seats as she went. An empty convention hall, littered with paper and tobacco ash, and the momentarily neglected daughter of some delegate playing a game with empty chair seats. Broadhurst shrugged his shoulders and went out.

III

It happened as Streeter predicted. The two conventions amalgamated, the Labour Group absorbing the rank-and-file of the Liberals, who grudgingly accepted Labour's unwieldy platform, while the Liberal leaders left the floor in disgust.

Broadhurst wondered what Horton was doing. He was told that the Committee's leader was upstairs in a conference room. He went up to the third floor, walked down a paper-littered hall, and opened a door on Horton and the executive committee. In his pleasant, even voice Horton was saying:

"The experience has been invaluable. You know why we have lost. We let our hopes run away from us. We thought that because so many people wanted some-

thing different in American political life that something would come of itself, if we called for it. We see our mistake now. No change that will be worth anything can come overnight. It takes long planning, many temporary defeats, of which this is one. But some day it will come. Some day a new party will arise in this country, a party devoted to the interests of the average American—the man who works with his hands, the man who works with his head, who wears rubbers and carries an umbrella and doesn't know the difference between proletariat and bourgeoisie, but who knows very well that something is out of kilter with the machine. I beg of you not to despair because we have not formed this party at this time. Make the most of this experience, gather your strength for the next attack, and when another occasion arises be ready to strike again."

Broadhurst felt unaccountably relieved at hearing the words. Without realizing it, he had been dreading the way in which Dan Horton might possibly take this disastrous outcome of his hopes of so many years. He had been afraid that Horton would be crushed, dispirited, bitter. But Horton was his same unruffled self, facing the outcome philosophically.

"I just stopped in to say good-bye," said Broadhurst, "I've decided to run up into Wisconsin for a few days to get this convention air out of my system, and I'm leaving to-night. So long, everybody. See you in New York next week."

He came upon Wainwright standing by the elevator shaft, absently jingling the change in his trousers pocket. Broadhurst walked up with a bland smile

upon his face. "Hello," he said, "what's that you've got there—the thirty pieces of silver?" A flush rose on Wainwright's cheeks. "What do you mean?" he inquired belligerently.

"You know damn' well what I mean. And," Broadhurst added, maintaining the attitude of exaggerated amiability, "may God have mercy on your yellow soul."

"I don't know what you're talking about, but at the same time let me advise you to be careful what you say." Wainwright turned his back.

Broadhurst gazed at the expanse of Palm Beach cloth thus temptingly exposed, and brought his hand down upon it with a resounding whack.

"Cheerio!" he exclaimed. "If we meet again, the pleasure, if any, will be all yours."

Wainwright whirled about in anger, but Broadhurst was already walking down the corridor, whistling cheerfully. Wainwright stepped aboard the elevator and rode down to the lobby. Broadhurst returned to the shaft and took the next car up to his room.

CHAPTER XXV

"And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

I

BROADHURST had hardly seated himself in the Streeters' living room, a few evenings after his return from Wisconsin, when another caller came unannounced into the room. She looked at Broadhurst inquiringly, decided she didn't know him, and greeted Streeter warmly. Streeter shook her hand with vigour. "Well, you little ape," he said, "why don't you come around oftener?"

"What for?" she laughed. There was no answer to that, so Streeter performed the introductions.

"This is Ralph Broadhurst," he said with a wave of his hand, "and this other young person is Marie Raudebusch. It's high time you two knew each other."

Broadhurst surveyed his new acquaintance with interest as she pulled off her hat and tossed it on a divan. Though he himself was not tall, he seemed to be looking down at her from a great height. For all her tininess, however, she gave one the impression of self-sufficiency and assurance. The business-like cut of her rough tweeds strengthened that impression. They certainly were not clothes such as one associates with domestic

femininity; neither were they obtrusively mannish. Rather, they were in that neuter gender which places the wearer as one who makes her own living in a man's world, without boasting of it.

Her black hair was cut short and combed straight back from her forehead without the slightest attempt at arrangement. Yet the very severity of it seemed to enhance the clear purity of her profile with its Grecian lines of nose and brow. A warm rose-colour glowed healthily in the soft contours of her cheeks, and when she opened her mouth to talk, her little teeth showed firm and white. Broadhurst felt that Streeter's appellation, "ape," did not apply.

She looked up at Broadhurst with laughing black eyes. Then she turned to Streeter. "And what does this infant do?" she asked.

Streeter pushed an easy chair in her direction. "Sit down before he hits you," he advised, and then answered her query. "Ralph was one of the co-workers in the vineyard of the Liberal Committee. Now don't"—he held out a warning hand, as if to prevent a threatened interruption—"don't go and say 'I told you so,' or I'll wring your neck."

"Why, you big stiff," she mocked, "who cares what happened to you and your fellow Liberals in Chicago? There was nothing to that. Here's something much more worth while." She brushed her forehead with the back of her hand, in a quaint, sudden gesture that Broadhurst was to see more of, and began to feel in the pocket of her skirt for a bit of scribbled paper.

"Here," she said, "listen to this:

"They asked for indolence and ecstasy,
For strange cerulean dreams to fetch them song:
They asked for madness and for mystery,
And dryad pageants and the golden throng
Of winds and playing waters, and the night,
Broken with stars; and unreturning springs:
And found the old dissembling swift delight
The unimaginable lotus brings.

"And we have eaten of the fruit of words;
And, drowned in our own singing, idly sway
Within the caverns of the sea of sound.
We hear no voices nor the song of birds,
But all this night is brighter than the day,
About the grottos where our hearts lie drowned."

Her voice died out. "The name of that," she said after a pause, "is 'The Lotus Eaters.'"

"Is it yours?" asked Streeter.

"Yes."

"It's good. But"—his seriousness changed to banter—"what has it got to do with the Liberal Committee and the Party-that-never-was?"

"Nothing. That's just the point. It merely illustrates something that you Liberals may get to, yourselves, about a thousand years from now. It's the idea of beauty. And beauty exists in the parlour, not in the kitchen. What difference does it make if the Republicans or the Democrats or the Liberals do the cooking, and who wants to be just a cook? For neither cooks nor politicians are creators; both of them merely take certain definite and limited materials and mix

them together to produce either savoury or unsavoury messes, as the case may be. The externals——”

“Excuse me a moment,” Streeter broke in. “Even conceding your point, which is not quite clear to me, although I assume it to be along the lines expressed by the thought that ‘man shall not live by bread alone,’ I must confess to a curiosity as to what you yourself believe. Let’s say that you have satisfactorily done away with all political parties and creeds, but what in the world is there left?”

“Why, Anarchy, of course,” she answered. “Anarchy is the faith of the aristocrat. If I must have a political faith, I’ll take the ultimate one.”

Streeter turned to Broadhurst. “Listen to the young woman!” he said. “She’s just talking for effect. She comes the nearest to being a professional joiner, of any one I know. For this, I’d have you know, is Marie Raudebusch, Secretary of the Russian Relief Committee and any other committee that happens to lack a secretary—sweet Marie, who is a member of the Heterodoxy, who fights the police in Paterson, who pickets the White House under the militant suffrage banner, who makes speeches advocating birth control, who, in short, joins anything and everything, only provided it isn’t respectable.”

“Yes,” Marie laughed, and immediately became all seriousness. “I do all those things. But I do them because I believe so much in superiority of the individual that I want common men and women, and that includes you people, to have the chance to get what I have. And after all, that’s what you Liberals

want too. You want to retain your white collars, and your nice manners, and be gentlemen, but at the same time you want other people to have a little share of this world's goods. Yet always, despite your clamour for the abolition of Privilege, in the back of your minds there is the uneasy thought that if everyone were like you, your own lot might not seem so enjoyable. As for myself, I *believe* in privilege—for out of privilege comes good birth, and breeding, and delicacy, and these things I want all the daughters of men to have. As a matter of fact, I'm a sport, and I want other people to have a sporting chance. So count me in always on the side of the underdog. I'm for the weak, even when I know they are wrong."

"Ah! the well-known 'maternal instinct' at work. But aside from that, have you any idea what in the world she's talking about?" Streeter turned to Broadhurst in dismay.

Broadhurst grinned. "Most of it's going over my head," he admitted.

"Well, anyhow," Streeter remarked, "one thing is clear, and that is that this child certainly hates herself."

Marie's eyes sparkled with amusement. "Why, you convention-observing bourgeois, *of course* I do. Haven't you yet absorbed the fundamental truth that it's only what's inside of you that matters? And if you can't be proud of that, what is there to be proud of? But there again we run into one of the prime drawbacks which handicap all Liberals. All of you have, more or less, the so-called 'inferiority complex.' That's

why you don't get on; you're never sure of yourselves, even when you most think you are. And that's why you're Liberals in the first place, instead of being Radicals. You're always for compromise."

"Stop!" Streeter commanded. "Stop picking on me, or I'll call my wife."

"Hm!" Marie snorted. "At least she'd come closer to understanding me than you do. Women aren't logical, but they're often fundamental. Let's talk about something which your mind might be able to grasp intelligently. Have you seen that new stuff at the Société Anonyme?"

So they talked for a few moments on the work of the Futurists, and the Impressionists, and the Post-Impressionists, and the other relatively new schools of painting whose differences Broadhurst but vaguely understood. Then they shifted to more general, random subjects in which he felt more at home, although his share in the conversation remained insignificant. To talk with strangers usually was, for him, a decided effort and he was always reluctant to air his views before them. Especially so with a person like this girl with the funny German name; she snapped up one's opinions so quickly and so decisively.

But when Marie left, Broadhurst went with her. There was something about her that was curiously fascinating, aside from the apparent freshness and originality of her views; something vibrant, vivid. He wanted to find out, if he could, what it was.

They stood on the sidewalk before the door to her house, talking for a few minutes. "Do you know,"

Broadhurst said, "I have been wondering lately why I've never been able to take the Liberal Committee as seriously as Streeter does. What you said earlier this evening made it a little clearer."

She flashed a look of interest at him. "Did it?" she smiled, and then held out her hand.

"Come and see me some time," she suggested.

II

"Some time" proved to be soon and often. He discovered that talking to her stimulated him mentally. But why she always seemed so glad to see him was a puzzle. Nothing he said to her could be novel or interesting. On the contrary, when he ventured an opinion it was usually to have it utterly and convincingly demolished. Then, too, she seemed to be on familiar terms with so many people who really were worth while—artists, poets, musicians, writers, and others who were already "known," or were becoming known, or would be known soon. Even in so comparatively short a time she had widened the circle of his acquaintances enormously, and because he had met them through her they seemed to accept him as one of their kind. It was reminiscent of what had happened in his early associations with members of the Liberal Committee; he was meeting a new sort of people.

He telephoned to her one afternoon. "Come on and have dinner somewhere to-night," he urged.

"Oh, all right." She paused. "Let's get all dressed up!" she said suddenly.

What was the idea, Broadhurst pondered as he got

into his dinner coat a little later. Always before they had gone to queer little places, often far over on the East Side, where dinner coats would have been ridiculous. He was still wondering when he knocked at her door.

She opened it, radiant. She was wearing an evening dress of unrelieved black, and over her bare shoulders was a wisp of black tulle. Her colour was a trifle heightened, and, with her short, straight hair, she looked elfish, exotic—a woodland fay in the habiliments of ultracivilization. She pirouetted once, threw on a cape, and pushed Broadhurst out into the hall as she closed the door.

"Where do we go from here?" asked Broadhurst still amazed.

"Anywheres. No, not anywheres. Uptown, to some place where we can dance."

"But I don't dance," Broadhurst demurred.

"You'll come darn near it to-night," she replied determinedly.

She was right. Between courses and frequently in the middle of one she dragged him from his chair and on to the crowded floor. He could dance, of course, but not well. But to-night he did much better than usual.

In the pauses he tried once or twice to talk to her of serious things. It was quite unavailing. She would look at him with soft, mirthful eyes and either ignore his comment or reply with some trivial irrelevancy. This couldn't be the same Marie.

"How old are you?" he asked abruptly.

"Twenty-five," she answered, "and it's a very wonderful age to be. You must be just over thirty, and you think that that's better yet. Well, you're wrong. At thirty I probably won't want to do things like this. Come on, here's another fox-trot."

It was midnight before her zeal abated. They had just finished another dance, and her eyes were sparkling. "We're going," she announced unexpectedly, and stood up from the table.

Outside in the street a victoria was moving slowly along. "That's what we want," she exclaimed, and ran after it calling to the plug-hatted driver while belated pedestrians on the sidewalk turned to stare.

She was very pensive during the ride. Broadhurst, on his part, was very uncomfortable. To drive down Fifth Avenue in an open victoria, dressed in evening clothes, made one feel conspicuous.

Near Washington Square she leaned forward and gave the driver the address of her room. Broadhurst started to pay the fare as they got out.

"Here!" she objected. "I bought this cab." She pushed him aside and gave the driver a couple of bills.

"Well, did you have fun?" she asked.

"Sure," Broadhurst replied, "but what was the idea, anyhow?"

"Nothing much," she said absently, stroking her forehead. "But it's rather nice to spend a happily care-free evening once in a while."

Broadhurst walked back to his own room in a bit of a daze. What was she—adventuress? vagabond?

poet? She might be any, or all. Or she might be just herself.

At any rate, it was a queer feeling that he always had after being with her. Exultant. Glowing. But it hardly seemed like the blossoming of a romance.

What in the world was she doing to him?

CHAPTER XXVI

*"You never can tell till you've tried them,
And then you are like to be wrong."*

I

A PILE of fresh proofs lay on Broadhurst's desk when he came in that morning. After looking at his mail and discovering that the envelopes apparently held nothing more interesting than form letters from advertising managers of magazines, he turned his attention to the printer's offerings. They were revises on the October trade-paper advertisements for the Greyhound Motor Truck Company. They reminded him of Manning.

For several weeks after getting back from Chicago, he had put off an intended visit to Manning. Now August had melted humidly into September, and still he hadn't gone. This would be as good a day as any to do it.

Shortly before noon he strode into Manning's office. The engineer was working over some specifications as Broadhurst entered.

"Hello there," he welcomed his visitor. "Have a chair. Be with you in a moment." He made half a dozen pencilled notations on the edge of a blueprint.

"Well," he exclaimed as he put his pencil down, "we haven't seen you in several months. Not since

you went to Chicago, in fact. And from what I read about the convention, you might better have stayed home, just as I told you."

"Why?"

Manning showed surprise at the question.

"Why?" he repeated. "Is there need of expatiating on the obvious? There was a crowd of amateurs, fanatics, and professional reformers, and they had an idea that was a dud to begin with. How could anything better happen than what did happen to them? I told you, 'way back, that you were a fool to waste your time with them. You're much too good for futile 'causes.' I sympathized with you, for I had ideas like that myself when I was young, and that's why I tried to steer you off. But you wouldn't listen to me."

"No," said Broadhurst calmly, "and I won't listen to you in the future, either. That crowd in Chicago may have been all you just called them, but at least they had ideals."

"Ideals? What do ideals get you? You saw what happened in the war, for example. The bird who had ideals went to the trenches and got shot. The bird who had sense stayed at home and made money building unsinkable ships—the Hog Island kind, you know; unsinkable, because they were never launched."

In the back of Broadhurst's mind there had been some cloudy purpose in coming to see Manning once more, but now that he was actually in Manning's office the purpose was as indeterminate as ever. He fished about for something to say.

"By the way," he asked, "was it you who had the

happy idea last July of giving Gertrude my address, after you were done with her?"

Manning snickered. "I'll have to plead guilty to that. 'Way back last spring you told me that you had broken off an engagement, and I said at the time that I thought I ought to do something about it. I'm sorry it took me as long as it did."

"Much obliged," Broadhurst responded. "She helped me make a damned fool out of myself. A particularly disgusting damned fool. But I don't hold that against you so much. It was one of those things that I suppose I had to do some time, and now don't have to do again."

"Oh, dear!" Manning said ironically. "Don't tell me that the boy politician, embittered by defeat, has suddenly become a Puritan! I knew all along that you never should have gone to the convention and got mixed up with that crowd of pious saviours of humanity and all their uplift platforms. Eat, drink, and be merry—that's the only platform that's worth a damn."

Broadhurst stood up.

"The first few times that I saw you," he said, "I thought you were a real person. I suppose you still could be. You're intelligent, damned intelligent—but you haven't got the guts to do what your intelligence tells you is right. You make me sick! You make me the more sick because one time you almost had me believing your 'what's-the-use' dope myself. Oh——" Broadhurst's hands waved helplessly as he groped for the proper words.

"You can go to hell!" he concluded abruptly.

He heard Manning's laugh as he left, but was undisturbed by it. Broadhurst was done with him and all his kind, who wouldn't take a chance on any new idea but mocked it cynically from the start.

II

He came away from Manning's office with a mixed feeling of irritation at Manning and of satisfaction at having said what he did.

"I might as well make a day of it," he thought as he got out of the subway at the Grand Central and wormed his way through the crowds in the station, in the general direction of the Yale-Princeton Club. His eye fell on the huge window at the western end of the station. It was so huge a window—in fact, a double window—that there were foot-paths in it at different levels, on which people could be seen walking briskly between the tessellated layers of glass. Broadhurst had observed these astounding pedestrians many times, quite indifferently, but in his present mood they impressed him. "They look," he muttered, "about as important as a lot of bees in a hive, and a lot less useful."

He checked his hat a moment later in the Club lobby and walked upstairs to the lounge. He saw George Arnold sitting in a chair by the window, reading the noon edition of an evening paper, and went up to him.

"I wasn't sure we had a real date for lunch," he said, "but here we are, so let's go tie on the nosebags."

Shall we eat for a dollar on the roof, or take more expensive chances in the grill?"

In the grill room, they wrote out their orders and settled down. Broadhurst began speaking before Arnold could introduce any other topic.

"Remember what I said to you last Fall about the Steel Corporation and the strike? Well, what do you think now about outside agitators, high pay, welfare work, and all that bunk? I suppose you've seen the Interchurch Steel Report, or at least read the essential parts of it in the newspapers."

"Yes," Arnold admitted, "I did see the newspaper dope on it. But even if it is true, I don't see where the Church has any business horning in on the matter."

"If that's all you got out of it, and it seems to me to be very little, I can at least ask, why not?"

"Well, that's not what the Church is for. In the first place what do people like that know about business conditions, anyhow?"

"They seem to have found out quite a lot about conditions in the steel industry, at any rate. But conceding that the Church is inexperienced in and ignorant of industrial relations, don't you think it would be a good idea for it to do more work of this sort? Most of us spend most of the week in industrial relations of some sort or other."

"But that's not the Church's job," Arnold still objected. "The Church's job is to look after—well, spiritual welfare, you might say. I like to think of the Church as something above the affairs of everyday life, something apart."

"In other words," Broadhurst rejoined, "you don't think that religion should have anything to do with a man's ordinary life. It's just something to think about on Sundays."

"Not at all."

Oh, it was hopeless. Two minds, with not a single thought in common; two hearts that beat askew. Broadhurst decided to try something else, feeling quite sure what the result would be. An inspiration came to him.

"I'm thinking of throwing up my job," he stated abruptly.

Arnold was interested but not amazed. "That so?" he inquired. "Have you got a better one lined up?"

"No."

Arnold was more interested and decidedly perplexed. "Well—er," he stammered, "what's the idea?"

"Oh, I'm just sick of it, that's all."

"But what are you going to do? I mean, are you taking up a different line of work?"

"Not that I know of. All I've thought about is quitting, and taking six months or so off."

"Well, can you afford to do it? Won't you fall behind in the meantime—let others get ahead of you?"

"Perhaps." Broadhurst's answer applied to both questions.

"Gosh." Arnold was still perplexed. "I should think you'd want to get along in the world."

"Get along doing what? Writing advertisements? Making money?" Broadhurst became the questioner.

"Well, you can't get along without money, so you might as well make it while the making is good. You

can't just loaf through life. I must say I don't get your point of view at all."

"No, I guess you don't." Broadhurst sought to imply a superiority that he did not feel. The idea of his quitting work was quite as new to him as it was to Arnold, yet Arnold's ineffective objections had made him feel it might be a pretty good idea at that. One might just as well loaf honestly as go through a lot of motions that didn't mean anything. It would bear thinking over.

III

Andrew Hawkins, a classmate, joined them.

"Hello, gents," he said amiably, "what are you eating to-day?"

Damn his amiability, thought Broadhurst. That was Andy's greatest fault. Andy was not a bad sort, otherwise. Some men didn't like him both because he was inclined to take himself too seriously and because at the same time he thought he had a sense of humour. "He means well, but he gets my corks," was frequently said of him. Broadhurst was more lenient in his opinion. There were times when he was conscious of an unreasonable irritation in the knowledge of the fact that Andy had an independent income; at such times he thought of his classmate as an insufferably smug prig. He could afford to be amiable, and that was what made his amiability so offensive.

"We've been paying less attention to the food than to the conversation," said Broadhurst. This was his fighting day, and he felt like taking on all comers. He recalled with a smile the idiotic formula that he and

two of his classmates had employed all one night at the last Princeton reunion. Every five or ten minutes they would stand in a group, arms entwined over shoulders, and putting their heads together, bellow forth to the world, "We are rip-roarin', night-workin', red-nos-trilled wolves, and this is our night to how-w-l-l-l!" This wasn't his night to howl, but it was a good day to snarl.

"I've just been telling George here," he went on, "that the Interchurch World Movement did a fine job in showing up the Steel Corporation's part in the strike last year." Andy Hawkins, with his smugness, and his eminent respectability, and his income, part of which might even come from U. S. Steel stock, would respond the same way as Arnold. That was the amusing thing about all reactionaries; you could pull a certain string and know exactly how they would jump.

Hawkins looked up from signing the menu check. "Didn't they, though," he beamed. "The pity of it is that the report didn't come out soon enough to do the strikers any good. Almost everybody was against them at the time, and it made me sore. By the way," he grinned, "I've been hearing a lot of interesting rumours about you lately, Dink. Let's get together some time for a good bicker. I thought of getting hold of you the other evening. We had Ewing Williams up to dinner, and got him to give us a little talk. We had a bunch of people drop around later to discuss this 'political prisoner' stuff."

Broadhurst sat transfixed in amazement, staring at Hawkins with incredulous eyes. Andy Hawkins, the

typical, complacent "bourgeois," taking sides with the steel strikers! Andy Hawkins, neglecting one of the fundamental tenets of 100 per cent. Americanism and having Ewing Williams up to dinner—Ewing Williams, the conscientious objector whose name, if mentioned at all, was greeted with an embarrassed silence by his former Princeton friends!

The situation was ridiculous. Broadhurst looked out of the corner of his eye at Arnold, who likewise registered amazement. Then he leaned over and solemnly shook Hawkins's hand.

"I'll be damned," he said, "if I ever knew you had ideas like that, Andy."

"Well, I didn't suspect you either, until I heard about your going out to Chicago last summer," Hawkins responded. "There are a lot of people who have surprised me in recent years. You never can tell what's really going on inside a man's mind unless you expose a part of your own as bait."

There was a lot in that idea, Broadhurst thought. He had never known what an ass his old friend George Arnold was until he had tried to argue with him about the purposes of the war and the accomplishments of the peace.

A topsy-turvy world. Win the war and lose the peace. Have death blot out suddenly the rosy flames of one romance and build another and futile successor on the ashes of its sorrow, to end with little sorrow for either. Get excited about politics for the first time in one's life, and come to believe that nothing matters much and politics least of all. Try vainly to convert

one classmate, and find a less likely prospect already converted to order.

A topsy-turvy world indeed. Yet he was beginning to feel that he was coming out on top of it, for all its turviness.

CHAPTER XXVII

*"Diggin' in the trenches all day long,
All day long I'm a-singin' this song,
And I ain't got weary yet."*

I

BAY HEAD, N. J. When the breeze is from the land, there are usually mosquitoes. When the breeze is from the sea, there is often fog. When there is no breeze at all the sun beats down relentlessly on the house-tops and the sand. No trees to throw a shade; no cool green lawns to break the glare. A flat, colourless strip of land, with here and there a clump of scrawny sand-grass that merely serves to emphasize the general barrenness; on the one side the weary sea, and on the other a narrow neck of bay. It would be hard to find, even on the Jersey coast, a spot with less natural beauty. But here people came in the summertime to play.

What impressed the uninitiated was that they kept coming back every year. Always the same people. Now and then new faces appeared; their owners were accepted, and came back next season, or were patronized, and never came back again. But why any one, having tried it once, should want a second season at Bay Head the novice could not comprehend. Yet after all it was quite simple. These people returned

year after year because they were sure of seeing one another. The other scenery was inconsequential.

Broadhurst sat on the bathing beach, a little apart from the others, and wondered why he had come back himself, and especially why he had brought Marie Raudebusch with him. He rolled over on his elbow and looked at her. She was scooping up handfuls of sand and letting them trickle through her fingers. Her eyes were downcast and a little frown wrinkled her forehead.

Why had they come these seventy-five miles by slow train on a Sunday morning when they might have had a day at the beach on more convenient Long Island? He had spent many a week-end here before the war, and he knew most of the old crowd, but he hadn't cared especially about seeing them now. He didn't know why the idea of Bay Head had popped into his mind when he had proposed the excursion to Marie. Perhaps it was because he had wanted to see her in a different setting—in the setting which once had made up his own background.

If this were so, the experiment had not been successful. In the three hours that they had been on the beach they had spoken little to each other and less than that to any one else. Men he knew had come up to greet him and he had presented them to Marie. They were somehow aware that their customary chatter, on meeting a new girl, would not in this case get over. Marie was friendly to them all, but there was nothing they could talk about; they had no common acquaintances, and the effort to find any was still-born. "Do

you come from New York?" they would ask politely, and since the answer was "yes" there was nothing more that could be said. After a few futile moments they would move off, the glad light in their eyes with which they had approached in the hopes of meeting "some new stuff" dulled. Once Broadhurst had taken Marie to join a mixed group of men and girls on the beach. The girls, after essaying a sentence or two, looked at her as if she were some sort of zoölogical specimen and lost interest.

He couldn't figure it out. He threw a handful of sand at her. She looked up, smiling.

"How about getting dressed and then paging some food?" he said.

II

The hotel dining room was crowded, for it was one of the last Sundays in August. Broadhurst and Marie were obliged to sit at a large table with several other people—mostly men; bachelors, down for the weekend. He knew several of them, and after exchanging greetings carried on conversations with them until the few topics of interest were exhausted. Then silence.

Silence and constraint. Marie was saying nothing at all. He felt an absurd impulse to ask her in a loud voice what she really thought of the Dadaists, or whether Japan's encroachments in Manchuria contained the seeds of a possible war with the United States. He wanted to show her off, and there was no way of doing it. He felt like a child who had discovered

something in which he could find no one to take the least interest.

Why was she so strange? That evening when they had dined and danced, a few weeks before, she had seemed capable of acting just like any girl in his old set. Why couldn't she do it now? She just didn't fit and the fact couldn't be disguised.

Riding home on the train that evening he wanted her own thoughts on the matter.

"I'm afraid I didn't pick a very good place," he said, feeling his way.

She turned to look at him. Amused comprehension was in her eyes. "The place was all right," she reassured him. "Everything was all right—except me. I—I just couldn't mix, for I belong to a different world altogether." She looked out of the car window. Then that quaint gesture of hers, and she looked at Broadhurst again.

"You can do something that I can't do. You can live in my world and in theirs too, and it's very lovely. But"—she made a grimace—"you're a man. That's a devastating admission for a Feminist to make, but it's true. It's *because* I'm a Feminist, because I believe in the equality of the sexes so strongly—in their rights to equal opportunity and their obligations of equal service—that I have to admit man's present superiority in some ways. You can do 'queer' things, can be an iconoclast and a rebel, and what happens? Why, if people like those in Bay Head can't understand you, at least they think you are *interesting*. And you'll find that the more thoroughly you disagree with them

the more these people will actually respect you. Men stand on their own feet but a woman is no longer supposed to. It wasn't always so, and it's rather sad. In the days when America was in the making, the woman shared the dangers and the toil with the man. She had the idea of facing life and sharing its burdens equally with him. She could fight by a man's side. But as America became rich the woman became soft. She became a thing to be protected and pampered and sequestered. Look at those girls we saw to-day! They're lovely, and they're intelligent, and they have fine instincts, in spite of all this talk one hears about the 'morals of the younger generation.' But if one of them feels that she ought to play her part in the battle of life, she goes and opens up a Gift Shoppe. I can't adopt their point of view, even for a little while, for if I conformed I'd run the risk of becoming soft myself. No, I don't belong any more, and I'm glad." She paused, and added wistfully, "I'm sorry, too."

"Why?"

She looked at Broadhurst, softly. "Because *you* still belong, and there are places that I can't go with you."

This was unexpected, and left Broadhurst completely confused. Was there some incredible nuance in that last statement of Marie's, and if so what was his cue? It certainly couldn't be that this remarkable person, in whose presence he always felt so immature, was actually in love with him. His heart leaped violently at the thought, absurd as it seemed. Awkwardly he put his arm around her waist, but she merely adjusted

her body to conform and settled back comfortably. There was no more passion in the embrace, if it could be called such, than if they were two men. Broadhurst concluded that he was either abnormally stupid or abominably vain.

In a few minutes he asked her, perplexedly: "What the dickens do you see in me, anyhow?"

She smiled. "Why," she said, "you have the most interesting thing in the world—a soul that's just beginning to sprout, and it's fun to watch it grow."

So that was it.

III

They took the ferry to Twenty-third Street, after leaving the train, and walked toward her room.

"I wonder what would happen," Broadhurst said idly, "if I should throw up my job. What would you do, for instance, if you got fired from the paper and weren't making any money?"

"Do?" she repeated. "Why, get along, somehow."

"Yes." He was insistent. "But just how?"

"I don't know," she answered, "but I'd get along. I've done it. I lived in New York for nearly a year, once, without having a regular job. There were some weeks when I was hungry, but not many, and there are worse things than physical hunger. You know there's something in the Bible about the Lord taking care of His own, and we all come under that head. If you haven't a coat, somebody gives you one; if you can't pay the rent, you have friends who let you sleep on the sofa. Something always turns up. And no

matter how unpleasant things may get, the ultimate goal is more than worth the incidental price. Never let the fear of not getting along keep you from doing what you think is best."

"Well," Broadhurst mused, "I've been thinking about chucking my job. I feel as if I'd never get anywhere so long as I stick to advertising."

"Then chuck it!" She was unmistakably direct.

"You really think so?" he asked, half convinced.

"There's no question about it."

He laughed. "You're a fine steady influence in my young life."

He left her at the door of her house. As he walked down the street she looked after him for a moment, and then slowly went up the stairs to her room.

He kept on his way, head slightly bowed in thought. It had been an interesting day after all. She had urged him to quit work, and she had explained that she was a Feminist. Well, if she were a Feminist, then he was all for Feminism.

There was something else to think about, too. Marie herself.

IV

Sometimes sleep comes softly, stealing up on one before one expects, and a thought which was a-forming is cut off in the middle. Sometimes one forms the thought completely, and finds it a triviality which was worth far less than the effort expended upon it. So one, in irritation, takes up another thought, or plans imaginary conversations, or regrets that one hadn't finessed the

queen of clubs in the next-to-the-last hand, which would have given one the rubber, and so on, until one realizes that one is thinking of things that are of the essence of futility and becomes further irritated so that sleep is out of the question for an hour or more.

And sometimes, after one has been on the beach all day and feels the glow of sunburn on the face and the languor of healthily tired limbs, one wants to do a bit of consecutive thinking, but sleep, now almost here, now crowded back, but never far away, keeps mixing things up in a hopeless mass of incongruities. . . .

Sand and sun and sea, and on the horizon a ship that is sailing far away. Sand and sun and the smell of the sea, and beside one a girl with a Grecian profile who says things that make one think. . . . Wonderful people, the Greeks. Helen of Troy, whose face was credited with having launched a thousand ships; what a pity they couldn't have detailed her to Hog Island during the war. . . . Manning would appreciate that line. Damn Manning!—and for a moment sleep receded—what was he butting in here for, with his cynical materialism? What did he know of beauty or see of the glorious future? It was a girl who knew and saw, a little girl with a funny German name who looked at one with dark mysterious eyes, eyes that looked inside of one and saw something which one had always hoped might be there. A soul. . . . *O sole mio!* . . . No, that was hardly it. . . . Sleep. . . . Sleep. . . . One might as well. Perhaps others were sleeping too.

CHAPTER XXVIII

"Good-bye, and God bless you!"

MASON was looking very solemn when Broadhurst walked into the office of the president of the National Advertising Agency.

"Sit down, Mr. Broadhurst," said Mason, and remained for several moments wrapped in his solemn thoughts. He tapped the blotter on his glass-topped desk with a long steel paper-cutter. He laid it aside abruptly, and gripping both arms of his chair he leaned forward.

"It is a very delicate matter that I have to discuss with you, Mr. Broadhurst," he began, "and it pains me very much that the necessity has arisen."

Broadhurst wondered if this preamble were to prepare him for some such unpleasant task as going to a disgruntled client with an involved alibi. Mistakes happened in the best of agencies, and it was sometimes hard to prove to the client that the agency really shouldn't pay for them.

"The information has come to me," Mason went on, "that this agency is getting the reputation for employing Radicals. I do not know where the rumour originated, and of course it is utterly without foundation, but at the same time we cannot afford to take chances. You can realize what it would mean if some of our com-

petitors should use this argument, particularly if they could give it a certain plausibility."

"Possibly." Broadhurst was sparring for time in which to collect his thoughts. The interview with Mason was taking a most unexpected turn. "But just what, Mr. Mason, has this to do with me?"

"I am sorry," Mason replied, "that you force me to be more direct. To be specific, these rumours concern you in particular. It is also my own impression that as a matter of fact you are interested in a rather questionable political organization. Not that I censure you in the slightest"—Mason held up one finger to prevent the interruption that Broadhurst threatened—"but the fact is that these things get talked about. Didn't you, by the way, attend some convention in Chicago several months ago? I thought so. Now your motives were undoubtedly of the highest, and no one is more desirous than I am of seeing young men of your type take an active interest in politics. But this convention you attended was rather generally regarded, as I think you will agree, as a somewhat freakish performance. It never pays to be considered freakish or peculiar; it never pays." He fell into one of his contemplative silences.

"If I may ask a question, Mr. Mason, it seems to me that if the information mentioned me by name, there must have been by the same token a personal informant. May I ask who he was?" Broadhurst was answered by the evasion he had expected.

"Was it by any chance," he pressed, "Mr. Haviland Wainwright?"

Mason flushed. "I cannot betray a confidence," he said.

"Well," Broadhurst remarked, "it doesn't make any difference. But just what, Mr. Mason, do you expect me to do about it?"

"It would seem to me, Mr. Broadhurst, that it would be wise for you to give up some of these outside interests of yours."

"I assume," said Broadhurst, "that by that you mean for me to avoid anything of which our leading newspapers do not approve. I am, as a matter of fact, no longer actively connected with the Liberal Committee, but I have other connections which might be regarded as still more dangerous. I teach classes occasionally at Labour Hall, and I am frequently seen lunching with Communists. Should I stop all that?" he asked naïvely, and as he noted Mason's horrified astonishment, he wondered if Mason could have weathered the shock of learning that last week he had acted as a volunteer publicity agent for cigar makers out on strike.

"I repeat," Mason said ponderously, "that I think such things extremely unwise. I am not attempting to influence your opinions, Mr. Broadhurst, but I think you owe it to yourself to be careful. And I know that you owe it to this organization."

Broadhurst's amusement and anger were growing simultaneously. "To get down to facts," he suggested, "unless I quit associating with questionable people I shall have to resign my position with you?"

"I am sorry, Mr. Broadhurst, but that is the situa-

tion. Your work here has been excellent, and I should regret deeply to lose you. But valuable as your services are, they would be offset by any more such unfortunate rumours as I have just heard. Come now," he urged, rising to his feet and extending his right hand, "take the advice of an older man and stick to the things that matter."

While Mason had been speaking Broadhurst had been thinking quickly. His job with the National Advertising Agency was not onerous; he was largely his own boss and the salary was not to be sneered at. And after all, what did the other things amount to? His interest in the Liberal Committee had, after the one sudden flowering, ceased to be more than casual and though there still were meetings at National Headquarters he seldom attended them. No other organization had in its place enlisted his heartfelt support. He gave a spasmodic but enthusiastic assistance when called for by any one who was on the side of the minorities and was perhaps on the side of the angels. But he didn't belong to the Socialist or Communist parties, the American Civil Liberties Union, or any of the other organizations devoted to minority interests. He did, however, like to talk to all the people who were interested in any of these things. Among such he found his friends, and those who did not become his friends at least stirred his imagination. He wondered why he had not definitely tied up with any of the many groups; possibly because none of them seemed sufficiently fundamental—they all seemed to be attacking symptoms rather than the disease itself. It was more

like a series of games in which he was an interested spectator, and for the present he was content to sit on the sidelines and cheer for the underdog, whoever he might be. Such a procedure might make him as unpopular with his neighbours as a Yale man would be in the Princeton cheering section, and might be of little help to the cause he backed. But at least it had the merit of calling attention to the fact that there *was* an underdog and of keeping himself unscathed in the meantime for a more important contest in the future.

It was for such intangible satisfactions as these that he might be obliged to give up the very tangible and material compensation of a comfortably sized, weekly pay-check. Yet lately these satisfactions had come to seem more real, the pay-check less and less of a compensation, and he didn't know why. Something was stirring within, something that had impelled him to suggest, first to George Arnold, and later to Marie, that he thought of throwing up his job. Suddenly he realized what it was that he wanted; he wanted what Marie seemed to have so gloriously—freedom.

Broadhurst had risen to his feet, and Mason's hand was still extended. His last words echoed in Broadhurst's ears. "Stick to the things that matter."

The things that matter. To have the standing in one's community which accompanies success in business, to be able to walk into a store and say "charge it" or to run down South for a couple of weeks in the winter, to belong to a comfortable club or two and to have an automobile of one's own, to keep an apartment with a Japanese servant, or to get married and build a house

in Westchester, to know nice people who didn't make you think too hard and who had comfortable places to visit at week-ends, to have good coffee for breakfast—these were some of the things that mattered. They mattered about as much as being a first lieutenant in the A. E. F. instead of being a private.

Broadhurst let fall the hand that was about to grasp Mason's.

"‘The things that matter,’ Mr. Mason? Love on a toadstool!" he exclaimed, "what is there that does matter except thinking for yourself and saying what you think? If it seems to me that the educational director of Labour Hall has more sense than the president of Columbia University, I'll go down to Fourteenth Street instead of up to Morningside Heights. If I feel that the editorial page of the *New York Call* contains less bunk than the editorial page of the *New York Times*, I'll read the former. And if in the evenings I prefer to go to the Provincetown Players with a couple of Bolsheviks instead of to the Follies with a couple of underwear salesmen, you can guess where my amusement tax will be paid. To pursue the last thought a little further, if you should ask me to wear a campaign button like the one in your lapel and intimate that my job depended upon it, then I should break a solemn vow and come in the next morning wearing a campaign button. But the one I should wear would probably read ‘Debs’ and certainly not ‘Harding.’"

Mason sat down abruptly, and pressed a button on his desk. "That will be all, Mr. Broadhurst. I had hoped you would look at this matter sanely, and

instead of that you treat it flippantly—insultingly, in fact. When you are as old as I am, you will appreciate how childishly you have just acted. It is needless to say that after the first of the month your services will be no longer required.”

“When I am as old as you are, Mr. Mason, I shall probably discover that I have wasted my life just as foolishly as you have. Thank Heavens, however, I am still young and still have hope.”

Broadhurst turned and went out, leaving the door of Mason’s private office open. He knew that the incivility would irritate Mason still further, and he was tired of being civil to anybody. There was altogether too much civility in the world anyhow. If there were less of it, there would be correspondingly less respectability and more progress.

He had come close to insulting George Arnold in their many futile discussions, and he wished now that he hadn’t held himself back. It might have startled old George out of some of his smug satisfaction, for in George’s world everybody was pleasant to everybody else and it made it hard for them to realize that unpleasantness existed at all.

He had confronted Wainwright, with the result that Wainwright had served as the reagent to precipitate the present mess. So much the better. There would have had to be a show-down with Mason sooner or later, and now that it had come, there was nothing to worry about. He had broken with Manning, too, and had felt more pleased about it every day since.

How carefree he was, now that he had lost his job!

He had no other job in sight; he didn't even know what sort of work he wanted to take up, although he was quite certain that he was through with advertising.

"I should have done it long ago. The first step towards getting into something I like is to quit doing what I don't like."

He laughed softly as he thought of the flurried Mason. He wasn't used to having his employees talk back. The fear of losing a job was always an effective check; even when employees resigned to go elsewhere they preferred to take no chances, haunted by the fear that Mason might be able to get back at them somehow. Broadhurst regretted that he hadn't made better use of the opportunity. He might have called Mason a ridiculous hypocrite, as willing to put something over on his clients as he was eager to put a competitor out of business. He might have asked him why he paid Wadsworth, the illustrator, sixty dollars a week and averaged many times that a week on Wadsworth's work. He might have said many of the things that occurred to him now.

But what was the use, after all? It was sufficient that he would never have to play understudy again to the part of the King of Bunk in the great comedy of Advertising. What if the future did hold no special promise? It was enough in itself to feel free again, and he had enough money to last him half a year at least. And after that—well, after that he could put Marie's theory to the test.

But there was something reminiscent about the whole affair. He thought of Mason's concluding words:

"Your services will be no longer required." That was it! Almost exactly the same phraseology that had released him from the army, a year and a half before: "The following named officers . . . their services being no longer required."

He was being turned loose again, free to go his own way, to think his own thoughts, to express his own opinions, when and where he pleased. He had made the mistake, on getting out of the army, of thinking that the act in itself was sufficient guarantee of future independence. It hadn't been—not by a long shot—and he had let himself be drafted into another army without being aware of it. Its disciplines were far more dangerous because they were so subtle. The funny part of it was that he had warned himself against that very thing, and then proceeded, blissfully regardless of the warning. He wouldn't make that same mistake again. And thank God he had discovered the mistake in time! His next step, he supposed, would be to slide out from under his Princeton activities. So long as he played an active part in alumni affairs, so long would he be obliged to compromise in his thoughts and speech, for he liked his classmates—all his Princeton acquaintances—too well to be always squabbling with them. It would be better to lose the personal contacts and save the pleasant memories. But he'd cross that bridge when he came to it, and meanwhile there might be others like Andy Hawkins. . . . What was it that was once held out as hope for Sodom?

He ran into the Art Department, where he found Wadsworth hunched up over his drawing board. He

threw his arm around Wadsworth's shoulders so violently that the pencil slipped in the illustrator's hand and made a long, gracefully curved black line across the paper.

"What's the big idea?" Wadsworth exclaimed querulously. "I'll catch hell if I don't get this job out in an hour."

"Forget the job and kiss Papa!" Broadhurst shouted gleefully. "I've just been fired."

CHAPTER XXIX

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

I

HARDING had been elected. He had been elected by a regular old-fashioned Republican landslide. It was a fitting climax to a presidential year in which everything had been both regular and old-fashioned.

There was the old-fashioned "front porch" campaign. There was the old-fashioned money scandal. There was the old-fashioned personal slander. And now there was confident talk in favour of an old-fashioned high Republican tariff, an old-fashioned America for Americans only, and an old-fashioned open shop. There were also furtive fears of old-fashioned hard times.

Broadhurst could find no consolation in any phase of the election returns. Even the "protest" vote had failed to materialize; Debs and the other minority candidates had polled proportionately fewer ballots than ever before. He was a bit depressed, that evening in the middle of November, as he sat alone in his apartment on Eleventh Street. It was the first time since leaving the National Advertising Agency that he had felt other than exultant.

After writing a letter or two he had tried to occupy himself with a book. But his mind had wandered from the printed page, and having failed in several attempts at concentration he laid it aside and leaned back in his chair, puffing away at his pipe. His gloom thickened even faster than the smoke; everything seemed to have gone wrong in the last year and a half.

He had looked for a new world, on his return from the war. He found instead that the clock of progress had apparently been turned backward, and he felt like a harassed traveller struggling with the intricacies of a daylight-saving time-table; one was always arriving somewhere too late or too soon.

He had believed that his countrymen had at last attained an international perspective, and discovered that they were more provincial than ever. Barely had the last shot been fired in the biggest war the country had ever been engaged in, when everywhere men arose to declaim in all seriousness against permitting European affairs to be any concern of America's.

He had hoped that the fine spirit of pure patriotism which had blazed forth in the summer of 1918 would continue to illuminate with its clear flame a new conception of the meaning of democracy. He found instead that patriotism had become confused with orthodoxy, and in the confusion democracy and the other war aims were forgotten. Rights which had been unquestioned since the founding of the republic were suddenly and harshly denied, and to Broadhurst the most unhappy aspect of it all was that this was the will of the majority and not the unsanctioned license of a bureau-

cratic few. It was the nation as a whole that was trampling on its own aspirations.

He had expected that he would himself find, as a result of the war, a new purpose in life. What had happened, instead, was that he had devoted an inordinate amount of time to amateur politics, and the purpose was surely not to be found there. He had discovered nothing which could claim his undivided enthusiasm, and felt he had been wandering in a fog of philosophies. There was a deal of inspiration but very little satisfaction or conclusiveness in the theories of his new associates, and from them he had drawn no sense of security. Inspiration, however, was something; it was more than his former friends had given him, for all that they had ever taught him was a smug content. At any rate, it was a certain measure of progress to realize that one was in a fog rather than to take for granted the shrill assertion that all was plain sailing. It was something, too, to be able to throw up a job, nonchalantly, as he had just done. It was a great deal, in fact.

It made him hope that the sense of independence and of self-reliance that he had shared with so many other returning soldiers had not gone as theirs had gone, broken by the need of making a living and by the relentless pressure of conformity. The ex-soldiers as a whole had had nothing to sustain them as individuals in their new attitude toward life. There was no organization for mutual support and encouragement, and apparently no possibility of organizing for such a purpose. The American Legion had been organized with

that as one of its avowed aims, but it had turned out to be nothing but a conglomeration of unassimilable types, with no definite goal before them and nothing in common except their experiences. For a time he too had almost forgotten, and it was largely an accident which had saved him. It irritated him to feel that he was, after all, so much like everyone else, and that the trivialities which he had learned to scorn while the war was on had so largely reassumed their exaggerated importance. Even sorrow had not changed him; he had not remained faithful to his old love, nor been sincere in his new. And now there was another and more perplexing complication in the case of Marie. There was no health in him.

As he knocked the ashes from his pipe, the telephone rang.

"Hello!" he answered shortly.

"Is that you, Dink?" a voice came thinly over the wire. "This is Charles. I've just gotten word that Uncle Frank died very suddenly. They are bringing the body home from Boston to-morrow."

II

He met his brother Charles the next afternoon, and together they walked through the crowded streets south of Washington Square to their uncle's house. Their aunt came down to the door to meet them and smiled wanly as they kissed her.

They followed her upstairs to the sunlit bedroom. The winter had not yet come to stay, and by the opened window the curtains blew inward with the soft breeze.

A few flowers that were in the room gave a scent of outdoors that made the city streets seem far away.

Gently she lifted the silken sheet that covered the dead man's face, calm and peaceful in his last sleep. They gazed in silence for several minutes, and she began to speak in a low steady voice.

"I think," she said, "that I will leave the room just like this, with the windows open and the sunlight coming in. He would like it that way himself, and, somehow, he does not belong in darkness and in silence.

"He died as he would have liked to—quickly—conscious and active to the end. He was a good man, and we cannot feel sorry for him now. It is only for those of us who are left that there is any sorrow. It is hard." Her voice broke.

"It is harder for me," she continued, evenly once more, "than it was for your mother when your father died. She had you two boys, but I am all alone, now, and we were always together. He was my perfect knight."

She paused at the door as they left the room, and with her hand on the knob she looked back. "I won't be long, dear," she whispered.

III

A week or so later Broadhurst called at his aunt's to sign some legal papers, as next of kin, that had to do with the probating of his uncle's will. The immediate purpose of his visit was accomplished in a very few moments, but he lingered on for an hour more. His aunt detained him as he was about to take his leave.

"There is something that I have been wanting to say to both you and Charley," she said, "but Charley couldn't come in this evening and I'd rather not wait." She paused, as if seeking a way to begin.

"In you, Ralph, and in Charley, there is something that I have not, and that makes you dearer to me than any one else on earth. In your veins flows some of the same blood that was Frank's; but I have only his name. His name and his memory.

"You will never know, as I knew, the fineness of his soul. There was sunshine in him, and a light that never wavered; I think that you also saw it, at times.

"Please don't feel that I am preaching to you, for I am not good at that. I am only trying to tell you something that I can't quite express." She was silent for a minute.

"You came to our wedding, you and Charley, and you were only a little tike, not much more than two years old. And now Charley's boy, your own nephew, is as old as you were then. Frank belonged to the generation that is almost gone. You belong to the new that is taking its place. It is for you now, for you and Charley, to assume the responsibilities that are your legacy." She paused. "I don't seem to be saying it very well," she added, and smiled faintly.

"I think I understand, Aunt Ella," he said, and kissed her good-night.

IV

Broadhurst was sitting alone again, back in his room. He wished that he might have had a chance for one

more talk with his uncle. The matter of throwing up his job, for instance—what would his uncle have thought of that? Several times he had been on the point of writing to him, but each time he had decided against it. Better wait until Uncle Frank came back from his vacation; no use troubling him when he was off for a rest. Now he would never have the chance, and the fact that it was too late made him want his uncle's point of view all the more. At any rate, his uncle would have understood, even if he would not have approved.

In the knowledge that he would no longer be able to call on his uncle for advice, Broadhurst felt a passing uneasiness. He was all alone. And yet he felt, suddenly, that it was better so. It was time for him to stand on his own feet, to go it alone. The old generation was passing away, and the new had to work out its own salvation.

The new generation!

That was a rather disturbing thought his aunt had given him. It made him realize for the first time that he was, among other things, over thirty years old. It threw him into a momentary panic.

"Over thirty, and I haven't even started!"

Thirty-odd years gone by and nothing done. Wasted years. Empty years—years that were worse than empty, for they had encompassed so many false ideas. He decided with morbid satisfaction that he was quite a tragic figure. Disillusioned, out of a job, and youth departed. It was a sordid world and nobody understood him.

Why did he have to get mawkishly sentimental about it? There was nothing to regret, except the fun he might have had if he hadn't taken things, himself included, too seriously.

Nothing to regret? At least there was Anne. How much happiness he might have had, if only she had lived! And yet, how queer that his grief had been so soon assuaged.

No. It wasn't queer, now that he looked back. In 1916 he and Anne had been ideally suited to each other; that they had fallen in love was natural and desirable. But the Broadhurst of 1916 and the Broadhurst of 1920 were not the same. He had changed in these four years. And Anne would not have changed. She would have been just like Joan. Perhaps that was why he had been attracted so strongly to Joan, who might have been Anne's reincarnation. He doubted, now, that he and Anne would ever have married had she lived, or that, being married, they could possibly have been happy. Married people should at least speak the same language, and neither Anne nor Joan would ever have spoken his. They would have talked the language of George Arnold and his set, and talked it well.

Too well. It might even have made the old crowd and their ways of thought seem satisfactory again—for a while, at least, and then it would have been too late. Broadhurst was through with them now. They were reactionaries, pure and simple—100 per cent. pure and very simple. They wanted things to be as they had always been. That was why they were so successful

in forgetting about the war, which had jarred the world from its accustomed course to an extent they did not dare to admit.

But those who took another point of view—people like Horton, Sanderson, Streeter, and the other members of the Committee, for instance—where did they go wrong? Not because they weren't "grown up." They might be amateurs, but at least they were not children, for even in defeat they had carried themselves like men. No, they went wrong because they were not, in spite of appearances, looking forward any more than the reactionaries. They too were looking backward with yearning eyes. They too longed for the good old days, good old days with modern improvements, to be sure, but not altered in their fundamentals. They wanted a peaceful era such as had once existed, when there would be as a general rule enough of everything for everybody, when passions would not rise hotly, when there would be no serious invasions of civil liberties and no distressingly high cost of living. They wanted the old fallacious alignment of Capital, Labour, and the Middle Class—Capital at which they could occasionally rail, Labour at which they could shake an admonishing forefinger, a Middle Class which they could lead to placid prosperity. Viewed in this light, it was small wonder that their attempt to form a new political party had failed. "By no means let us have a 'class conscious' party," they had urged in one breath, and in the next they had sought to appeal to the Middle Class.

Yet it seemed to make but little difference, in any

case, whether people looked forward or backward. None of them could undo what the war had done, and the reason why most of them were so anxious to get back to what had been before was because they half suspected that they couldn't. America was going somewhere, in spite of her well wishers, for the whole world was moving.

Broadhurst rose and looked out of his window. For miles the lights of the city twinkled, cheerful lights, sad lights, lights that expressed both discouragement and hope. A trolley car rattled on Sixth Avenue, and the startled notes of a Ford's klaxon sounded on the street below—why! even these things were symbols of man's successful striving. They were symbols of more than individual inventive achievement; they were eloquent with the story of communal progress.

There was far more inspiration in a rattling Ford car than there was in the League of Nations. For the one represented an idea that had become a fact, and the other seemed an idea that had gone wrong; at least it wasn't working. One might make jokes about "tin Lizzies," but one couldn't escape the fact that a Ford car was proof that civilization advanced, that peoples coalesced into ever larger groups to do ever greater things.

There are so many things that men do in groups that they cannot do at all as individuals. No single man could make an automobile all by himself—he couldn't even make one spark plug, given nothing but the raw materials in the earth to start from. As it is,

Broadhurst reflected, men can make spark plugs for eight cents apiece and sell them for a dollar and a quarter.

"Oh, well!" he said as he turned away from the window. "At least there's lots to laugh about."

THE END

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